

# THE LEATHERNECK

April, 1931

Single copy, 25c



"YOU WILL FIND US ALWAYS ON THE JOB"  
Guarding the United States Mails, 1921 and 1927.



"I've ridden the Western Plains

—says *Chesterfield*



© 1951 LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

*Yet* you'll meet me in the thick of a Broadway crowd"

It's a far cry from the cow country to Broadway. But what it takes to make the broncho buster "open up" about his cigarette is exactly what you want in your smoke. Good *taste*—and lots of it! And that is first a matter of tobacco quality, never forget it! What you taste in Chesterfield is riper, better tobaccos—not another thing—blended and "cross-blended" to a fragrant, *satisfying* mildness that is Chesterfield's own!

FOR NINETEEN years, our Research Department has kept intimate touch with every new development of Science that could be applied to the manufacture of cigarettes. During this period there has been no development of tested value or importance to the smoker which we have not incorporated into the making of Chesterfield cigarettes.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Greater mildness  
... better taste!

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, Author of  
"SHERLOCK HOLMES"  
Used Parker's Pressureless Writing Pen



# Now... Black and Burgundy Red

A new—a breath-taking Beauty  
by Parker

at three dollars less than the  
usual ten dollar price scale

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

Now comes Parker's famous Pressureless Writing in a jewel-like Pen of iridescent Black and Burgundy Red.

A Pen as elusively colorful and radiant as wine-colored crystal, yet non-breakable—and *Guaranteed for Life!*

A streamlined Beauty, balanced in the hand—low and non-bulging in the pocket, or handbag.

A Pen that writes with Pressureless Touch



The Same Pen Two Ways  
As a Pocket Pen,  
—converted for Desk  
Only the Parker  
serves as two Pens in  
one without extra  
cost. Take from pocket,  
attach slender taper,  
and you have a  
Desk Pen, at will.

—Parker's 47th Improvement. Its golden glide is as subconscious as breathing—aids clear-thinking—gives birth to your best ideas.

Go to the nearest pen counter and look for the name—"Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD"—on the barrel. That name means 17.4% greater ink capacity than average, and *Guarantees* the Genuine *for Life*.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin. *Offices and Subsidiaries:* New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Buffalo, Dallas, San Francisco; Toronto, Canada; London, England; Berlin, Germany.

Black and Burgundy Red  
\$5 and \$7  
**Parker Duofold**

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

Other Parker Pens, \$2.75 to \$10  
Pencils to match all Pens, \$2.50 to \$5

## All Good Marines

### Patronize Their Post Exchanges

CHESTERFIELD  
CIGARETTES

RESINOL  
SOAP AND  
OINTMENT

TOTTY  
TRUNKS  
& BAGS

PARKER  
PENS

BOYER'S  
SHOE  
POLISH

EMERALD  
ODENCE  
TOOTH  
BRUSHES

N.S. MEYER  
INSIGNIA  
EMBLEMS, ETC.

DONTMARK  
WHITE AND  
KHAKI BLANCO

SOUTHERN  
DAIRIES  
ICE CREAM

GRANGER  
SMOKING  
TOBACCO

By the time you have paid your laundry bill, bought a few supplies and laid away a carton or so of "smokes," there isn't much left of that twenty-eighty you drew at the pay table. Do your buying at the Post Exchange and you can make that same sum cover a lot of ground and still have a substantial amount left for recreation and amusement.

PROFITS accruing from the money you spend in the Post Exchange all come back to you; for your dances, smokers, free movies and athletic gear are all paid for by your own Post Exchange. Spend your money there and reap the benefit of more and better entertainment.

WHEREVER you have a choice of several brands of goods, buy the one that is advertised in "The Leatherneck." You'll find the quality and price of each of these products to be satisfactory in every way.





# ★ ★ THE GAZETTE ★ ★

## THE U. S. MARINE CORPS

Major General Ben H. Fuller, The Major General Commandant.

Brigadier General John T. Myers, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.

Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.

Brigadier General Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.

Brigadier General George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Charles F. Williams.  
Lt. Col. William C. Wise, Jr.  
Maj. George C. Hamner.  
Capt. Vernon M. Guymon.  
1st Lt. John F. Hough.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Nelson P. Vulte.  
Lt. Col. William D. Smith.  
Maj. George B. Reynolds.  
Capt. Ralph W. Culpepper.  
1st Lt. John F. Hough.

## MARINE CORPS CHANGES

**FEBRUARY 11, 1931.**

Following named officers were promoted to the grades indicated on February 6, 1931, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to rank from the dates shown:

Colonel Charles F. Williams, from January 1, 1931.  
Lt.-Col. Bennet Puryear, Jr., Assistant Quartermaster with rank of Lt.-Col., from December 1, 1930.

Lt.-Col. William C. Wise, Jr., from January 1, 1931.

Major Samuel A. Woods, Jr., from December 1, 1930.

Major George C. Hamner, from January 1, 1931.  
Captain Nicholas E. Clauson, from May 12, 1930.  
Captain George R. Rowan, from October 1, 1930.  
Captain Richard H. Schubert, from December 1, 1930.

1st Lt. John N. Hart, from November 2, 1930.

1st Lt. Lionel C. Goudeau, from December 1, 1930.

1st Lt. Alfred R. Pefley, from December 1, 1930.

1st Lt. Sidney R. Williams, from December 1, 1930.

1st Lt. Hawley C. Waterman, from December 1, 1930.

1st Lt. Osbourne A. Hill, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Virginia.

**FEBRUARY 14, 1931.**

Lt. Col. Walter N. Hill, on or about March 1, 1931, detached Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

Major Charles J. Miller, on February 14, 1931, detached Hdqrs. Marine Corps, to Paris, France.

Captain Chaplain G. Hicks, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to Hdqrs. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty and treatment NH, Washington, D. C.

Ch. Mar. Gnr. Eli J. Lloyd, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty, and treatment NH, Washington, D. C.

**FEBRUARY 16, 1931.**

Major Sydney S. Lee, detached MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, Washington, D. C.

Captain George R. Morse, Jr., detached MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Virginia.

1st Lt. Robert E. Hogaboom, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS "Chicago."

**FEBRUARY 20, 1931.**

Lt.-Col. Maurice E. Shearer, detached MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., to Department of Pacific.

Lt.-Col. Walter N. Hill, orders detaching this officer from Hdqrs. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., dated February 13, 1931, revoked.

Major Sydney S. Lee, orders detaching this officer from MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, Washington, D. C., dated February 16, 1931, revoked.

Major Samuel A. Woods, Jr., orders to MB, Paris Island, S. C., modified, and ordered to MB, Quantico, Va.

(Continued on page 4)

## THE MARINE CORPS RESERVE

Colonel J. S. Turrill, U. S. M. C., Officer in Charge.  
Lieutenant Colonel J. J. Staley, U. S. M. C. R., Assistant Officer in Charge.

### Expeditionary Troops

#### 19th Marines

Headquarters, 5302 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. Lieutenant Colonel James F. Rorke, Commanding.

#### 20th Marines

Headquarters, 458 Louisiana Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. Lieutenant Colonel J. J. Staley, Commanding.

#### 21st Marines

Headquarters, First Battalion, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa. Major Robert C. Pitts, Commanding.

#### 22nd Marines

Headquarters, First Battalion, 829 Camp Street, New Orleans, La. Major Alfred A. Watters, Commanding.

#### 24th Marines

Headquarters, First Battalion, Naval Reserve Armory, Chicago, Ill. Major Donald T. Winder, Commanding.

### Aviation Expeditionary Troops

Squantum, Mass. First Lieutenant Erwin G. Taylor, Commanding.

Valley Stream, L. I. Captain Benjamin Rusweber, Commanding. Second Lieutenant William P. Young, Assistant Officer in Charge.

Great Lakes, Ill. Captain Chester J. Peters, Commanding.

Seattle, Washington. Captain Livingston B. Steedman, Commanding.

Pensacola, Fla. First Lieutenant Samuel F. Patterson, Commanding.

### Area Organizations

#### Eastern Reserve Area

Headquarters, 1100 South Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Colonel David D. Porter, Commanding. Major David S. Barry, Jr., Assistant Officer in Charge.

301st Company, FMCR, Boston, Mass., Capt. Harry C. Grafton, Jr., Comdg. Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.

302nd Company, FMCR, Rochester, N. Y., Capt. Edward F. Doyle, FMCR, Comdg. State Armory, Rochester, N. Y.

303rd Company, FMCR, New York, N. Y., 2nd Lt. William E. Donovan, FMCR, Comdg. U. S. S. "Illinois," Ft. of West 96th St., New York, N. Y.

304th Company, FMCR, Brooklyn, N. Y., 2nd Lt. Mark F. Kessenich, FMCR, Comdg. Armory, Foot of 52nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

305th Company, FMCR, Philadelphia, Pa., 1st Lt. Howard S. Evans, FMCR, Comdg. No. 2 Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.

308th Company, FMCR, Worcester, Mass., 2nd Lt. William K. Latons, FMCR, Comdg. Naval Reserve Armory, Worcester, Mass.

#### Central Reserve Area

Headquarters, 1405 Howard Street, Chicago, Ill.

Major Chester J. Fordney, F. M. C. R., Commanding.

306th Company, FMCR, Detroit, Mich., Capt. William V. Calhoun, FMCR, Comdg. 7456 E. Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

311th Company, FMCR, Toledo, Ohio, Capt. Iven C. Stickney, FMCR, Comdg. Toledo Armory, Toledo, Ohio.

313th Company, FMCR, Milwaukee, Wis., 2nd Lt. Walter E. Henschen, FMCR, Comdg. Naval Reserve Armory, Milwaukee, Wis.

314th Company, FMCR, St. Paul, Minn., 2nd Lt. George I. Springer, FMCR, Comdg. 1299 Osceola Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

#### Southern Reserve Area

Headquarters, Postoffice and Court Building, New Orleans, La. Colonel William C. Harlee, Commanding.

#### Western Reserve Area

Headquarters, 100 Harrison Street, San Francisco, Calif. Major General Logan Feland, Commanding.

307th Company, FMCR, Los Angeles, Calif., 1st Lt. James M. Burns, Jr., FMCR, Comdg. 6123½ S. Middleton St., Huntington Park, Calif.

316th Company, FMCR, Seattle, Wash., 1st Lt. Clarence H. Baldwin, FMCR, Comdg. Naval Reserve Armory, Seattle, Wash.

## THE MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

National Commandant, W. Karl Latons, 108 Forest Street, Worcester, Mass.

National Vice Commandant, New England Division, Rudolph Trow, 322 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

National Vice Commandant, Southern Division, Virgil E. Miller, 63 South 3rd Street, Memphis, Tenn.

National Vice Commandant, Central Division, Russell G. Flynn, 2355 Norwood Avenue, Norwood, Ohio.

National Vice Commandant, North Central Division, Rodowe Abeken, 1200 Title Guaranty Building, St. Louis, Mo.

National Vice Commandant, Eastern Seaboard Division, Maurice A. Ilch, 28 South Pearl Street, Albany, N. Y.

National Vice Commandant, Western Division, L. W. Nickerson, P. O. Box 1236, Spokane, Wash.

National Vice Commandant, Southwestern Division, T. J. Telleson, Police Headquarters, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Judge Advocate, Robert K. Ryland, 19 West 52nd Street, Kansas City, Mo.

National Chaplain, Dr. John H. Clifford, Star Route, Deland, Fla.

National Sergeant-at-Arms, Abe Moulton, 5901 Kings Highway, St. Louis, Mo.

The appointive officers are:

National Adjutant and Paymaster, A. Ernest Beeg, 1011 International Building, Washington, D. C.

National Chief of Staff, Frank X. Lambert, 3671 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

## DETACHMENT DIRECTORY

*Note: All inquiries and communications should be addressed to the National Commandant, Marine Corps League, 108 Forest Street, Worcester, Mass.*

### ALABAMA

Birmingham: Portis Detachment; A. Paul Goodall, Adjutant.

### CALIFORNIA

Oakland: Euville D. Howard Detachment; Thomas J. Kingsley, Commandant.

San Diego: Detachment being formed.

Vallejo: Major General Wendell C. Neville Detachment.

### CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport: Detachment being formed.

Hartford: Detachment being formed.

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington: Capital City Detachment; Paul Sullivan, Commandant.

### FLORIDA

Jacksonville: Jacksonville Detachment; Captain Charles Dunbeck, Commandant.

### GEORGIA

Atlanta: Marcus W. Beck Detachment; Claud G. Aichel, Commandant.

Augusta: Detachment being formed.

Savannah: Detachment being formed.

### INDIANA

Ft. Wayne: Fort Wayne Detachment; James F. Richards, Adjutant.

### KANSAS

Topeka: James Wary Detachment; Richard S. Ross, Commandant.

Wichita: Samuel B. Copeland Detachment; W. B. Phillips, Commandant.

### KENTUCKY

Louisville: Carl W. Baudde Detachment; J. F. O'Donnell, Commandant.

### MARYLAND

Baltimore: Detachment being formed.

### MASSACHUSETTS

Boston: Theodore Roosevelt Detachment; Deane M. Harding, Commandant.

Worcester: Worcester Detachment; Daniel Clifford, Commandant.

Springfield: Clarence B. Chapin Detachment; Boyd Allen, Commandant.

### MINNESOTA

Duluth: Duluth-Superior Detachment; Arthur L. Fox, Commandant.

Minneapolis: Minneapolis Detachment; Franklin Petri, Commandant.

St. Paul: St. Paul Detachment; Edward J. Penning, Commandant.

## MISSISSIPPI

Jackson: Detachment being formed.

## MISSOURI

Kansas City: Simpson-Hogatt Detachment: W. A. Peevhouse, Commandant.  
St. Louis: St. Louis Detachment No. 1: Abe Moulton, Commandant.

## NEBRASKA

Omaha: Detachment being formed.

## NEW JERSEY

Jersey City: Hudson County Detachment: Kenneth Collins, Commandant.  
Morris Plains: Morris County Detachment: Albert Carruther, Commandant.  
Newark: Captain Burwell H. Clark Detachment: John H. Meyer, Commandant.

## NEW YORK

Albany: Hudson-Mohawk Detachment: John C. Bates, Commandant.  
Buffalo: Oscar A. Swan Detachment: Carlton A. Fisher, Commandant.  
Jamestown: Detachment being formed.  
New York City: New York No. 1 Detachment: Milton Solomon, Commandant.  
Rochester: Detachment being formed.  
Syracuse: Corporal James D. Snyder Detachment: William Dennis, Jr., Commandant.

## NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo: Fargo-Moorhead Detachment: F. C. Knautz, Commandant.

## OHIO

Akron: Lucien P. Waldron Detachment: William Silke, Commandant.  
Canton: Canton Detachment: L. P. Haley, Commandant.  
Cincinnati: George W. Budde Detachment: Gordon Becker, Commandant.  
Cleveland: Detachment being formed.  
Mansfield: Richland Detachment: W. H. Ziegler, Commandant.  
Youngstown: Detachment being formed.

## OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City: Harry Mark Coppinger Detachment: Timothy J. Tellegen, Commandant.  
Tulsa: Detachment being formed.

## OREGON

Portland: Arthur C. Harlow Detachment: Captain E. C. Russell, Commandant.  
Salem: Salem Detachment: Monford Adams, Commandant.

## PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown: Detachment being formed.  
Erie: Colonel Louis J. Masill Detachment: William Wernette, Commandant.  
Harrisburg: Detachment being formed.  
Oil City: Oil City Detachment: Edwin Cyrus Nura, Commandant.  
Philadelphia: Major General L. T. Waller Detachment: James B. Greenwalt, Commandant.  
Major General L. T. Waller Detachment Auxiliary: Mrs. Anna Karr, Commandant.  
Pittsburgh: Detachment being formed.

## RHODE ISLAND

Providence: Rhode Island Detachment: Henry J. Sporer 3rd, Commandant.

## TENNESSEE

Chattanooga: Detachment being formed.  
Memphis: A. D. Sims Detachment: Virgil E. Miller, Commandant.

## TEXAS

Dallas: Dallas Detachment: Colonel W. E. Eastwood, Jr., Commandant.  
Ft. Worth: Detachment being formed.  
Houston: McLemore Marines Detachment: Leslie Spindler, Commandant.  
Waco: Laster-Lange Detachment: F. W. De Friess, Commandant.

## WASHINGTON

Bremerton: Detachment being formed.  
Spokane: Spokane Detachment: Edward Partidge, Commandant.

## WISCONSIN

Milwaukee: Detachment being formed.

## MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 3)

Captain Tom E. Wicks, detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, California.

Captain Joseph I. Nettekoven, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guam, via USS "Henderson," sailing Hampton Roads, March 17, 1931.  
1st Lt. Harold D. Harris, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NOP, South Charleston, West Virginia.

1st Lt. James E. Stanners, detached MB, NOP, South Charleston, W. Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Leo Healey, died February 17, 1931.  
2nd Lt. Raymond F. Crist, Jr., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station, via USS "Henderson," sailing Hampton Roads, March 17, 1931.  
2nd Lt. Earl S. Piper, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station, via USS "Henderson," sailing Hampton Roads, March 17, 1931.

## FEBRUARY 25, 1931.

1st Lt. Frank H. Lamson-Scribner, detached MB, Quantico, to Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.

Following-named men appointed second lieutenants in the Marine Corps and ordered to MB, NYD, Philadelphia.

Marcellus J. Howard, Norman Hussa, Donovan D. Sult, Edward B. Carney, August Larson, Henry T. Elrod, Robert L. McKee.

## FEBRUARY 26, 1931.

Captain George F. Adams, AQM, detached MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., to Department of Pacific.

Captain James H. McGan, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Department of Pacific.

Captain Percy D. Cornell, detached 4th Rest., Shanghai, China, to Department of Pacific.

Captain James E. Snow, detached 4th Rest., Shanghai, China, to Department of Pacific.

1st Lt. Clifton L. Marshall, detached AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., to other duty MB, Quantico, Va., detail as pilot revoked.

2nd Lt. Orin K. Presley, on March 1, 1931, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Virginia.

## MARCH 3, 1931.

Major Thomas E. Watson, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Naval Attache, American Legation, Santo Domingo City, D. R.

Captain Charles B. Hobbs, AQM, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. John V. Rosewaine, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, California.

Ch. Qm. Clk. Charles Wiedemann, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Ch. Qm. Clk. Robert M. O'Toole, promoted Chief Quartermaster Clerk on February 24th.

## MARCH 6, 1931.

Captain James E. Snow, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, California.

Captain William F. Becker, detached MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about March 24th.

1st Lt. John W. Cunningham, detached MB, Norfolk, NYD, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, New Jersey.

2nd Lt. Chester B. Graham, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, Camp Rapidan, Cridersville, Va.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Charles C. Hall, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about March 18th.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Frederick I. Van Anden, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

## MARCH 7, 1931.

Lt.-Col. Edward W. Sturdevant, detached MB, NS, St. Thomas, V. I., to MB, Quantico, Va., via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from St. Thomas, V. I., on or about March 31.

Captain Howard N. Stent, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for duty and to Naval Hospital, San Diego, for treatment.

1st Lt. Jacob P. Plachta, detached Department of the Pacific to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about March 24th.

2nd Lt. Richard W. Hayward, appointed a second lieutenant and assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chf. Pay Clk. William H. May, detached Department of the Pacific, to Office of the Assistant Paymaster, Philadelphia, Pa., via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about March 24th.

The following named officers detached from stations indicated to MB, Quantico, Va., via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about March 24th.

Captain George F. Adams, AQM, Department of the Pacific.

Captain Percy D. Cornell, Department of the Pacific.

Captain Herbert Rose, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Lionel C. Goudeau, Department of the Pacific.

1st Lt. George W. McHenry, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Edward Kellison, Department of the Pacific.

## DEATHS REPORTED

HEALEY, Leo, First Lieutenant, died of disease February 17, 1931, at the Brigade Field Hospital, Managua, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Dorothy J. Healey, wife, 209 Garfield Street, Seattle, Washington.

BIGGS, Louis Taylor, Private, died of disease February 16, 1931, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Jennie O. Baggett, mother, Route No. 2, French Lick, Indiana.

BLACKBURN, Ray, Private First Class, died February 9, 1931, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Mare Island, California, of injuries received in an automobile accident. Next of kin: Mrs. Laura Black, mother, Decaturville, Tennessee.

JACQUET, Everett Cyril, Private, died of disease February 17, 1931, on board the USS "Chaumont" at Manila, P. I. Next of kin: Mrs. Ida Jacquet, mother, 806 "C" Avenue West, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

JUSTICE, James Edwin, Sergeant, died February 1, 1931, at Quantico, Virginia, of injuries received in an automobile accident. Next of kin: Mr. William Justice, father, 1009 Holmes Avenue, Lima, Ohio.

MacDONALD, Joseph Alexander, Corporal, died February 18, 1931, at New Orleans, Louisiana. Next of kin: Mr. John A. MacDonald, father, 15 Cedar Street, Somerville, Massachusetts.

WUNDRAM, Lewis, Sergeant, died February 13, 1931, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Virginia. Next of kin: Mrs. Myrtle Wundram, wife, 2802 Green Street, Portsmouth, Virginia.

STEARNS, Richard Alexander, Private, VMCR (inactive), died January 10, 1931, at Augusta, Georgia, of injuries received in an automobile accident. Next of kin: Mrs. Edna M. Stearns, wife, 1302 Highland Avenue, Augusta, Georgia.

GRIESEL, August, Quartermaster Sergeant, retired, died of disease February 27, 1931, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. August Griessel, wife, 4620 Montsomy Avenue, Bethesda, Maryland.

## RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Major Karl Irvin Buse—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Major John Franklin Swift Norris—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

1st Lt. William Stanley Fellers—Spanish.

2nd Lt. Joseph Wayne Earnshaw—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

2nd Lt. Albert Ferdinand Moe—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

2nd Lt. Keith Russell Willard—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Gy. Sgt. James Harol Gonsnell—C. S. Bookkeeper.

Gy. Sgt. Lynwood Joseph Nay—Selected Subjects, Sgt. John Anderson—Spanish.

Sgt. Clifford August Heller—Special Foultry.

Sgt. Elvin Edward Winkler—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.

Cpl. William Graydon Hamilton—C. S. General Clerical.

Cpl. James Alfred Harris—Selected Subjects.

Cpl. James Alfred Harris—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Cpl. Julius Jalickee—Good English.

Cpl. Julius Jalickee—Lumber Dealer's.

Cpl. Earland John Lakin—Accountant-Secretarial.

Cpl. William Carden McHenry—Stenographic-Secretarial.

Cpl. William Carden McHenry—Business Correspondence.

Cpl. William Carden McHenry—Selected Subjects.

Cpl. John Wasick—Diversified Farming for the South.

Pfc. M. 2nd Cl. Warren Fred Postel—Pharmacy.

Pfc. Eric Harry Altomos—Short Mechanical Drawings.

Pfc. Eric Harry Altomos—Machine Shop Division of Shop Practice.

Pfc. Tony Forte—Spanish.

Pfc. Charles Herman—Radio.

Pfc. Samuel Arthur Morley—Commercial Telegraph Operators.

Pfc. David Reichel—Lake Navigation.

Pfc. Paul Loveland Schreiber—Good English.

Pfc. Albert Triplait—Complete Automobile.

Pfc. Frank Carl Van Gundy—Aviation Engines.

Pvt. Earl Joseph Bloodworth—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.

Pvt. Theodore Conrad—Aeroplane Engines.

Pvt. Corey Abel Heath—Good English.

Pvt. Russell Akker Lee—Executive-Secretarial.

Pvt. Roy John Newbold—Aviation Engines.

Pvt. Leland Lester Richardson—Selected Subjects.

PUBLISHED  
Once a month  
by  
The Marine Corps  
Institute

Address:  
Marine Barracks  
8th and Eye Sts.  
Southeast  
Washington, D. C.

Honorary Editor  
The Major General  
Commandant

Editor-in-Chief  
The Director,  
The Marine Corps  
Institute

Editor and Publisher  
Lt. Gordon Hall  
U. S. M. C.

EAFELONE-1930

# THE LEATHERNECK

VOLUME 14

WASHINGTON, D. C., April, 1931

NUMBER 4

## With the Horse Marines in Nicaragua



OW MAURICE, I'll have the 'muleros' make up your cargoes and sling all the packs in my corral. When the train is entirely ready, we'll herd it into the street—then it's yours." Such was the plan of Captain Kieren, commanding the Marine Detachment, Esteli, Nicaragua, for my initial start after bandits in the hills of that country with the 52d Company, 11th Regiment, partly on mules, partly afoot, on January 30, 1928. I'll never forget that start and I believe the officers with me then, Captain George Hall and Lieutenants Skidmore and Zuber, will remember it a long time also.

### Grief in the Form of Mules

Most of those pack mules were "muy mansa" according to the native agents who had sold them to us during the preceding three days. "Mansa como un tigre," I heard an old "jefe mulero" named Santiago mutter while herding them up for me and Kieren to inspect.

We had orders to clear Esteli in the forenoon of that date and I know we did because the corral gates were opened at 11:30 A. M. There were six mules who cleared going east who are yet AWOL as far as I know. Some of them upon leaving Kieren's corral simply "took off;" some rolled; the majority scraped packs off against posts, adobe walls, and one another.

Our point had cleared the river a few hundred yards to the west; the main body was in place; and a squad and a half of Marines were spread where we intended the pack train to go. The rear point went into action at once trying to herd mules back where mules didn't want to be. Lots of men believe to this day, however, that soon we would have straightened out fine except for the air service. Two of those replacements for the old D.H. planes zoomed just over our heads as the pack train was approaching the river; by the time we had recovered enough mules to supply a good share of the ten days' rations we had planned for four officers, ninety-three enlisted, and seventeen "muleros" and guides, it was almost 4:00 P. M. I can see yet one man, after sprinting downstream to head off his roll, caught at a bend in a tangle of thorn growth watching his clothes float away on the brook's bosom.

We had covered all of five miles from Esteli by night-fall, when we bivouacked in a stone-walled "potrero" full of lush grass with a stream down one side. All were most gratified to find forty-four mules on hand out of about sixty packed for us and fatuously believed these wouldn't make very much trouble since the ones who got away must have been the worst of the lot. So, in spite of the day's grief, the men after getting their fourths and fifths in the chow line pushed off to their bunks in the grass, allowing that we'd get off to a good start the next

By Capt. Maurice G. Holmes, U.S.M.C.

In the Cavalry Journal

day. Well, we had reveille at 4:00 but didn't clear until 10:04 A. M.

And from sleeping in the grass in Nicaragua, may the good Lord deliver us. I had always picked as much of

a grass mattress for my shake down as might be available even in the Dominican Republic, but that country lacked one of Nicaragua's curses, the wood tick. During that first night I was tired enough to have slept on a volcano, yet awoke many times feeling crawling things and faint prickings. When morning came, I pulled thirty-six ticks of various sizes from their burrows which ran from my eyelids to my toes. To pull them off is a boner, as I judged from a "mozo's" cynical remark on the ignorance of Marines who jerked out the tick instead of raising his rear with the tip of a finger nail, then gradually withdrawing him by repeated light scratchings. I'll grant that we were unlearned in the fine art of removing ticks at the start, but we learned to pierce the tenacious tick between the shoulder blades with a fine pointed needle and leave him to drop off at sundown when he finally died and gave up the grip. Of course, the error is to pull on him, for he merely concedes you the body while his proboscis hangs on to fester, be scratched, and give you a fine tropical ulcer, proof against iodine, mercurochrome, and family.

So, there we were on the way to Terreno Grande, alleged bandit stronghold marked on the map in red, some sixty miles away. My plans for fully mounting the company in Esteli had been abruptly checked by military necessity. The 52d was a company of recruits who came almost entirely from the Southwest and the Pacific Coast, a rangy set of men who included a number of ex-ranchers and farmers. Thirty-two of the entire company had claimed some acquaintanceship with riding animals and had volunteered to break and ride the mules purchased during the three days before our departure from Esteli.

The mule market was poor, due to previous revolutionary activities, and rendered the accumulation of mounts difficult. I rejected many mules offered showing ten square inches or more of white hair on the back. I wanted particularly to begin with the soundest foundation possible, even at the risk of accepting some under-age and wild applicants. We had too often seen in Santo Domingo an island of scar tissue marked by those white hairs break loose from its borders of live skin. Since any animal a native has used very long is bound to have suffered from sore back, it follows that I gathered quite an unused lot.

Somehow those men rode the wild brutes—little? they averaged about 12-2 in height and less than 400 pounds weight. Even so, the riding animals furnished only a small part of the grief in general, for the pack train remained our heaviest drag. The end of our second day out found us about eighteen miles to the north and I wonder how we got that far.



### Difficulties of Marching in Bandit Country

"Alto, Alto. Una carga discompuesta," came up from the rear every two hundred yards, it seemed to me, leaving nothing to do but halt until they repacked the mule. Previous experience in that country indicated that small units of a column could not drift very far in safety, so it had become the practice to regulate on the rearmost man. More was involved than merely using security measures for specific danger spots; the problem was to clear with the tail of the column a likely ambush position about every hundred yards of the way. I would have enjoyed detailing an escort to that pack train and letting it catch up at the bivouac if I could have squared the step with my conscience. But with the exception of a few non-coms, all were recruits who had to be trained as we went, while neither maps nor guides were available to lead a detached unit to the site picked for the night's halt. In fact, no one has yet found such procedure expedient while operating in bandit areas down there, especially when numbers of bandits reported run from three or five to one against you. Later we did divide into many small groups to beat certain areas but we had much more information than could be gathered in the early days. It never became possible to march steadily with patrols out, whatever the size of the column, for the trails and the bush made it physically impossible. Therefore, the requirements were to provide security although restricted to the dispositions of the main column; to get somewhere keeping under close control a mixture of mule, foot, and pack train; and, withal, continually to form new estimates, decisions, and appropriate orders for an endless chain of unfavorable situations.

### Characteristics of Bandit Warfare

On the transport en route to Corinto, General Dunlap, then our Colonel, had given us the benefit of his experience in practically all the numerous expeditions of the Marine Corps from the Spanish-American War onward and also that of the officers who had been afield in Nicaragua in 1927. All proved invaluable in the field, especially that principle of the leader keeping his plans corrected to the instant and orders to execute those plans so committed to memory that he would give them automatically.

Many bandit attacks had first struck the point, many were an enfilade of the main body and some were initiated against the rear point. I am sure, however, that their plans habitually embody letting the security unit penetrate their position before they strike. The natives, willingly or otherwise, provide the bandits minute information of our strength and movements and tell us nothing of the bandits. To give us useful information means that the native has to remove to the safety of one of our garrisons or have his house burned and his throat cut sooner or later. Thus, we could hardly ever get a fight on our terms and perforce had to fight the bandit on his.

Nature, however, has fitted the bandit to live off his country whereas that means intense hardship for the American, who requires at least the greater part of the ration to which he is accustomed and some changes of clothes. This requires pack trains of considerable size for all but the most brief patrol



Captain Holmes and his Horse Marines after an extended tour of patrol duty.

periods and naturally hampers the movements to some degree.

Constantly delayed by our raw train, we took four days to Terreno Grande where two days were normally required. While the riding mules easily kept ahead by bounds, they also contributed to delays as they were most susceptible to shoulder lameness and cincha galls. Bunches welled up in their grass flesh like self-rising bread. Due, I suppose, to their lifelong grass diet, their bodies were cones with the points between their shoulders. Although we had a small cincha, hair, pony, for which Gunnery Sergeant Brockmeier and I had worked up the design in 1919, we couldn't keep it off those little runts' elbows. The natives down there place their cinchas about half way back to the flank and use a crupper also as a rule. But we had trouble despite both breast strap and crupper. These difficulties applied to the horses I acquired later although these had enough wither to prevent the shoulder damage the mules suffered.\*

As for that stern anchor of ours, the pack train, I thought I was prepared for the crudity of native aparejos and pack methods but the actual thing was astounding. Their aparejo consists of two half-ellipse yokes held together on either side by two or three wooden slats which are set to bear somewhere on the beast's rib arch. It is generally constructed with a machete and a nail or two although some superior types are bound all around with raw hide. It is often hard to tell which end goes in front unless the rope crupper happens to be attached for there isn't always extra flare to the rear yoke of the thing. In saddling, the "mulero" piles old coffee sacks and pads of banana leaves several inches deep on the animal's back, then leaves it up to the load to embed the aparejo into some sort of working position on top of the mess. The entire mass is secured to the mule by a single grass cincha, since the pack proper is invariably fixed to the aparejo alone. It is needless to add that this cincha, holding by itself a load carried inches above the animal's back, works like the bootblack's shining rag and may stop cutting when it reaches bone.

Naturally, we couldn't stand this sort of thing very long. Our first departure rose from the suggestion of our 1st Class Cook, Private Lund, whose father had packed ore from some mine down in Arizona using bags which he hooked to crosstree saddles. I gave Lund a hide of fair leather and twenty coffee sacks, whereupon we got the start to the scheme which later became almost general. That is, we finally devised an adaptation of the Moore cross-tree saddle, using breast strap, breeching, and two cinchas. For this, with the help of Gunnery Sergeants Williams and Nowack, I worked up a canvas pannier reinforced with leather. Each pannier of a pair was caught to the saddle by two U-shaped metal beackets which were dropped over the prongs of the tree. On the outside lip of each pannier we placed a metal ring strap through which we reeved a single

\*There is quite a problem yet to devise a saddle or to alter the present McClellan type to set a seat long enough for the average American soldier combined with panels short enough properly to fit those little beasts' backs. I had the side bars of an 11-inch McClellan saddle shortened an inch in front and three-fourths of an inch behind and attempted to fair the curved parts to correspond with the original mold, but the saddle rocked excessively in use. The arrival of a leave period and a change of duty thereafter checked my further experiments, but I believe it's possible to get worthwhile results along that line.—Author.



Just another river to cross for the "Soldiers of the Sea."

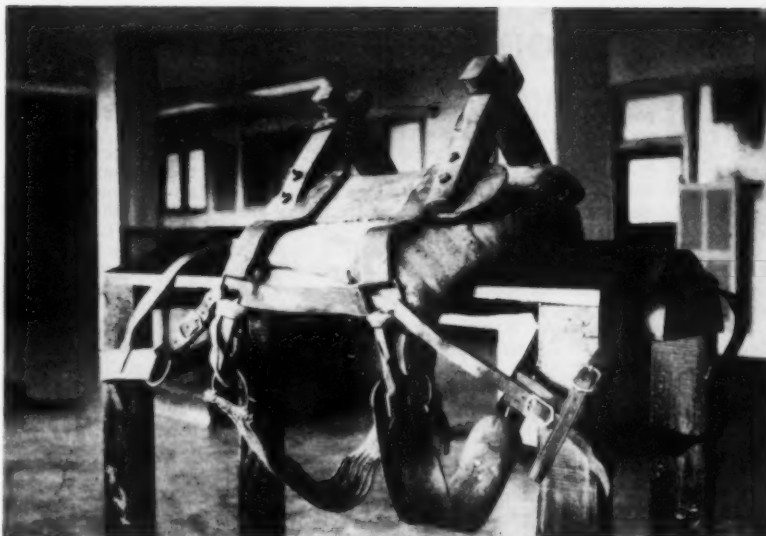
line for setting the load. Then with a canvas cargo cincha carrying by either ring a short scope of line, we worked a modified form of single-diamond hitch which any recruit could sling after one or two demonstrations. That scheme lacked a lot, yet it was very light and secure, we could get the complete equipment made cheaply in Nicaragua and, above all, it worked in the hands of men who had no previous knowledge of packing.

#### Terrain of the Bandit Country

It is certain that few lands can present the soldier with the contrarieties he must face in the northern parts of Nicaragua. There are two forms of terrain, up and down; two seasons of the year, rainy and dry; two sorts of natives, apathetic and bandit. The native has two items of diet, tortillas and frijoles; the riding animal, corn and grass, and in April, May, and June, the grass is sparse or entirely gone. The thoroughfares are the "camino real" and the "picada." The "camino real" may have the bush cleared as far as fifteen feet on either side in places, while the "picada" will probably show only enough machete slashings to indicate the course it follows. There is an occasional stretch of "caretera" or bull cart road but these end long before the soldier reaches bandit territory. Moreover, mud will lie hock deep between rocks near the hill tops in the dry season; there will be miles of deep forest with no grass; pine and bamboo will be found growing alongside each other where the stream lines have long been dry and the undergrowth burned off by the natives to encourage a new grass crop.

"The region of La Bufona (Nueva Segovia) is characterized by knife-like ridges separated by abysmal gorges," wrote 1st Lieut. Everett H. Clark, U. S. Marines, on his sketch of that area which Sandino had boasted he'd make impregnable. It is La Septentrion, the fabled northland, to the lyrically-bent Nicaraguan; remotely the scene of incursions by Aztecs from the south, Mayas from the north: Sir Henry Morgan with his buccaneers up the Coco River from the Caribbean; and, in the late 50's William Walker, the American filibuster from Managua the seat of his government. It stretches along practically all the western third of the Honduran frontier and, with the Honduran land adjacent to it, embraces the only part of the common border from the Pacific to the Atlantic which bears any appreciable evidence of civilization.

Its capital, Ocotal, well over in its western and more accessible portion, can be reached from Leon, largest and nearest city on the lone railroad which parallels the Pacific Coast, by a bull cart road about 205 miles long. In the dry season, the best bull cart time from the railroad to Ocotal is about twelve days. Quilali, erstwhile the most important settlement in the far eastern part of Nueva Segovia, lies just a little less distant from Managua but the bull cart trail thence ends about seventy miles away. The districts south of Nueva Segovia were entered by our trucks in the dry season but there is not even a bull cart trail from their termini over the seventy or eighty miles thence to Nueva Segovia.



Home-made pack saddle used by Marine pack train in Nicaragua.

About the only contacts to break otherwise complete isolation from the world without on the trail to Terreno Grande were connections with the patrols of two planes each which came over us almost daily. Stark necessity helped us become dextrous with the panel code and the pick-up for we could not but feel that those planes represented the vital link in the general scheme and that we could not afford to increase the difficulties under which they had always to labor. As liaison agents, their value cannot be exaggerated. My outfit missed connection with Major Reno's detachment which we were to meet in Terreno Grande whereupon the planes, knowing where each was, gave both new courses for meeting in Totogalpa, a few miles northwest of Terreno Grande.

It was decided there that night that Skidmore would run into Ocotal to get more rations for that hungry gang of ours, while Major Reno and I with my mounted element and about the same numbers in foot patrols would cruise down through Yalaguina, then beat the Terreno Grande section afresh. There is a bull cart trail from Totogalpa to Yalaguina on which, in column of twos, we trotted the greater part of the way.

#### Information of the Enemy

Within an hour after our arrival in Yalaguina, two planes came dropping messages and a bunch of new orders. Sandino was known definitely to have evacuated El Chipote and to be on his way south toward the line, Yali—San Rafael del Norte—Jinotega. I was to take all of the 52nd Company I could immediately lay hands upon; beat it to Yali; and there check Sandino's retreat to the north. Other companies then entering the Jinotega—San Rafael area were to converge on the boy if possible and tag him before he could run back to his base. Two companies were to join me in Yali but they never got there. Major Reno was to return to Totogalpa for further orders while Hall and Skidmore would follow me to Yali without delay.

I got to Yali with thirty-two mule and eight foot in a trifle under forty-eight hours elapsed time, arriving on Monday afternoon, February 6th. There were three native families in the village which normally held thirty from whom I learned that friend Sandino had departed thence the preceding Thursday night, taking with him all the loot he could pack including all the whiskey and beer stocks. We could tell by this that we had to deal with a very selfish man.

Our planes had bombed and strafed El Chipote most thoroughly about the middle of January whereupon Sandino eased off into the thicker country east of that place, then corralled all his available thieves for a looting and recruiting expedition into the rich coffee sections of Jinotega and Matagalpa provinces. Native accounts of his force quite naturally varied from 200 to 800 well-armed and well-equipped men with lots of



Captain Maurice G. Holmes (left front), commanding 52nd Company, Mounted Marines.

(Continued on page 50)



# Correspondence Courses, Marine Corps Schools

**I**N keeping with the educational policy of the Marine Corps, and to provide a source of instruction for Marine Corps Reservists and an additional source for officers and enlisted men of the Marine Corps, a Correspondence School was established at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, in 1926. The department of Correspondence Courses, thus established, became a part of the activities of the Marine Corps Schools, but considered a separate department of the schools entirely independent insofar as the instruction and clerical work were concerned.

The membership of the Marine Corps Reserve has been constantly increasing. Its personnel must be trained in the duties of rank and organization in order that its proper place may be taken in the event of a national emergency. It is incumbent upon the Marine Corps as the parent organization to make available a means through which the reservist may receive proper and coordinated instruction.

It is desirable that some basic requirements be established to determine the professional fitness of a reserve officer for promotion. The completion of the appropriate correspondence course prior to promotion works to the twofold advantage of the Corps and to those officers of the reserve who really take their commissions seriously. It insures that reserve officers who are promoted will have received a standard amount of theoretical instruction.

Through the establishment and operation of the department of Correspondence Courses there has been provided a source of theoretical instruction for the Marine Corps Reservist which assists him in the preparation for the duties to which assigned when called into active service.

Commanders of reserve units, from platoon to regiment, will find a wealth of background for the work in the field with their units in the study of the appropriate courses. The lieutenants and captains of infantry commands will grasp the essentials of training their companies more readily by being students of the infantry courses available to them. Officers commanding organized reserve battalions and regiments are encouraged to urge the members of their staff to take advantage of the courses pertaining to their staff duties. Regimental and battalion headquarters should have a communications officer with respective communications units. The course in communications is especially adapted to teach such officers and men how to install, maintain and operate the various communication agencies.

There are many instructive and decidedly interesting courses available to the members of the Marine Corps Reserve, commissioned and enlisted. Whether the reservist has in mind to prepare for promotion, to be better versed in the duties of his present grade, or to pursue a course of study to improve his knowledge and intelligence, a course taken as conducted by the Correspondence Courses will be time well spent. It is the aim of the school to establish cordial and helpful relations with all reservists and to maintain that close relation, to the end that the school and the reservist will be closely linked in the spirit of mutual service and understanding.

The regular officer who has completed one of the resident courses, especially the Field Officers' Course, and has been some time away from his studies, is offered an excellent opportunity to brush up his professional knowledge in a systematic manner by enrollment in these courses, especially the Command and General Staff Extension Course.

The Marine officer who is soon to be assigned to one of the classes in the Marine Corps Schools, will find that the equivalent correspondence course offers an excellent preparation for his coming school work and insures that the time spent be applied methodically and with the advantages of having his work criticized and his errors pointed out to him. This is true of both the Marine Corps Field Officers' and Company Officers' Courses, and of the Army Courses at Fort Sill, Fort Leavenworth, and elsewhere.

These courses offer a means of theoretical instruction to officers, especially junior officers, who are about to be or have recently been detailed to specialties in which they have little or no experience. It is thought that officers about to be or recently detailed to the artillery, the engineer units, the quartermaster's or paymaster's departments, or as communications officers of a battalion, regiment, or brigade, might find the course of value. Officers who anticipate being detailed to aviation will also find it to their advantage to avail themselves of the opportunity offered by these courses.

Any junior officer, not having communications experience,

By Captain Albert W. Paul

may be detailed at any time as communication officer of a battalion and will find many problems of a technical nature to cause him woe and disturbance. A correspondence course in communications will give him a knowledge of the subject enabling him to properly train his personnel, and give him familiarity with the communications agencies that he will be required to handle.

The courses are available and suitable to the enlisted men of the Marine Corps. The quartermaster's and paymaster's courses have proven to be very attractive to those who have their eyes on a higher rating. Non-commissioned officers who are on the eligible list for appointment as commissioned or warrant officers in the reserve in time of war or national emergency are especially encouraged to make a study of appropriate courses. Those enlisted men who do not contemplate re-enlisting in the regular Marine Corps but who may plan to enter a Marine Corps Reserve unit will find that the study of an appropriate course will react much to their advantage in their reserve activities.

The department of Correspondence Courses is located at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia. The personnel comprising the staff of instructors are commissioned officers in the Marine Corps. The enlisted staff consists of a chief clerk and several assistants. All departments are thoroughly organized and efficiently coordinated by the Director. Lesson papers received are promptly recorded and submitted to the proper department for study. Each lesson paper submitted is carefully corrected by a commissioned officer. An effort is made to visualize the student's viewpoint, to get away from the familiar system of "canned education," as far as possible. So that, instead of requiring the student to submit a solution exactly similar to the so-called "approved solution," a wide latitude of action is allowed and encouraged. The instructors are conscientious and painstaking in the study of student work. They are careful to interpret the meaning and reasoning as conveyed to them by the written work of the student, giving the student every possible credit for his work. Comments are made in a spirit of sympathetic understanding in a language clear and concise and free from highly technical terms which may tend to confuse the student. Students are considered as close personalities and not as abstract objects, distant and remote. Any lesson paper failing to receive a passing mark is studied, corrected and remarked by a committee of instructors, thus insuring that no possible credit to the student is overlooked. Upon completion of the correction of a paper it is promptly returned to the student with the comments, additional lessons and such other material as may be appropriate.

The following courses are conducted by the Department of Correspondence Courses. Application for enrollment by officers and enlisted men of the Marine Corps and officers of the Marine Corps Reserve should be made direct to the Director, Correspondence Courses, Marine Corps Schools, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia. Application for enrollment by enlisted men of the Marine Corps Reserve should be made through their organization commanders and reserve area commanders. Initial application for enrollment by enlisted men of the Marine Corps should be accompanied by a statement of educational qualifications.

**AIR CORPS:** Basic; Squadron and Company Officers; Advanced.

**ENGINEERS:** Basic; Company Officers; Advanced.

**FIELD ARTILLERY:** Basic; Battery Officers; Advanced.

**INFANTRY:** Basic; Company Officers; Advanced.

**COMMUNICATIONS:** Basic; Company Officers; Advanced.

**QUARTERMASTER'S DEPT.:** Basic; Company Officers; Advanced.

**PAYMASTER'S DEPT.:** Basic; Company Officers.

**COMMAND AND GENERAL STAFF.**

It will be noted that each branch (except the Command and General Staff) has more than one course. In general, it may be stated that the courses in each branch are progressive and a student should not undertake, for example, a Company Officers' Course unless he has recently completed the Basic Correspondence Course or has studied systematically the texts covered in the Basic Course. The Command and General Staff Course should not be undertaken by any student who has not completed the Advanced Correspondence Course, or the Field Officers' Course, Marine Corps or Army schools.

Each of the courses enumerated above is broken into a number of sub-courses, each of which deals with one subject. Enrollment is by courses, to reduce paper work and the annoyance which would result from requiring a student to enroll by

(Continued on page 49)

# "Would I Accompany Byrd to the South Pole!"

## A Marine's Account of the Latest Adventure in the Antarctic



**A**FTER three weeks aboard the "City of New York" it was indeed a treat to get ashore; rather on ice, as there was no land of any description. Discovery Inlet is about 80 miles from the Bay of Whales where our home was to be located. But Commander Byrd wished to view the terrain in this locality and get some data on an airplane landing field as well as the surface of the Barrier.

Many of the men at once put on skis and started out. Some put them on but never started out. Others decided to do their exploring with good solid shoe leather and wandered off in groups. Some dogs were pushed over the side and given a little exercise to let them know that at last they had reached their destination. The dogs in the crates on board seeing this tried to tear the crates to pieces in their frantic efforts to get loose and out on to the bay ice; but to no avail.

However, no one was allowed to venture far from the "City of New York" and in a few hours Commander Byrd and his party returned from their short exploration trip on skis and the order was given to cast off. We sailed out of "Discovery Inlet" leaving its beauty and desolation behind. "Discovery Inlet" is an immense triangular bite in the walls of the "Barrier" and has retained this shape since Scott first discovered it in 1902.

We now sailed along the edge of the "Barrier" at reduced speed in order to allow our topographers to sketch an outline of this massive wall of ice. It was a beautiful scene and kept us continually on deck watching the formation as much as we were able. On the 29th day of December we rounded the West Cape of the Bay of Whales which is an immense natural harbor in the "Barrier," and entered.

By Kennard F. Bubier  
Gunnery Sergeant, U. S. Marines

to men who had tons of material to put ashore and three airplanes. But we were so thankful to be at our objective that we did not say a word even though we were ten miles out from the edge of the Barrier.

Commander Byrd at once ordered two dog teams to load up with supplies and taking the two experienced dog teams of Arthur Walden, an old Yukon musher, together with Bernt Balchen and Peterson, they left the ship to go inland and search for a good location for our base.

Every one helped them get ready and load the four sledges.



The dogs pulled and tugged in their harness eager to dash away after their long ocean voyage, and it was a difficult job to keep them untangled and in line. Soon the party started out and in a few hours were lost to view on the bay ice.

While this party was inland we at once cast off our ice anchors and steamed slowly up and down the edge of the bay ice. As the Bay of Whales is about ten miles wide from cape to cape, the ice pilots thought that an open lead might be found to move the ship in and get inside the bay a few miles further.

But it was all in vain, we would just have to wait for a favorable wind to break up the old bay ice and allow us to enter farther in.

On New Year's Eve we sighted the dog teams returning at full gallop with

Top: Barrier breaking.  
Center: Tonsorial and sartorial style in the Antarctic.

Lower: Erecting houses.

Commander Byrd. The dog teams were started out on the bay ice and the Commander said that he had selected an ideal spot for our camp and that Balchen and Peterson had remained there to receive supplies and Peterson was erecting a small radio antenna.

Cheered by this news we started in the morning with a will unloading supplies. All the dog teams were hooked up and supplies started going over the side to be placed on the waiting sledges.

The orders were that dog teams should travel in pairs so that if one overturned or slid off into a slush hole his companion would be able to aid him. Each dog driver had to strap his fur sleeping bag on top of his load so that in case of bad weather between the base and the ship he could stop at once, roll into his bag and wait for the weather to clear. It would mean death perhaps if in a snow squall the dog team started inland by mistake or got off the trail that had been marked to our camp. From now on it would be known as "Little America" as that was the name we had voted on



Now the problem was how far into the Bay we could go in order to unload our supplies on the bay ice and then transport them to our base. In 1911 Amundsen had been able to enter thirteen miles into this Bay and only had one mile and a half to haul his supplies to his base. But fortune did not smile on us this time. The Bay was filled with hard ice from eight to ten feet thick and against the towering walls of the barrier were immense pressure ridges, which had been thrown up by the ice of the previous year. It was not an encouraging sight

as the most popular among the many that each one of us had submitted.

The aviation "gang" started at once unloading the Fairchild plane and placed it across the rails of the "City of New York" preparing it for flight. The engine was checked and all the grease wiped off from the controls. Skis were placed on the landing gear and the tail assembly put in place.

As the ice was constantly shifting and breaking up around the ship we knew that it was a dangerous undertaking to allow an airplane to be placed on the bay ice for even two or three hours. As conditions were we did not swing the "Stars and Stripes" over the side until the 14th day of January. A few hours later we carried the wings ashore and while men hung the wings on, we started to tune up the engine. For a period of twelve hours we worked on the plane until all was ready. It was not warm work either as the thermometer was slowly dropping and even at midday it was not more than 25° above, even though it was midsummer.

On the morning of the 15th Captain Parker took the "Stars and Stripes" up for a test flight and ten minutes later came down and pronounced it satisfactory. Then each pilot took the plane up and all the mechanics were given a "hop."

I went up with June, the naval pilot, and for the first time saw "Little America." Already a house had been erected and I could see the dog teams making their way on the trail between the camp and ship.

From the air I viewed the regions we were to call home for a long time. It was a beautiful sight, nothing but snow stretching for miles inland behind us and on our left the open waters of the Ross Sea extending out to the horizon. The "City of New York" looked like a toy boat in a porcelain tub as she laid anchored next to the bay ice. Our camp at the end of a small inlet which we named "Ver Ser Mer" (after the town where Commander Byrd landed in France on his Atlantic Ocean flight) was like a small model of a building against that vast region of ice and eternal snow.

However, we soon landed and after

Top: Breaking ground for shelter.  
Center: Radio room. Lower: Loading dog sled for trip inland to select camp site.



a few more flights the plane was flown into "Little America" and there anchored in the snow near the house. It would be safe there away from the shifting bay ice.

In the meantime all the work of unloading went steadily forward and our little town grew as supplies were carried into it. Day by day the ship grew lighter and the last thing we started unloading from the "City of New York" was bags of coal. All haste was made to complete the unloading of the "City of New York" before the "Boling" arrived with the other planes and the rest of our supplies.

We never lacked for company while we were unloading as

the penguins always were on hand at the water's edge to watch everything that was going on. They are very curious little birds, if they can be called birds, that waddle around like little people and cock their heads on one side to look at you. They knew no fear and often would approach the dog teams as they were alongside the ship, but with sad results to the penguins. We would try to drive them off into the water to keep them from being mutilated by our wolf dogs, but they would always return for more. Many times one penguin would attack a whole dog team of nine dogs with dire results to himself.

The Bay of Whales was well named by Amundsen as countless



schools of whales were continually sporting in the water near the ship and rearing their ugly snouts out of the water. At first they were a novelty, but after a while we paid little attention to them.

Seals abounded on the bay ice and many of our meals during unloading operations consisted of seal steaks and whale meat. I cannot say that I ever really enjoyed either although I ate it many times because I realized that fresh meat was the best thing in the world to eat to prevent scurvy, the dreaded disease of all explorers. From all the remarks passed at the mess table when seal was served I believe it was only eaten out of a sense of necessity.

In the meantime Hanson and June ran radio tests on the "Stars and Stripes" in camp and managed to speak to the chief operator on board a "Dollar Line" ship in the Pacific Ocean and also established communication with the New York Times radio office in New York City.

This was a world's record for airplane transmission by radio and quite a remarkable record, from the bottom of the world.

On January 27th Commander Byrd, anxious to explore, took off from "Little America" with Balchen as pilot and June as radio man and flew over to the east. He had always been curious about the great icebergs that were continually drifting by the entrance to the Bay and coming from the east and we all knew that he wanted to get over there before long. So while we were waiting for the "Boling" they took off.

That same evening we sighted smoke on the horizon and the "Boling" came in sight a few hours later. We all knew that real work was to begin because the Commander did not wish to keep this little steel ship in the danger zone of ice a moment longer than was necessary.

When they finally reached us the first thing that was thrown to us from her decks were the mail bags and these were pounced on and broken open by the men. I wondered what they would do at the end of the year if they grabbed for mail in this manner at the end of two months. However, it was sure a delight to read about happenings at home almost up to Christmas, 1928, and newspapers of October and November seemed recent.

They anchored near us, next to the ice and came on board. We exchanged greetings and they told us of their hazardous trip to us. Two or three times they had given up hope of ever



reaching us and once, due to the deflection of the compass, had lost their bearings for three days. Commander Byrd had not wanted to tell us all of this as he knew we had our battles and he alone, through radio, bore many worries at all times.

Word was flashed to the Fairchild of the arrival of the "Boling" and a few hours later we saw the flash of her wings in the air returning to "Little America."

On this flight over King Edward VII Land to the east of us Commander Byrd had discovered cropping out of the Barrier a large mountain range which had never been seen before and which he called "Rockefeller Mountains." This newly discovered sector was to be the scene of an interesting episode a few weeks later.

As soon as the Commander came aboard and congratulated Captain Brown and the crew on carrying out their mission, both ships started unloading. With the aid of the "Boling's" steel prow and increased horsepower we were able to get in close to the foot of the Barrier which descended in an easy slope to the ice foot and the incline was strong enough to permit supplies to be hauled up on to the top of the Barrier by means of a block and tackle.

We worked in twelve-hour shifts and the unloading commenced in real style. But on the morning of the 28th this ice foot, due to the action of a storm at sea sending in large waves, gave way just as Balchen and myself had started up the slope. We were on our way up to the top of the Barrier to work on the Fokker airplane which had been assembled and placed up there by the night shift. We ran for our lives and managed to make the top before the slope descended into the sea. The men on the drifting ice next to the ship certainly had a fight to rescue parts of the Ford plane and sections of our main house that were on the ice. But they managed to get everything aboard while we watched them from afar.

Balchen and I worked all day on the Fokker and taxied her into "Little America." Both ships returned that evening while we were at the base and when we came back early in the morning after a few hours sleep we

Top: Our dog teams. Center: Chow time. Lower: Supplies at camp early in the season.



found the "Boling" next to the Barrier with the "City of New York" tied up to her. Simultaneously supplies were being loaded on to the decks of the "City of New York" as well as on to the top of the Barrier.

Then the thrill of the season happened. On the evening of the 31st, the edge of the Barrier having weakened under the unloading operations, gave way and tons of snow fell on the "Boling" rolling her over like a toy. If she had not been tied to the "City of New York" she would have been capsized by the weight of the snow.

I had just come off duty and was eating dinner in the fo'castle of the "City of New York." The impact of the blow threw us all across the deck and away from the table. I picked myself up and rushed up on deck just in time to see Commander Byrd diving overboard to rescue Roth, who had fallen from the edge of the Barrier into the icy waters. Harrison was suspended between sky and water by a line he had managed to grasp as the Barrier gave way. However, by the quick action of Captain Brown in lowering a life boat, Roth was saved and carried on board. The Commander had been unable to get to



him on account of the immense amount of snow in the water.

Luckily for us we had all our supplies and the fuselage of the Ford plane well away from the edge of the Barrier. Lofgren called the roll and counting the three or four men who waved at us from the top of the Barrier, every man was accounted for.

We had learned our lesson that you cannot trust the "Barrier" at any time. It had looked bad for Roth in the swirling ice-filled waters, with his heavy clothes on, but he managed to grab a piece of ice and hung on until the boat reached him. He was numb when they picked him out of the water from the cold. Afterwards he told us he did not know how to swim but he thought he learned how that time. Harrison was pulled up safely, although his hands were bleeding from the line he was clutching to hold him out of the water.

The whole incident took about twenty minutes yet it seemed like a day to all of us.

On Saturday, February 2nd, having finished unloading the last of the "Boling" with its 450 tons into the "City of New York" the "Boling" put out for New Zealand with nothing on board except a little food and our mail.

It was planned to make another dash south before winter set in but it did not seem likely to succeed, as later events proved.

Bad weather and bitter cold days set in after the "Boling" left. One day so much ice drifted into the bay that the "City of New York" was almost crushed and we had to put out to sea to avoid it.

On February 6th, the aviation "Gang" left the "City of New York" and moved out to "Little America" with the last part of the Ford plane which had been unloaded onto the "City of New York," the center section.

We reached "Little America" in a few hours and found a great change. Two houses erected, three sixty-foot radio towers almost completed and everywhere supplies piled in large heaps. We entered the house as the cook was preparing supper. The odor of ham and eggs assailed our nostrils. The victrola was playing and men were seated around smoking and working on dog harness. Outside about a hundred yards from the house were all the dogs tied to their crates and there was an air of contentment and satisfaction everywhere.

We ate a good meal and were glad to be away from the rolling and tossing of the ship, from the hurry and bustle of unloading.

(Continued on page 45)

# "You Will Find Us Always On The Job"



ANY organization to long endure must either fashion its own traditions or inherit those of its predecessors. They are of material significance, without which there would be little incentive to exist. Representing glory and achievement, they stimulate a spirit of emulation, the desire to maintain the standard set. They are born slowly and at a great cost. Henry James says, "It takes an endless amount of history to make even a little tradition"; and as Napoleon said of his soldiers, it takes years to fashion them and only a few seconds for their destruction.

Tradition breeds pride, and nowhere, perhaps, is tradition more jealously upheld than in the various organizations serving the needs of our government. The duties imposed are many and severe. Now and then lives must be sacrificed to accomplish them; but it is the consummation of duty that brings pride to these services. Frequently such realization is the sole reward—but it is enough.

Surpassed by none are the traditions of our Postal Service. Emblazoned on their arms is the legend "The mail must go on," and it is inscribed there indelibly and rightfully, for nothing can hinder the delivery of U. S. Mail. Neither storm, fire, shipwreck, nor death itself can stop it.

Perhaps it is tradition that invokes unfailing application to this legend; a sort of loyalty to those who wove the pattern into the warp and woof with golden threads: Such men as Yuba Bill, charging with his bulky, creaking stagecoach into a band of road agents; and Pony Bob, bearing the news of Lincoln's election, shot through the jaw, with the flint-tipped arrow still protruding, cutting his way through an Indian ambush. And Buffalo Bill, and other express riders, galloping indomitably into the dangers of hostile territories; the mail carriers of the northern wastes, snowblind and frozen; birdmen winging through storm-shrouded skies, and the plodding, city postman, delivering prosaically, and with equal certainty, circular advertisements and important letters. Without romanticizing, probably without conscious effort, such missions were fulfilled; each man doing his share to live up to the old traditions and to establish new ones.

In the year of 1921 an unprecedented wave of crime threatened to wash away the sturdy foundation of the Postal Service. Surging up from a sea of unrest, it seemed to engulf the entire country. Individuals and organized bands pillaged and looted almost as they pleased. Local police seemed incapable of combating the lawless powers. A robbery of the U. S. Mails, at Toledo, Ohio, February, 1921, in which the loss was nearly one million dollars, begot another. The very ease with which it was accomplished and the staggering value of the loot, was almost an indication in itself that the theft would be repeated.

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow



The mail must go through.

On March third a mailtruck in Los Angeles was held up by four men who escaped with something like five hundred thousand dollars. There were other raids, quick attacks on isolated post offices, rural carriers held up, and mail pouches robbed. For the year ending April ninth, 1921, there had been a total of \$6,300,000 stolen from the U. S. Mails, more than a half million dollars every month, or some three hundred and sixty-five dollars each time the minute hand of the clock moved around the dial. But the money was not the important loss. The honor of the service was at stake, their pledge of security to the mail was being shaken.

On September 29, 1921, an Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe train was held up about twelve miles north of Oklahoma City. The bandits escaped with four pouches of mail, one of which contained registered matter valued at \$50,000. On the same day, half way across the

continent, a carrier between Herin and Carterville, Illinois, was robbed of the payroll of the Western Coal and Mining Company. This loss was said to have been \$25,000.

On November fifth a lone bandit boarded an Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe mail car shortly after it left Ottawa Junction. Covering the seven clerks with his pistol, he forced one of them to truss up the others with wire. When the six clerks were lying securely bound on the floor, the bandit tied up the seventh and placed mail sacks over them. The clerks were not discovered until the train arrived at Kansas City, where it was reported that two sacks of registered mail were missing.

By this time conditions were so serious that there was talk of having military authorities place guards at all danger points. And more than likely it

was the following robbery, small in monetary loss, but gigantic in dramatic proportion, that influenced the calling of U. S. Marines to end such depredations.

Jesse James and his band could never have perpetrated a robbery of more daring than the one of Paxton, Illinois.

On November seventh the crack Illinois Central, bound for New Orleans, left Chicago. Arriving at Paxton about nine o'clock in the evening, it stopped to take on passengers. Two men, unseen, boarded the tender. A little more than two miles south of Paxton is a long bridge spanning a creek. Beyond is a thick clump of woods.

With whistle shrieking the train sped toward the bridge. The two men clambered from their concealment and before the engineer, Jack Fogarty, was aware of their presence, one of them touched his shoulder. He looked around into the frowning muzzle of a pistol.

"Put on your brakes," ordered the bandit. The other one held the fireman at bay.

The train slowed down almost to a stop before the bridge was reached. The bandit ordered the engineer to keep moving



slowly until it was well on the bridge, where it came to a puffing halt. The engine was on the far side of the trestle, not far from the bushes, from which three other masked men emerged.

Ordering the engineer and fireman to remain in the cab, the bandits hurried back and uncoupled the express and mail cars from the other coaches. At pistol point the engine crew was forced to pull them about a half mile down the track, where once again they were halted. One of the robbers went to the mail coach. Pounding on the door he cried, "This is Fogarty. Gimmie a wrench."

Mail clerks Baker and Bobinett were not so easily fooled. They knew the voice of the engineer. They slammed the door and it locked automatically. The bandit fired into it. "Open up," he demanded, "or I'll blow your head off!"

There was no response from within. The infuriated bandit poured a quantity of gasoline over the door sill and flung the bottle through a small window into the coach. He dropped a lighted match into the pool. Instantly the coach was engulfed in crackling flames.

To remain in that inferno would have availed the clerks nothing beyond incineration. They opened the door and Baker jumped. As Bobinett prepared to follow, the bandit shouted: "Get back in there and get us the mail!"

For an instant the clerk hesitated, then he complied, tossing out several pouches of ordinary mail. "Not these," roared the bandit. "Go get the others!" He fired and the bullet struck the clerk's wrist. A vicious blast of flame drove the wounded man out of the car. As he leaped to the ground the bandits slugged him over the head.

In the meantime other members of the crew had sensed something wrong. They climbed from the coaches to discover themselves on the narrow bridge, suspended high above the creek. On hands and knees they crawled along the ties. As they approached the blazing mail car they were fired upon by the bandits. Some of the crew and passengers were armed. They returned the fire. Arthur Moon, a porter, was shot through the breast. Four others were wounded before the bandits finally fled. The estimated loss was \$400. A small amount, indeed, for so desperate a venture.

This, then, forced the decision to employ U. S. Marines to guard the mails. As Postmaster Hays stated: "The mails are inviolate and must and shall be protected."

There was a conference the day following the Paxton robbery, a cabinet meeting attended by Major General Lejeune. It was decided that an armed Marine would be seated beside the chauffeur of each truck, and a clerk and another heavily armed Marine would be placed inside, shielded by a steel screen. The trucks would be so designed that a loud gong would ring whenever they were opened.

Besides conveying trucks Marines would be assigned to the general post offices and sub-stations that handled vast amounts of money and securities. They would also travel on mail trains and stand guard at terminals. In short, they would be wherever their services were required.

By November ninth, two days after the Paxton affair, Marines were on the job in Boston, guarding registered mail leaving that city. More were being assembled as rapidly as possible. By

Armistice Day Marines in New York City were riding the trucks, and assigned to trains, terminals, and post office stations. Two hundred more arrived the following day, completing the complement of that city.

Probably the first arrest was made in Danville, Virginia. The Marine escorting a truck of registered mail from the railroad station to the post office, apprehended a negro who was taking parcel post from a mail sack. On November 17 what appeared to be an attempt to rob a truck in New York City was frustrated by the vigilance of the Marine escort. Suspicious of two taxicabs that were closing in on the truck, the Marine drove them away at rifle point.

An attempt was made to rob a mail car on the Baltimore and Ohio line. Two of the three bandits were killed in the exchange of shots, and the third, desperately wounded, was turned over to the police.

There were no half-way measures. Marines were armed with authority to shoot to kill, and the people were warned to stay away from the mails. The late Edwin Denby, then Secretary of the Navy, had said, in part:

"If two Marines, guarding a mail car, for example, are suddenly covered by a robber, neither man must hold up his hands but both must begin shooting at once. One may be killed, but the other will get the robber, and save the mail. That is the spirit of the Corps. When our men go in as guards over mail, that mail must be delivered or there must be a Marine dead at the post of duty."

There was nothing equivocal about that. No excuses would be accepted. The mail must go through. With business-like application the Marines settled down to carry out their duties, and there were no criticisms concerning their efficiency. In more than one instance was it thoroughly demonstrated. One incident, happily a false alarm, in Kansas City, proved conclusively



No robberies of the U. S. Mails during the time the Marines were guarding them.

that Marines were on the job. At the busiest hour of the day an employee accidentally trod upon the electric alarm signal. The Marines flew to their stations, every exit and entrance was immediately under guard. For fifteen minutes no one was allowed to leave or enter the building. And the trapped civilians stood with their mouths agape at such drill-like precision.

By March, 1921, the situation was well under control. There had been no robberies of the U. S. Mails during the time the Marines were guarding them. Attempts, yes, but not one had been successful.

By this time the task of arming railway mail clerks had been nearly completed. Gradually the Marines were being withdrawn. Thus ended the first phase of the duty of guarding the U. S. Mail. In his letter of commendation Postmaster Hubert Work regretted that the duty had been brought to a close, and expressed his gratitude for the services rendered.

All went well for a couple of years, but with the Marines no longer on the job, and the armed mail clerks growing lax in disarming routine, banditry began to blaze forth once more. Several robberies and murders were perpetrated, the most sensational occurring at Elizabeth, N. J., on October 14, 1926. Like the Paxton instance, it was this that determined, for the second time, the employment of Marines to safeguard the mail.

(Continued on page 49)



## PARRIS ISLAND PERSONNEL NOTES

By Corporal Richard M. Lustig

Gy. Sgt. Paul H. Smith, with a crew of six men, is here on temporary duty in connection with the installation of the new telephone system. He will remain until the installation is completed, which will probably be some time next month.

Sergeant Ellis T. "Skinny" Walter has just shipped over. He will probably remain on the Island for duty as mess sergeant at the range. "Pop" L. Parsons extended his enlistment for three years and has been transferred to Hampton Roads for further transfer to Peiping, China. First Sergeant James P. Kane, having over thirty years of active service, has been transferred to the retired list.

Staff Sergeant Earl Hardy has been ordered here upon the expiration of a sixty-day furlough. Corporal William Beatty reported in from Philadelphia where he had been playing football with the All-Marine squad. He will, in all likelihood, turn out for the post baseball team. Sergeant Golden, who joined from Washington, is reputed to be another hot baseball star. First Sergeant Fred Stinson, top kick of the Bakers and Cooks, is taking a furlough and it's rumored that he is to join the ranks of the beneficiaries while away.

Corporal John L. Neel, who was transferred to this post by staff returns, has been awarded a Nicaraguan decoration which will be officially presented to him upon his arrival. Sgt. Joseph J. "Ski" Slonovski, dean of the Field Music School, has extended his current enlistment for two years and will remain at his present duty. Sgt. Anton S. Clausen has also extended for two years. Gunnery Sergeant Frank Petrone was transferred to Philadelphia. First Sergeant Floyd Davenport is taking over the Receiving Barracks Detachment.

## BRIGADE SIGNAL COMPANY, FIRST BRIGADE, PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

By Sergeant Zigmunt Boroski

Howdy, folks. It has been so long since you've heard from us, and seeing that everyone else is breaking into print in "The Leatherneck," we are going to take advantage of the same opportunity and give you some of the latest dope on this outfit—an outfit that has the best bunch of Marines in the service.

The days are nice and sunny down here in Haiti, but most of the gang is anxious to get back to the States regardless of the cold and snow. We have quite a number of short timers here that are due to go back in April and May. P. J.

Schultz has been down here so long he expects to see his girl get married two days after he gets back, but Schultz will not be the groom. "Doc" Fracis and "Red" Gallagher are also short timers; you can always hear both of them talking about going into the sock and soap business when they get back to the States. I for one wish them the best of luck as long as they don't get caught at it.

Captain John Groff is our C. O., with First Sergeant Hanrahan holding down first base, while Lieutenant M. G. Brown is communication officer. Sergeant Pope is the lieutenant's assistant with Corporal Houtz on third base. I forgot to mention that Captain Groff is our mess officer, and if you want to get a real meal you ought to come down to feed your face at the Signal Company.

I'll give you the low-down on some of the gang here and the reason we lost the baseball championship. Our handsome Pfc. R. W. (Sex Appeal) Dixon is the cause of it all. If the women had stayed away from the games, Dixon

past him. Oh, yes, Dixon got one hit this season and we haven't heard the last of it yet, and the season's been over almost two whole months.

Flebotte was so good with the rifle he was asked to go out for the team. He told them he couldn't leave all the good chow at the company. Speaking of chow, Shaw, Moyer and Noble are the three biggest chow hounds that this outfit has ever seen. They have started a tournament to see who can eat the most. Everybody is going to bet on Noble. Odds, 4 to 1.

We are having a new concrete tennis court built here, and Private Gordon is supervising the job and the natives. A few days ago Gordon was mistaken for one of the natives; he's just as dark as they are from being in the sun so long. However, he is doing a good job on the court and we hope he has it finished soon, because everybody is anxious to try it out.

Basketball season starts in the near future, and the Signal Company is well represented with a fighting team and good players. Lieutenant Brown is coaching the team, teaching them a lot of fast plays. With the material we have there is no doubt about us winning the championship of the First Brigade. The following names are of the men who are out for the team: P. J. Schultz of Second Regiment fame; C. Coker, A. P. Muddle, J. Randle, Z. Boroski, R. W. Dixon, C. R. Tallman, W. V. Johnson, E. Bartz, A. D. Gehres, D. R. Smith, and M. M. Berger.

Pvt. J. H. (Speedy) Pearce "was" working out for the coming smoker, but gave it up as a bad job when he found out how hard some people could hit. Now we have two dummies to work out with, Pearce and the one that is hanging up on the limb of a tree.

Verzole and Gehres, our two dashing privates first class, say that they are going up into the woods and camp while they are on furlough. Don't kid us, we know you've lived out in the sticks before you came into the service.

Our new mess sergeant has had the reputation of being a high class cook. We found out that Silvio Partenio likes "A da mucha garlica and spagett." He'll be a good mess sergeant when he gets back to the States, so some of you companies that are looking for a mess sergeant better grab him and put a chain around his neck.

That's about all for this time, but in the future we will endeavor to turn some dope in every month and see if we can't give you the best story of the month. A lot of the fellows are having "The

C. Lewis Lycan, Department Chief of Staff, Veterans of Foreign Wars, 1155 N. Edwards St., Decatur, Illinois, greets his many friends throughout the Corps and requests they write him. Your letter will reach him if addressed as above.

Lycan is always glad to have members or ex-members of the Corps drop in for a chat, and if any of you happen to be in Decatur you can find him 'most any time at police headquarters.

The only growl Lycan has with "The Leatherneck" is that our correspondents do not always mention the full name of the man they are writing about. Scribes, take notice.

Lycan's advice to all men who may be contemplating trying a hitch on the ship "Outside," is don't do it, for, he says, you will find it hard to get along after having soldiered in the Marine Corps, and—there is nothing in civil life that will compare with your buddies in the Corps.

wouldn't have tried to show his form out in the field. And Schultz saw something pass him at third base so fast that it took him three days to find out that Capt. Freeny of the Garde hit the ball

Leatherneck" sent home and they would like to have the folks know about them.

**P. S.—Attention All Marine Corps Radio Stations and Operators:**

Privates Virgil Morgan and Vincent Kavolius, our amateur radio bugs, want all of you radio bugs to know what they are working the world with our amateur set. Recently we have worked Russia and China. Morgan's only wish is that he may be allowed to keep all the QSL cards of all the people he has worked. W9XAA of Chicago, Ill., put on a special program for the Marines of the Brigade Signal Company. Something to brag about, eh?

**UNSUNG HEROES OF THE MARINE CORPS**

**First Sergeant James M. Darmond, U. S. Marine Corps (First Lieutenant, Garde d'Haiti)**

**By Fred Belton and John Rogers**

Twenty-one years ago a slim, tow-headed youth, speaking broken English, giving as his place of birth Tangiers, Morocco, but proud of his adopted citizenship, that of an American, applied for enlistment at the New York Recruiting Office of the United States Marines.

Eleven years later, almost to the day, Major General Yeus, then chief of the bandit forces in Haiti active in the field against United States Marines and the Garde d'Haiti, tendered his sword in token of surrender to First Lieutenant James M. Darmond of the Garde d'Haiti, a first sergeant of Marines.

The tow-headed youth and the Garde officer to whom the bandit chief surrendered are one and the same. Eleven years had seen the transition of the youthful Spanish-born American to a first sergeant of Marines holding a commission as a first lieutenant in the Haitian Garde. No longer was his English broken, and to his knowledge of his native language, Spanish, and his adopted language, English, he had added great fluency in the Haitian patois, Creole, and had mastered the French tongue. Before Darmond's arrival in Haiti his reputation as a soldier was well known. In Vera Cruz he saw action against the Mexicans, and when not so engaged was called to what was to him a more monotonous task, that of interpreter for his battalion commander.

Assigned to independent duty in the field against Haitian bandits in 1920, when the Marines and the native constabulary were at the height of the campaign against the elements who had ravaged Haiti for generations, Darmond spent two years in constant operation against insurgents. Twenty days each month, living on the country, Darmond slept in the daytime, and at night, with charcoal-smearred face, accompanied by only one garde and several reformed bandits who acted as guides, he concentrated his bandit-quelling efforts on the disbanding of the larger organizations which infested the mountainous central sections of Haiti. It was not long before the name "Darmond" presaged greater dread to the bandits than the heretofore ominous "bandit" signified to peaceful citizens of the Republic.

Under the guise of patriotic defenders of their fatherland against what they termed foreign invasion, the bandits of Haiti hid a rapacity surpassed only by

Asiatic outlaws. Under the friendly cloak of darkness they swept down upon defenseless families, taking the very bread from their mouths and killing at the slightest sign of resistance. Their particular enemies suffered burned houses and crops, stolen livestock and poultry, and the loss of all portable valuables. Market women, peacefully seated in their grass-roofed stalls in open markets in the country sections of the Republic, became the victims of daylight raids of foragers. The misery meted to their own countrymen ostensibly "pour la Patrie," and the mute, withal eloquent, mutilated bodies of Marines so unfor-



**1st Lt. James M. Darmond, Garde d'Haiti**

fortunate as to fall into their hands, was self-sufficient evidence to Darmond of the fate held in store for him should he relax his vigilance for even a minute.

After the incessant activity of Darmond, and his ever-growing fame as a warrior, bandit leaders saw no humiliation in surrendering to him without resistance their persons, their commands and their weapons. Some of the more egotistical bandit leaders resisted openly his entreaties to surrender. However, the resistance was short-lived.

A short summary of Darmond's accomplishments in the field shows that in the early months of 1921, bandits he captured included such leaders as General Yeus and his Chief of Division, Telemaque; General Tima and his Chief of Division, Elifase Paul; Chief of Division Accine Valcine; Chief of Division

Albertico Tino; Chief of Division Estimable; General Leger; General Boissond Loradin; Chief of Division Refilis; Chief of Division Tiboihan Gorade; General Thomas Joseph with his two Chiefs of Division, Estil Nonon and Lusio Lomen; Chief of Division Dada; Chief of Division Augustin; General Feleis; Chief of Division Delvo; Delegate Noels, and General Arislone Jille. Numerous followers of the above officers surrendered or were captured with them. Darmond received commendation after commendation for his work in the field, and on July 15, 1921, the Haitian Government awarded him the Medaille Militaire with the following citation:

"To Lieutenant James M. Darmond, for his perseverance and skill in handling patrols and for the tact he has displayed in negotiating a series of delicate situations, and the surrender of Yeus and Telemaque, the principal chiefs of organized banditry, which was effected on April 19, 1921."

When at last banditry ended and Haiti had begun to enjoy a peace and security of life and property she had never before known, Darmond turned to the more peaceful pursuits of a sub-district commander with the same determination and energy that had distinguished his work in the field. The building of barracks for gardes, the construction of roads, trails and telephone lines, became as much a part of the day's work as the handling of violations of the law and the adjustment of disputes of the inhabitants, who regarded the name Darmond as a household word and went to him with all their family arguments. For years Darmond commanded the Sub-District of Thomonde, the sole American in a territory sixty miles square.

The detail of Darmond as interpreter during the inquiries incident to the senatorial investigation in Haiti brought another letter of praise to add to the outstanding record of this man, already replete with deserved recognition of duty well done.

Duty in isolated country sections, including a tour on the isolated island of La Gonave, was succeeded by commands in the more populated centers, and in 1929 Darmond was entrusted with the command of the Fourth Police Company of the Garde, stationed at Port au Prince. This company of 250 men performs all work done by patrolmen in the cities of the United States. Men attached to it serve as traffic officers, process servers, prosecutors in the police courts, and perform myriads of other duties that leave little time for military drills and exercises. Notwithstanding these obstacles, Darmond has brought this company to an enviable standard of soldierly efficiency, where it compares most favorably with line duty companies of the Garde d'Haiti.

It was this company which was called upon to bear the brunt of the disturbances incident to the general strike in the latter part of 1929, which culminated in an investigation being conducted by a commission appointed by President Hoover. The value of the discipline imposed by Darmond was manifested in the splendid spirit displayed by these men, both during actual disorders and in the interminable days and nights spent "standing by." The response for volunteers to answer riot calls was spontaneous, and the valuable work performed by these men was enhanced



greatly by the fact that they were quelling disorders occasioned by their own people. In obedience to commands issued by foreigners, not only by race but by color, the Haitian Gardes quickly dispersed belligerent mobs.

While the response of the civilian element to the call of agitators for a general strike and open show of hostility toward their foreign occupants, the Americans, was widespread and unpremeditated, the Gardes resisted the blandishments and promises of trouble-makers, and it was the confidence in the sense of justice and fair dealing of such officers as Darmond that made such unswerving loyalty possible.

That Darmond is as well fitted for duty in the Garde in time of peace as well as periods of disorders is expressed in the words of a Marine officer who terminated a report of efficiency in the case of Darmond with the words, "This officer's greatest asset is his loyalty, tact, and consideration for others. He is by nature a gentleman."

#### EX-MARINE OFFICER HOLDS SINGULAR POSITION

By B. Price

Frederick Collins Wheeler, once a lieutenant in the famous 6th Regiment, Marines, during the World War, now holds the only cornetcy authorized for any unit of the United States Army. Cornet Wheeler is a member of Headquarters Troop, 52nd Cavalry Brigade, Pennsylvania National Guard. A cornet in cavalry corresponds to the former infantry ensign, both officers being standard or color bearers. Wheeler won the Distinguished Service Cross for his heroic deeds near Bouresches, France, June 5, 1918. He refused to evacuate though twice wounded, and, even when

wounded a third time, tried to return to his command. He was also awarded the Navy Cross and the French Croix de Guerre with palm. The former Marine lieutenant is married and now lives in Wynnewood, Pa.

#### MARINE BARRACKS, N.O.P., SOUTH CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

By Pee Wee and Red

Since our last article we have changed commanding officers and first sergeants. Lieutenant J. E. Stanners was relieved by Lieutenant H. D. Harris, and upon the return of First Sergeant Pierce from three months furlough First Sergeant Uhlman was ordered to Quantico. His transfer has made every one think of how short his tour at this post really was, and every one realizes that we have lost a good "Top."

The man who fell from the second-story window some time ago had another fall. He used to be Mail Orderly and thought he was C.O., but now we find that he is in the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C. Private Shess has taken over the great job of Mail Orderly, but leaves out thinking he is Commanding Officer.

The name of Jesse L. Hoot, the Great Kidd, has been stricken from our roster, as Hoot is again back with the baseball squad, taking off his hat and making his usual courteous little bow when his name is called from the grandstand or elsewhere. The members of the detachment felt downhearted when the Great Hoot left, but the females felt worse. All we hear now is, "When is the Great Kidd going to return?"

Sergeant Potter, Privates Richmond, Clark, Findeisen, and Young also have been transferred to Navy Yard, Wash-

ington, D. C. Sweeney hasn't anyone to go to church with now. We all wish that Richmond would be ordered back to this post for duty.

We have had a few men join since our last item in "The Leatherneck." Lutz, Brannigan and J. A. Smith just shipped over, and Tennant returned after touring the tropics.

Our radio has been repaired, so Moltenberry can get Spring Hill on it again. He expects to be a very efficient radio operator soon.

We hope to have our tennis court finished soon so some of the men, including Rosen and Milliken, can prove they are as good players as they say.

The Depot Quartermaster will have another man to make special tailored uniforms for pretty soon if Goodson stays in the gallery much longer. We have called him "Tubba" for some time, but he has outgrown his name as well as his clothes while everyone else is getting thin.

Our new Commanding Officer has been doing everything he can to make it better for us. We hope to have movies and other new means of recreation soon.

#### CHRONICLE OF EVENTS, FOURTH MARINES, SHANGHAI, CHINA

By 1st Lieut. C. D. Baylis

January 1. The commanding officer of the Fourth Marines and officers of the Fourth Marines paid the traditional "New Year's Day" call on the American Consul-General, Mr. Douglas Jenkins.

January 2. Major General O. C. Borrett, C. B., C. M. G., C. B. E., D. S. O., A. D. C., commanding British Defense Forces, Shanghai, and Brigadier G. Fleming, D. S. O., paid an official call on the Fourth Marines. Honor guard company was the 19th Company of the Third Battalion, commanded by Captain W. F. Brown, and rendered honors at the headquarters of the Fourth Marines.

January 6. The band of the Fourth Marines, at the head of the column, paraded in honor of the departing First Battalion, The Worcestershire Regiment, British Defense Forces. Line of march: from the race course down Nanking Road to the Bund. The appearance of Marines in line, in tribute to a British organization, elicited much pleasing comment and applause from spectators lining the route of march.

January 7. Band, Drum and Trumpet Corps of the Fourth Marines, the 27th Company of the First Battalion, commanded by Captain M. J. Batchelder, turned out as part of an honor guard for Major General O. C. Borrett, departing commander of the British Defense Forces, Shanghai.

January 9. Honor guard from 22nd Company, Third Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant T. H. Saunders, Jr., rendered honors to Colonel Orpen-Palmer (British), commanding officer of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, at the headquarters of the Fourth Marines. Colonel Orpen-Palmer paid an official call, also said "au revoir" prior to his sailing for England upon the expiration of his tour of duty with the Shanghai Volunteer Corps.

January 13. The officers of the Fourth Marines held a reception for the commanding officer of the Green Howards,



Reading from left to right: Colonel Richard S. Hooker, U. S. M. C., Commanding Officer of the 4th Marines; Major Price-Williams, Brigade Major, British High Command at Shanghai; Major General O. C. Borrett, commanding the Shanghai Area of the British Defence Forces; his relief, Brigadier G. Fleming, his successor; Lieutenant Colonel Frederick A. Barker, U. S. M. C., Executive Officer, 4th Marines.

Colonel Kinsman, and officers of the Green Howards, at the Fourth Marines Officers' Club.

January 28. The U. S. S. "Chaumont" arrived at Shanghai. 139 enlisted men disembarked for duty with the Fourth Marines.

#### Fourth Marines Church

The Fourth Marines Church, under the guiding hand of Lieutenant Commander R. W. Truitt (Ch. C.), U. S. N., continues to hold forth every Sunday morning at the Carlton Theatre. At the conclusion of the morning service, the Fourth Marines Band, under the leadership of First Sergeant R. G. Jones, renders a concert of selected numbers. Mr. Len Hall, Navy Y. M. C. A. Secretary, is in charge of the singing.

During the month the attendance has been good and the number of civilians are increasing weekly.

Chaplain Truitt delivered several interesting sermons during the month on well chosen subjects. The Fourth Marines Church occupies a prominent place in Shanghai newspapers' "Church Doings," and several reprint Chaplain Truitt's sermons, verbatim, each week.

During the month many feature musical numbers were especially arranged, some of the most prominent numbers being:

Duet by Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Philleo, Shanghai civilians, members of the Fourth Marines Church.

Duet by Chief Marine Gunner L. F. Jensen and Mrs. Hines (civilian member of the church).

Solo by Mrs. Viloudski (civilian member of the church).

Ladies quartette (wives of the officers of the 4th Marines): Mrs. L. F. Jensen and Mrs. A. T. Mason. Mrs. Hines, Mrs. Viloudski (civilian members of the church).

#### The Officers' Club

The Officers' Club of the Fourth Marines held their annual election, at which time Captain O. T. Francis, U. S. M. C., was elected president for the calendar year. Many delightful affairs were arranged during the month, particularly upon the arrival of the U. S. S. "Chaumont," and entertainments given for the officers of many of the units of Shanghai's Defence Forces.

#### The Non-Commissioned Officers' Club

The Non-Commissioned Officers' Club of the Fourth Marines, located at No. 41 Nang Yang Road, is a very popular institution with the members of the Fourth Marines. First Sergeant A. S. Benjamin, U. S. M. C., is president of the club.

#### The Privates' Club, Fourth Marines

The Privates' Club of the Fourth Marines, under the presidency of Private First Class Herbert Perstein, popular fighter, is enjoying a high wave of popularity with the "Bucks" of the Regiment. Well appointed reception rooms, libraries, and many comforts for the men off duty attract those in search of quiet hours and enjoyable recreation.

#### "Ad Finem"

Weather for January was unusually good . . . occasional cold snaps . . . very little rain for this season of the year.

Morale of the outfit . . . excellent. Presence of Fourth Marines on streets of Shanghai . . . especially noticeable . . . some in customary "Forestry Green" . . .



Major General O. C. Borrett (British High Command, Shanghai, China), inspecting an honor guard from the 19th Company, 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

others in snappy looking "civvies" that would bring joy to the heart of a Bond Street tailor.

Only cause of complaint seems to be inability to stay in Shanghai indefinitely. Duty very agreeable . . . mess sergeants "puttin' out" . . . paymaster getting highest rate of exchange . . . Good "movies" . . . plenty of good dancing partners . . . "a good time to be had by all."

#### RIFLE RANGE DETACHMENT, PARRIS ISLAND, S. C.

By Larry Buss

News is scarce at the range at the present writing but the outside being so impatient it is almost as necessary to keep our scattered buddies as it is to look for a new Elliot Trophy team. Speaking of shooting, the time has about arrived for another year's try-outs and candidates are numerous. The office clown has been complaining of writer's cramp (don't know what that is yet but my intentions are good) ever since the list was published and from all reports the Marine Corps is due for another banner year at Wakefield and Camp Perry.

Many of the old gang have left for China and other distant climes since the last writing. The Legation Guard can be proud of getting Huntley, English and Peace, while the ever-flourishing Sea School boasts of Thompson and Cathey. They say that Tommy ran away from Birmingham after a thirty-day furlough but reports are unconfirmed at present.

Shipley returned from Sykesville with the news that the barn had not been burned and that the new mayor told him to feel perfectly safe in returning next summer. Bennie says he won't leave unless he can take Maude with him, but we haven't interviewed Maude. Frisbie went to Quantico to take up electricity but from all reports he found a shovel instead of a dynamo to play with—well, live and learn, Dick.

The range basketball team again wound up supporting a few more teams in the Inter-Post League, but gave a good account of themselves while in the

running. Barnes, Treiling, Moore, Hammond, Deason, Powell, Sample and Buss all helped to give the team nine victories out of the fourteen games played in the split schedule.

Recent discharges and re-enlistments were: First Sergeant John B. Kelly, our congenial top kick, and Sergeant Ellis Testimer Walter, the roving mess sergeant. At the present writing we learn that Shinn is camped on the causeway trying to beat last year's record for fishing and an added patrol has been assigned to keep the spectators away. Trying to get Skinny away from a fishing pole is like separating Laine from a cigar—and we all know what a job that is!

#### THE VALUE OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Sergeant William T. Smith

Very few Marines really appreciate the true value of the opportunity offered by the Marine Corps in conducting the Marine Corps Institute for all Marines and a few classes of the Marine Corps Reserve. The various courses offered by the Institute would cost a great amount of money if the same courses were taken in civilian life.

When a man enlists in the Marine Corps it seems to be the tendency to allow the brain to become dormant and inactive from lack of study and from lack of trying to develop the brain. This is altogether unnecessary. The motive of the Marine Corps in conducting the Marine Corps Institute is to have the best educated military service in the world and this aim could be achieved if every Marine would take up a course in the Institute as soon as possible after his enlistment.

Many men enter the service with very little and, in some cases, practically no education whatsoever, simply because they have not had the opportunity to obtain an education. The Marine Corps offers them an education free of charge. All that is asked from the man is that he devote only a few minutes a day to the study of whatever course he may care to



study and that he submit at least one lesson per month. The small amount of time that a Marine Corps Institute course takes up will repay anyone a thousand times over. The few minutes that your study requires each day amounts to nothing compared to the time in which you sit on your bunk or back aft on your ship thinking of nothing and allowing the minutes and hours and days to slip by that you will probably regret in years to come when you realize the golden opportunity that was in your grasp but which you allowed to slip by without taking advantage of it.

If you have had a good education prior to entering the Marine Corps you have a chance to learn some trade or business that appeals to you and which will be of great advantage to you when you have left the service. Many men that hold good positions today learned their trade or business from the Marine Corps Institute.

But, whatever you do, don't allow this opportunity to slip by without grasping it. Don't allow your brain to become dormant and sluggish from lack of use. Enroll in a Marine Corps Institute course as soon as possible and develop yourself for the outside world.

#### 43RD COMPANY, OCOTAL, NICARAGUA

##### By the Count of Ocotal

**Buddies:** Here's a few lines from the famous outpost at Ocotal, Nicaragua, where all the men are fighting a new war with Sandino and his gang.

The old bandits are raising Cain again after a long spell of peace, as you all have probably seen in the papers in the good old U. S. A. Eight of the most liked men in Ocotal have answered the last roll call and this morning we received the news that Private Kirkendahl had also died of his wounds at the hospital in Managua. The loss of these men is felt by all their friends and they should be remembered and looked up to because they died like real Marines, fighting to the last.

At present there are two Marine patrols out, one under the command of Lieutenant Tavern and the other under Lieutenant Hudnall. We all hope they come in safe and sound and with a few more bandits to add to the Marines' score.

There are now nearly 250 Marines here and things are sure crowded. There isn't even room for a Marine in the movies any more. The show space is small and two-thirds of the space is reserved for the Guardia Nacional and the Nicaraguan people so we have to stand up most of the time.

The canteen here is run by Corporal "Gus" Panlett, our ex-post studio and Q.M. man, and be sure knows his oats.

Corporal "Wild Bill" Hendricks is rationing out the tennis balls and racquets and he says that we're going to have ice cream soon.

"Tiny" Wilson is running our movie camera. He is also running around like a wild man at present because someone saw an empty movie reel and, mistaking it for a "Tommy" drum, walked off with it.

Baseball competition has waned due to the new war, but the 43rd still holds the championship.

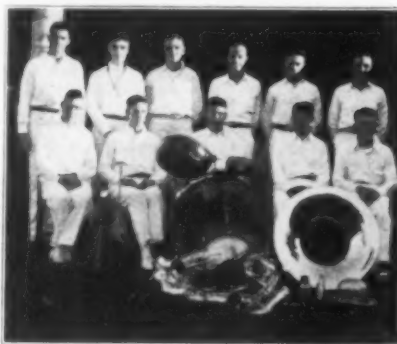
The famous Nicaraguan Marine song of "Hiking 'Round Nicaragua" sure is a reality, as all patrols are made on foot.

The sick bay has plenty of blister customers after the patrols come in.

Even the Q.M. is rushed now. The gang is making a run for hob-nailed shoes. "Tiny" Wilson says, "A guy can't even sleep in the afternoon any more because everybody wants to draw more shoes." Well, maybe it won't be long before we'll be bound for the U. S.—only four more months to do in the "Banana War."

Everybody seems to have the blues. Private Pine, our well known guitar artist, is forever breaking out with some blue melody about the "Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia." Maybe somebody in the U. S. wants to buy a good second-hand guitar. We'll ship Pine's postpaid if we can get it away from him long enough.

Trumpeter Lafferty, our blushing young music, and Private "Ski" Prelapsky are planning to corner the rubber heel market at home and "Pete" Murello still yearns for his dark-eyed Italian miss in Flatbush.



Fifth Regiment Melody Makers. Back row: Olf, Sapsin, Tresler, Melvin, Stehlik, Dowdy. Front row: Hutchinson, Kent, Bouchard, Wood, Moore.

"Chili" Childress is running around with a weebegone look in his eyes. I guess his little Hoosier miss from Madison has just about forgotten him.

"Uncle Harry" Plummer is proudly sporting a red-haired Spanish senorita. Look out, "Unc," the gang's got your number now.

In all, the post is running along fine under the wing of our new C. O., Major Deering. He's a good scout and liked by all the men.

#### CAN YOU BEAT IT?

Forwarded to us from China is a letter from an ex-Marine who inadvertently consigned his qualification badge to a pawnbroker. He is now eager to reclaim it, although some years have elapsed since it was last seen. In a letter to the commanding officer he writes:

"Commanding Officer  
American Ligation  
Pekin China

Dear Sir

I left a sharpshooter's badge over there about 17 teen years ago left it in pawn in Shultz alley got \$80 on the same would like to have it if it can be found.

I think it can for I was informed that it was all right by a Chinaman in Billings montana some time ago

very Truly yours

G— L— S—

#### RAMBLING 'ROUND THE CAMPO

##### By Bristy

While the big breezes and little breezes dance across the scene of much activity and every time there's a cough, a cloud of dust dashes forth to settle on some lad's rifle, they are wont to buy more rifle covers and Xolotan. Why? . . . well, since the new barracks are taking the place of tents, one can consider the "daze" as coasting smoothly along. Q.M. Sgt. Baldwin came in the other day, breathless, and telling us all about how a five to fifteen foot drop affects one traveling in a Fokker. The old boy had a pale look and we wonder if someone had him buffaloed on the second drop? . . . then there's shortages of "Leathernecks" for readers of the magazine in Managua . . . a copy after much page thumbing finally gets back to the original owner and then he gets all hot around the collar because someone cuts all the pictures out of it . . . can you imagine a fellow with a disposition like that? . . . "Speed King" Ozslenskewski (Smith), while dashing along madly aboard his trusty bicycle crashed into the intersection of another rider who was also on the fly. "I can't do much more stunt ridin' no more," sez Smith. . . . Archduke Donahay, assistant commander of the Xolotan Club, Managua, reports everything in good order. "Izzy" Cohen, our most beloved mess sergeant, has been dishing us out ice cream frequently during the past few months . . . still we don't see why and how he stays out of the numerous card parties that take place, when he's supposed to be a wizard with the pasteboards, y'know. . . . Then when "inspection arms" was given, Corey rolls up his sleeves. . . . The breezes move on and the rustling palms want to lull us on a lullaby . . . etc.

#### BUILDING A NEW RIFLE RANGE IN GUAM

Some of us boys have been here in Guam for a year now and have our names on the list for the next transfer to China and possibly I may be there by the time this reaches you.

When we arrive at a place that is somewhat different, some of our first impressions are correct and some are not, but after one has lived in one of these out-of-the-way corners of the world about a year and is about to depart, his impressions are more likely to be unbiased, so I will try to give you some of the impressions from one of the boys who has found time to sit and think, but who has not remained so long that he just sits.

During January, 1930, the rifle range opened up for our annual target practice and the artillery also tried a few shots from some of their guns—just enough to let the new fellows find out which end the shell used for a gangway. This, with the ordinary repairs and upkeep of what-have-you, occupied our working hours until about June 1, 1930. During June and July we had the ordinary drills and instructions of normal barracks routine.

While we did very well in our rifle practice on the range last year, there were rumors around the squadrooms that someone who had preceded our arrival here had picked out a more convenient location for our rifle range.

We agree with our predecessors on this point and know from observation that the barracks at the old range will

probably fall down soon, if not torn down before that calamity happens.

Well, anyhow, something must have been received in the mail or by radio during July, because during the latter part of that month we heard that we could have a new rifle range if we would do all the work ourselves, and that the Quartermaster would help us out a little by providing a few things we could not borrow, beg or steal from some other source.

Then we heard other rumors that this new range site was to be close to our barracks and that kind of pleased us. We realized that the fellows who follow us would find that the normal routine was not broken up as much as ours had been if they had a range near the barracks where they could sleep in their accustomed bunks, growl at the regular mess sergeant and see a movie now and then, so about twenty of us volunteered to help construct the new range.

On the morning of July 28, 1930, we cut the drill periods and began cutting trees and underbrush. Plenty of bees and yellow jackets whose abode we disturbed, resented our intrusion, and the briars and cascajo wore the shoes off our feet during the first two weeks, but soon others joined us and with the help of a few tractors and a little gasoline, the trees and underbrush were down by the middle of September.

During this period we knocked off three days to prepare for and fire a little problem one evening after dark, involving three different kinds of weapons. Late in the afternoon of this day, old Jupiter Pluvius decided we needed a little water, but we did not want a little thing like that to spoil our party, so we went ahead with it and while some of the boys stood in mud and water about halfway between their knees and hips, the shots fell just about where we had calculated they would.

The clearing of the ground seemed like a big job but the excavation for the butts proved even a bigger one. If you don't believe it, try digging a ditch 190 feet long, 14 feet wide at the top and 12 feet at the bottom, about 5 to 7 feet deep, through solid rock, even if it is a little softer than granite, and see what a job it is.

During the latter part of September, General John L. Hines, U. S. A., on his way from San Francisco to Manila, dropped in to pay his respects and we let the rifle range rest for a day or two to get ourselves a shave, a shine and a shampoo, and pull a review and inspection in his honor. We were sure pleased to have an officer of his rank and experience look us over so carefully, and when we passed in review we held up our heads and stuck out our chests just as if we were in the habit of doing this sort of thing every day and had nothing much else to do.

In July we said we hoped that we could complete the range before January 1, 1931. It is now December and we can assure you that the range, with eight targets, will be entirely completed before Christmas, and the scuttle butt rumors are now to the effect that they will open up full blast on 2 January, 1931.

A few volunteers on Thanksgiving morning were granted permission to fire a few sighting shots at each of the ranges in the record course and from the scores turned in we believe that this

range will give some of the other ranges throughout the Marine Corps something to shoot at during 1931. Watch our record, boys, when the reports for the next target year begin to roll in.

Now that Aviation is to leave us entirely, and in addition our strength is to be reduced over 50%, and all the Marines left will be concentrated at Sumay, we are better pleased than ever to know that those who remain will have a convenient range on which to practice. A 65% reduction on the face of it looks rather large, but looking at it from an-



The new rifle range at MB, Guam.

other angle we realize that those who are left will just about fill up the available accommodations and, being concentrated in one area, will be able to work more efficiently and live more conveniently. The Marines are only on the thirty-third year of their residence on this island and one would think that in that time they ought to be pretty well settled down but you know the Marines never settle down, they are always on the go. At present about 15% of this command still occupy old Spanish barracks, which they found when they arrived, about 45% live in tents, about 5% are scattered all over the island in the Insular Patrol and the remaining 35% live in barracks which have been constructed since this post was established in the summer of 1898.

According to the folklore around the island, the artillery were the first to establish themselves at Sumay and were making progress along the line until the aviators came along and routed them out, and ever since they have been looking for a place to stay. Since the present economy wave in the States is calling the aviators back home, possibly the artillery may get back their birthplace

and get comfortably located in their old homestead.

While the rifle range has occupied the main energies of the barracks personnel during the past four months, other improvements have been making like progress under the able leadership of our Governor. Aviation has improved their buildings, grounds and runways. Public Works have improved our roads and bridges. Haff and Hoosgow have constructed Bradley Field, where the baseball games will be played this season. A boxing stadium constructed by a civilian company is quite popular and Agana boasts of two talkie theatres.

When we consider what the present Governor has accomplished, and realize that his familiarity with the problems of the island, during a tour of duty in command of the U. S. S. "Gold Star," has aided him considerably in attaining these accomplishments, we believe that if the Navy Department should adopt a policy of having the commanding officer of the station ship succeed to the governorship, that the island would make greater progress in the future than it has in the past.

#### BROWN FIELD'S BLOWER SECTION

Didja ever hear of the one of the officer of the day in aviation in China who asked the sentry what he would do if he saw a Chinaman crossing the parade ground with an airplane on his back? The reported retort of the sentry was,

"I'd stop said chink and search his pockets to see if he had the hangars in them."

There is another of the O. D. who asked the sentry what steps he would take if he saw a battleship steaming across the parade ground. And it is the last one that tells you in part exactly what is happening here in the building of the new Brown Field. There are two dredges, the "Saugus" and the "Locust," that are exactly in the middle of No. 1 flying field and are slowly steaming across it. Now it so happens that the dredges are both electric and do not steam, but still they are in the middle of the field in their cutting down of the field and pumping it into Robinson Pond to destroy one of the best bass fishing holes along the Potomac, and in so doing constructing a landing field that will permit a legitimate "into the wind" landing for Marine Aviation on the East Coast.

Excellent progress has been made during the month of February, with the dredges pumping 70,000 cubic yards from the channel diversion of Chappawamsic Creek that is cutting the No. 1 Field in half. The "Saugus" has swung out toward the point and the "Locust" is to follow, leaving the finishing of the channel to a third dredge that is to come later, according to plans divulged by Mr. Baker and Captain A. Francis of the Trimount Dredging Company of Boston that has the general contract. The abutments for the new graded highway bridge, that is to parallel the railroad, over the new diversion, have been finished ready for the bridge flooring, and the R. F. and P. Railroad is rushing its concrete bridge and spillway to completion ready for the new channel.

On Field No. 2 the extension of 60 feet of the large bomber hanger is near-



### "SERGEANTS"

PERHAPS THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL DUTIES ASSIGNED TO SERGEANTS - IS THAT OF "POLICE SERGEANT - ALL COMPANYS HAVE POLICE SERGEANTS - ALL PUPPIES HAVE FLEAS" - A POLICE SGT. CAN MAKE MORE NOISE OVER ONE DIRTY ASH CAN - THAN A SQUAD OF PROHIBITION AGENTS COULD OVER A TRUCK LOAD OF HAIR TONIC / A POLICE SGT'S LANGUAGE IS MADE UP OF SUCH WORDS AS - WHITEWASH - LAWN MOWER - BUCKET 'AN' SWAB - CIGARETTE BUTTS / OF COURSE HE USES - A FEW OTHER CHOICE WORDS - BUT IT WOULD'NT BE DIPLOMATIC TO LIST THEM HERE / POLICE SERGTS ARE RECOGNIZED AUTHORITIES ON SUCH ARTICLES - PAINT REMOVER - SHELLAC - AND METAL POLISH /

ing completion, and the flooring of concrete of the three relocated hangars from Field No. 1 is being poured by the concretors. An extension of the concrete roadway southward along the newly located hangars from the railroad crossing with two concrete aprons between the hangars was a surprise most gratefully received by all hands the other day as the mud encountered by VO-6M in the new hangars is even worse than that of the Nicaraguan rainy season, for this mud is the incomparable red and yellow variety that causes no end of trouble in washing the planes of its stickiness.

The "Hell Divers," another stunt team organized here from pilots of VO-6M, flying the O2C-1's (Curtiss Hell-divers), took a trek to New Bern, North Carolina, recently and did an assortment of flying wares that the Carolinky indigenes are still raving about. In a letter that bordered on the length of a volume, the secretary of the airport used such terms as: "ultra modern" (of course referring to the planes), "men of much personality," "a glorious credit to the Marine Corps," "without your assistance (repeated) the opening would have been devoid of its most outstanding and contributing feature." All these flowers were addressed to the "Major General, Brown Field." With the foregoing, why not make our C. O. a full-fledged "general?" The six-plane flight was commanded by First Lieutenant P. E. Conrad, and the following pilots and crew chiefs personneled the trip: Lieutenant Commander D. T. Dill, (MC), U. S. N., our flight surgeon, accompanied Lieutenant Conrad; First Lieutenant C. J. Chappell and Gunnery Sergeant C. Sessions; First Lieutenant S. L. Patterson with Gunnery Sergeant Norris; Second Lieutenant C. C. Coffman with Sergeant E. Peters; Second Lieutenant Lewis Delano with Sergeant McMahon, and Second Lieutenant F. H. Bradbury with Gunnery Sergeant Eugene Fitzsimmons. All reported that the famed old southern hospitality has not faded in the least, and so enthusiastic was one of the pilots that he left his overcoat in the Carolina town and has asked to fly back for it, it is said. The insignia of the stunt team is a prettily painted six-inch white circle on the left breast of the pilots' flying jackets with a red field in the center, across which a very aggressive looking hell-diver is winding his way toward the terra firma. The name "HELL-DIVERS" is done in black letters across the top arc, and the squadron's designation is found at the bottom. Believe it or not, but the repertoire of the team includes looping the OC-I's in formation and an assortment of easier acrobatics, much better executed with heavy planes.

Did you ever read glaring headlined stories of Earl Sande's groomers of his horse, after he had won a race at the Derby or Pimlico? That is just the reason that we would like to give a paragraph or two to the men of the local engine overhaul that groom the engines in whose reciprocating parts many hundreds of horses are developed and used to drive aircraft through the ozone. It seems that out of sight is out of mind in this case, and we all know that it is not what we know that counts nearly as much as whom we know. It is further known that more hen eggs are eaten by Marines and other people than

are duck eggs. The explanation of this is that the hen cackles when the egg is laid and the duck don't. In other words, the duck don't advertise her ovals. The local engine overhaul, as "incorporated" by Master Sergeant Norman Henderson, is one of the show places of Brown Field, and, along with being a show place, it is one of the most efficient organizations in Marine Aviation. Henderson needs no eulogizing to any readers of "The Leatherneck," for he is recognized as one of the engine authorities of aviation. While in Nicaragua he developed a new lubrication system for the overhead assembly of the Pratt-Whitney "Wasp" engine that was accepted by the factory and the changes made in all engines. Henderson's staff is composed of Gunnery Sergeants Nero "Shotgun" Winchester, who handles all the paper work; William Blackford, who has charge of the inspection department; D. L. "Spud" Campbell, who is a shop supervisor, and Kennard F. Bubier, who has charge of the engine test-stand section. These men need very little introduction to interested readers of this yarn; but in Sergeant L. A. Cartwright, Corporal Jesse Melear, Corporal John Horne, Corporal A. H. Lilly, Corporal A. C. Emerick, Pfc. R. R. Deurden, Pfc. B. E. Darr, Pfc. E. Seda, Pfc. Schucraft, J.F., Corporal S. C. Lynn and Private W. H. Cunyus, all these last mentioned men, some who have been corporals for many a year, are expert engine overhaul men and trouble-shooters and deserve a little mention if not the other. The writer of the "BS" - Blower Section - is not the publicity agent for the engine overhaul shop, but has taken the yarn as doped out by his nebs Gy. Sgt. "Shotgun."

The Brown Birds baseball team won the double cup in the intramural Quantico League last year, and now comes seven "letters" to this station from the Post Athletic Officer for services with the famed Quantico 1930 football eleven. The officers and men getting the letters in either a blanket or leather jacket form are Lieutenants Frank Daily, C. C. Coffman, and Thomas J. Noon and Sergeant Earl Hollabaugh, Pfc. R. E. Coddington, Harry G. Johnson, and Private Harley H. Dupler. Another "letter" was mailed to Arthur Diaz, pharmacist's mate, second-class, who was attached to the local sick bay during the past football season and quarterbacked the team. He was recently transferred to sea service.

Now it is generally known that the aviation battlers have never won a fur-lined finger bowl for performance, but here of late Chief Marine Gunner J. Roeller has taken the reins of the training stable and has produced four flingers of the leather that have made a name for themselves and the station. On recent trips to Langley Field the local team suffered no reverses, and only Friday night of last week Private W. W. Dill, 154-pounder, laid his man into a repose wherein the birdies chirp before the rosin dust had cleared in the first round. Private H. P. Phellan, 133-pounder flash, won a well-earned decision over his opponent, and Eddie Ice, the cool man of the station, lessened the BTU's of a member of the Quantico Fire Department, but was awarded a draw. Mr. Roeller also has another lightweight puncher in Dapper Dave Beerman who tips the scales at 134. The



Marine Corps fight palaver of yester-years carried much to do about a certain gunnery sergeant in the Pacific fleet who mauled them all as a middle-weight, and this man was none other than the present Chief Marine Gunner. Mr. Roeller was middleweight champion of the Pacific Coast service fighters until he gave up the gloves to become a police officer, and he is still possessed of his abilities as gathered from his stable of fighters. Mr. Roeller has assigned his police sergeant as assistant trainer, and a barracks, not occupied, has been fitted up for training quarters. Much is expected of the local team in coming smokers and visits to nearby service camps and fields.

Lt. David L. Cloud, Jr., the field athletic officer, has announced that he has plans for two concrete tennis courts, a miniature golf course, and a playground baseball diamond that have been approved by the powers that be, and will be constructed in the near future on the plot of ground between the photographic laboratory and the new channel diversion of Chappawamsic Creek south of the guardhouse. A regulation baseball diamond is well under construction, and hand-ball courts will also be added, Lieutenant Cloud states. A few personals and we'll give way to the other contributors.

Master Sergeant and Mrs. Morris K. Kurtz are the proud parents of an eight-pound boy born 7 March.

First Sergeant Ralph Garrie, of message center fame in Nicaragua, is the new relief for First Sergeant Tom Rogers who was paid off 28 March and is now a "Dick" on a New Jersey police force.

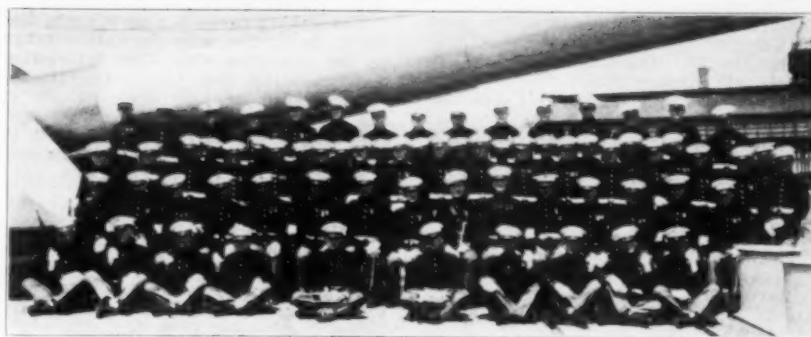
Aviation was host at the monthly dance given at the post gymnasium on the 27th, and all said that it was the best yet given on the reservation. Quartermaster Sergeant Joseph N.M. (New Mexico) Berger was the host at the affair. One of the fighters was set up on the stage of the gymnasium, and several miniature planes with electric fan motors dived and zoomed on the dancers throughout the evening.

Gunnery Sergeant "Duke" Geer is back from a siege of the fever in the Naval Hospital in Washington. He has taken up the duties of section chief in VF-8M.

The old Corps must not be so bad after all. Who should come back to the fold the other day but ex-First Sergeant Isadore Snyder who deserted our ranks in 1927 and took a hitch in the Army. He recently bought out of the Army and came right back into the Marine Corps. Probably he saw the writing on the wall and believes that we are now on a paying basis. Snyder will also be remembered as a former "Leatherneck" contributor who gave out lots of good dope on the field in the war days in China and Nicaragua in 1927.

Many of the pilots hereabouts took the Transport License examination last week and are waiting for the little black folders so that they will be licensed to go on the outside and do their stuff.

With the rumor that there are ten new Master Tech Sergeants to be made



Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Colorado," Lieut. W. M. O'Brien commanding.

in the near future, the air was rife with lobbyists on a recent visit of Staff Sergeant Tommy Baisden, who attended the aviation dance here on the 27th. Reminded one of the poem "Abou Ben Adhem" when Abou asked "cheerily still but a little lower in voice, and is mine name in the files?" and many a "nay, not so" will probably be had when the letter comes from Headquarters with the names of those the O.I.C. has blest with the coveted rank. But one can't help but notice how some of the gunnery sergeants hereabouts are sprucing up and actually doing a little bit of work since the idea was announced.

#### NICARAGUAN NEWS AND NOTES

We're all agog over the latest withdrawal talk, and are hoping to gather all the outlying districts in here to the Capital soon.

New barracks are going up rapidly; the new baseball diamond, which will be fit for a World's Series, is nearly ready, and, with a swimming pool and talkies in prospect, those of you who come down for a stay with us in the future will find duty here something to be eagerly looked forward to, and instead of hitting the mountain trails on the old mule or standard Marine Corps "dogs" armed with a Tommy Gun, a can of Bill and a canteen, you-all will enjoy waving palms, tropical scenery, dark-eyed señoritas, cold and foamy Xolotlan, the best chow you have had in many a day, athletics of every sort, alligator shooting, and stirring music by the old Fifth Regiment Band.

Our only troubles here in the news line are the modesty of our High Command, it having been so far impossible to get them to pose for their photographs (we're still trying), and the lack of news notes from the Matagalpa boys up where your coffee comes from. We've written them twice for their contributions, but they must be enjoying life up there where they use two blankets at night, but so far not a word, while Ocotol's Segovia Scribbler sends in his "Plain Tales From the Hills" regularly.

Here's an impatient runner waiting to rush this to you by plane, so, Hasta La Vista and more in next issue.

#### A SALVO FROM THE U. S. S. "COLORADO"

By Pfc. Bert Danielson

Once again we are down in the balmy tropics where the parrots squawk in the mango trees and the sun shines all the time, much to our sorrow.

A war is raging here. The Scouting Fleet, known as the "Blue Fleet," is organized against the battle force "Black Fleet" is one of the greatest sea battles since the days of John Paul Jones.

The Navy does things in a big way. (Time out for violent fit of coughing.) Shot and shell from the roaring sub-calibers are tearing great holes in the atmosphere, leaving naught but destruction and dazed sea gulls in their wake.

We fired short-range battle practice before we left the shores of California, and the results were most pleasing, especially to the crew of gun 8. They shot their way to victory in a blaze of glory, winning the prize money and the coveted white E. Sergeant St. John, gun captain supreme, is mighty proud of his boys and the only E in the secondary battery. The other Marine crews performed like veterans and hope to be among the wearers of the E next year.

The day for the annual All-Marine whaleboat race is approaching. The eliminations are next week. From all appearances this is going to be a hotly contested event. John Kuhar and his gang of husky oarsmen are going through their workouts with much vigor, and though we may not win, we'll be among those present.

#### MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY MINE DEPOT, YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA

By Simp

It is about time the voice from Yorktown should be heard; we don't want the rest of the service to think this is an old soldiers' home, for it's far from that. In the first place, there are very few old soldiers here, the majority being on their first cruise, and in the second place we are still alive and kicking... especially kicking.

A basketball team was organized under the leadership of the Old Man, First Sergeant Bellera. Incidentally, the Old Man is hard to beat when it comes to athletics, for he sure can whip a team into shape. There were only ten men on the squad, the ten being Akers, Carter, Kroll, Overstreet, Pendery, Ransom, Simpson, Stevens, Tartaglia, and Ware, as team captain, with the Top as coach and manager. The schedule of games played follows:

Marines 34, Morrison High School 28; January 12th.

Marines 22, Fort Eustis 25; January 16th.

Marines 34, Trinity Athletic Club 46; January 17th.

Marines 57, Morrison High School 33; January 20th.

Marines 25, 19th Ordnance Company 12; January 22nd.

Marines 23, Headquarters Co., Fort Eustis, 37; January 26th.

Marines 20, Quartermaster Corps 22; January 30th.

Marines 28, 19th Ordnance Company 25; February 3rd.

Marines 31, Medical Corps 33; February 6th.

Marines 11, Fort Eustis 13; February 10th.

Marines 10, Quartermaster Corps 15; February 18th.

Marines 16, Headquarters Co., Fort Eustis 18; February 26th. (Two extra periods.)

We were badly handicapped in the way of practice, having to use a gym at Fort Eustis, also in not being able to have all our men out at the same time. All things considered, we did very well.

Cocoo Tech is still attracting the boys by squads. The Marines certainly have that situation well in hand, or maybe in arms. The Army is making it hard, being numerically superior, but the Marines are putting up a game stand.

Corporal Edward (Dog-Ear) Carver was transferred to Quantico on February, Friday the 13th, for duty with the big team. That was the second sock in the nose to our baseball hopes, the first being the transfer of Moon Munari to Guam. The third came with the transfer of Penderly to Hampton Roads for further transfer to Guam, along with "Nimrod" Denno, of the receiving end of our 1931 aspirant aggregation for the peninsula league pennant.

Requests for transfer to China have been coming thick and fast. Wonder what the attraction is? . . . it must be powerful, because they are even willing to extend two years for it. Of course, Yammy Robinson and Greek Demetrios both have done time at the Legation. It's a mystery worthy of the best efforts of an M. P. The pass word, "See you at the club."

The athletic field is something more than a name now. For the past month working parties have been busy on it daily, the baseball diamond being gotten into shape, a quarter mile track being built, a sand pit, chin bars, heavy pull weights, light pull weights, lifting weights, punching bag, sand bag, high jump and broad jump pit, pole vault pit, shot put rink, and a boxing ring. The grounds at the Old Home have taken on the aspects of a college campus. We pride ourselves on having the best post in the Corps.

The archery range is something to talk about, being the only regulation range on the peninsula with some interesting matches being shot here. The Marine team is sure stepping out. Results of the last matches shot are as follows: November 20th, Marines vs. the Y. M. C. A. Archers of Newport News, Virginia.

All matches shot at 40, 50 and 60 yards. 18 arrows at each range.

MARINE TEAM	Hits	Pts.
1st Sgt. Bellera.....	44	250
Cpl. Simpson .....	36	210
Cpl. Robinson .....	34	190
Pvt. McCay .....	27	180
Cmdr. Underwood, U. S. N....	30	175
Pvt. Kroll .....	33	152

Total..... 204 1157

Y.M.C.A. ARCHERS	Hits	Pts.
Mr. Diehl .....	34	210
Mr. Johnson .....	32	200
Mr. White .....	27	180
Mr. Snyder .....	30	175
Mr. White, Jr. ....	27	140
Mr. Robinson .....	25	132

Total..... 175 1037

#### Clout Match, 180 Yards

Marine Team .....	55 hits, 265 points
Y. M. C. A. Team....	51 hits, 236 points

#### Flight Match

##### MARINES

1st Sgt. Bellera.....	296 yards
-----------------------	-----------

##### Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Diehl .....	277 yards
-----------------	-----------

January 15th, Marines vs. the Long Bow Archers of Norfolk, Va.

MARINES	Hits	Pts.
1st Sgt. Bellera.....	43	227
Pvt. McCay .....	40	220
Pvt. Kroll .....	40	216
Cpl. Robinson .....	38	214
Cpl. Simpson .....	35	191
Pvt. Frost .....	33	171

Total..... 229 1239

LONG BOW ARCHERS	Hits	Pts.
Mr. Watson .....	36	192
Mr. Williams .....	30	162
Mr. Wiggs .....	28	153
Mr. Burke .....	27	149
Mr. Foster .....	22	128
Mr. Curtis .....	22	122

Total..... 165 906

#### Clout Match, 180 Yards

Marine Team .....	60 hits, 304 points
Long Bow Archers....	48 hits, 248 points

#### Flight Match

1st Sgt. Bellera.....	294 yards
Mr. Williams .....	248 yards

#### MOTOR TRANSPORT, 1ST MARINES, QUANTICO, VA.

It has often been said with considerable truth that Quantico lives on gasoline. It is true that the post is largely dependent upon a number of vehicles which use quantities of gasoline as fuel.

As is commonly known by Marines who have served at these barracks, the post occupies quite an area of historic Virginia soil. The various departments are widely separated, requiring an extensive system of transportation for the movement of the constantly shifting supplies and property. From the day the place first became a Marine Barracks to the present moment Quantico has been undergoing changes by destruction and construction in its progress toward becoming the ideal post. During all of this period Motor Transportation has played an important role.

In this day few people stop to consider what an important part modern transportation plays in our individual and collective lives. For an example of what goes on daily in transportation and how we benefit by it, let us glance at the operations within our own post. There are about three hundred sets of commissioned and non-commissioned officers' quarters along a roadway nine miles in extent. To these quarters daily deliveries of mail, coal, ice, wood and commissaries are made. From them ashes and trash are collected. Household furniture and personal baggage moves in an unending stream. Children are transported to and from school. Construction and police work goes on for ever. Fire trucks and ambulances must ever be ready for emergencies. Personnel is moved from one part of the post to another. Fresh commissary stores are hauled from Washington. The men's messes are supplied. It seems the list of services could be extended indefinitely.

For all of the foregoing tasks there is operated by the Motor Transport Company a fleet of 78 motor vehicles of all kinds including five motorcycles and a tractor. Here are some figures for the month of February (28 days), just past.

Miles traveled .....	23,961
Passengers carried .....	11,347
Tons cargo .....	3,891

It would be interesting to know how many Marines, push-carts, buck-boards and mule wagons would have been required to accomplish the same results.





The above does not include trucks operated, and hauling done, by the Tenth Regiment and the Aviation unit, each of which operates considerable motor transport.

In order that the work described above may continue without interruption, a force of men are continually at work in the garage repair shop striving to keep the vehicles in serviceable condition. This force is confronted with a problem in maintenance that is far from a simple one. In caring for the trucks that have become crippled in service they come to know each vehicle by its individual earmarks and peculiarities. They can come pretty close to making a correct estimate of the capabilities of each vehicle.

Until less than two years ago the post garage was in an old, war period structure that was little more than a shelter for trucks. Heat was lacking in the building and the chill wind played about the mechanic at his work. Tools and equipment were far from modern and considerable of the rolling stock was fast becoming obsolete. Quantico owes much to the personnel who grappled with the post's transportation problem during those years.

Now, thanks to those who appreciated the situation and were in a position to correct it, the post has a garage second to none other in the service. Tools, machines and equipment are adequate and as good as it is possible to have them. The rolling stock is more nearly modern and the building is one of which the post and Corps may justly be proud. There exists no more the necessity of having to work in cold and darkness. Heat, light and ventilation were given prime consideration in the construction of the new building. In one of the large wings is the motor vehicle park, in the other is the repair shop. Across the front of the two wings are the four offices necessary for the administration of the unit. Tool rooms, stock rooms, machine shop, battery shop, blacksmith shop, greasing pit and wash rack are all included and a good system of overhead track hoists simplifies the work. Sleeping quarters for a number of men are provided on the second floor.

That seems to be about all of the story. In parts it reads as though we were just trying to get a load off our chests. That, however, is not the case. It's just that we do things, know it, and feel that we must tell someone about it. Above all, we want to say that our new home can't be beat and that we appreciate having such a place in which to carry on.

## THE INFANTRY WEAPONS SCHOOL, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

By A. Cuittal

The sixth class of the Infantry Weapons School began its course of instruction of January 19, 1931, at the Marine Corps Rifle Range, La Jolla, Calif. The class began with a complement of thirty-two pupils of the following ranks: six first sergeants, three gunnery sergeants, ten sergeants, four corporals, seven privates first class, and one private. Of this number, three men, First Sergeants Huff and Scott and Sergeant Palmgren, due to transfer orders, were the only ones who did not complete the entire course.

The school consisted of four weeks' instruction in the following infantry weapons: Browning Automatic Rifle, Browning Machine Gun, Thompson Sub-Machine Gun, Pistol, Cal. .45, Riot Gun, 37 MM Gun, 3-inch Trench Mortar, Hand and Rifle Grenades and Pyrotechnics. The first two weeks of the school were devoted to classroom work in which the detailed description, nomenclature, stripping, assembling and functioning of each weapon was thoroughly explained and dwelt upon. Every man was then required to take each weapon and, under the watchful eyes and ears of the instructors, give a description of the weapon, strip it, naming all the parts, and then explain the functioning. Further knowledge in these departments was gained through the reading of the Training Regulations issued to each man.

The last two weeks was given over to the actual firing of all weapons on the range. This proved to be the most interesting part of the school, as every man was given the opportunity to fire each weapon over a regular course several times. Three of these weapons, the Browning Machine Gun, Browning Automatic Rifle and the Thompson Sub-Machine Gun, were fired for record by each man. Here was real competition, as cash prizes donated by the Base Post Exchange was awarded for the highest score on each of the above three weapons, with an additional prize for the highest aggregate score on all three:

Sgt. Shaft—Score BMG.....	324
Sgt. Hamrick—Score TSMG.....	65
Pfc. McKinney—Score BAR.....	660
Sgt. Klug—Score aggregate.....	990

One whole day was devoted to the firing of Rifle Grenades and the throwing of Hand Grenades. Here again each

man was given the opportunity of putting to actual use the knowledge gained in the classroom. This day ended with a Pyrotechnic demonstration by the instructors that outrivaled a Fourth of July celebration.

On January 24th Brigadier General Russell inspected the school, and on February 7th Colonel Lyman inspected. Accompanied on each occasion by the Chief of Staff, Colonel Lay, both inspecting officers seemed well pleased with the progress of the school.

Captain Rose, Commanding Officer of the Rifle Range Detachment and dean of the Infantry Weapons School, is to be congratulated upon the course of instruction and the smoothness with which the school was operated. First Lieutenant Beatty, as assistant to Captain Rose, is also to be commended for his untiring efforts in the instruction of the class. In this work he was very ably and capably assisted by four enlisted instructors—Gy. Sgt. Hicks, Cpl. Orr, Cpl. Root and Pvt. Hunter. These men, graduates of previous classes, proved themselves to be very efficient assistants during the entire course. It is with great pleasure that I here extend to all our instructors heartfelt thanks from all hands, and wish them continued success with their future classes.

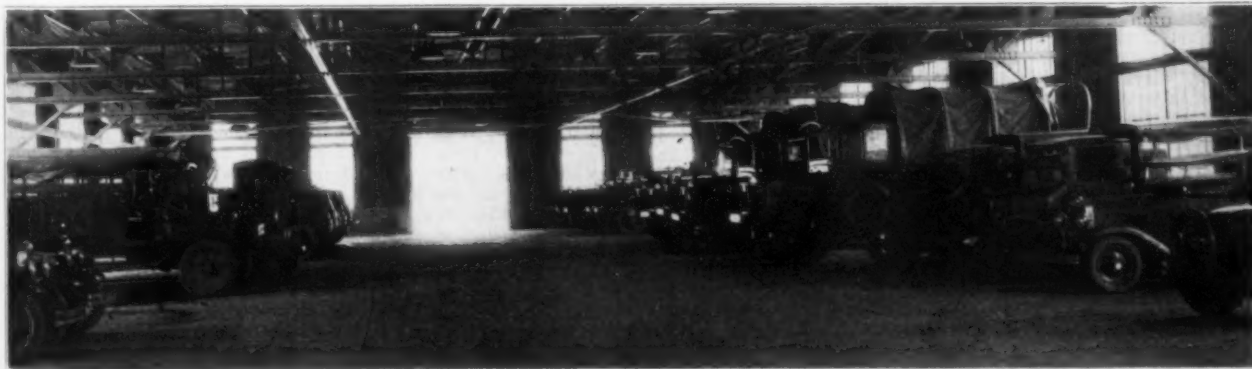
Now that our class is ended we can go back to duty with regret that our schooling wasn't about two months longer, but happy in the knowledge we have gained during our course of instruction.

It seems in order that in closing this article we should have a few words from the well-known Marine scribe and former assistant editor of the Legation Guard News of Pieping, China. This man was a member of this class, and his pen name is Otto B. Shott. (We tried it several times, but Otto refused to be caught on the receiving end of our sights.) Let 'er buck, Otto!

Blah!

By Otto

Chicago, we are here! Yes, sir; here's the old red-headed merry-maker broadcasting from none other than station I.W.S. (Infantry Weapons School), away out here in La Jolla, Caliiiiiiii-fornnea, so tune in your loud speakers, maties, and harken closely whilst I scatter the dirt through the ozone. 'Twas thus:



Live storage for trucks operated by the Motor Transport Company, Quantico, Virginia.

As this article is written or scribbled, we, the members of the sixth class of the Infantry Weapons School, have just completed a four weeks' course in the nomenclature, functioning and manipulation of the various contraptions of mortal exterminators. The knowledge imbedded into our cast-iron craniums during the past 30 days has left us but one alternative—we must see Chicago! Yes, indeed; Chicago or bust. Thirty-two fearless sons of rest, wild, woolly and full of fleas and action and excitement is just prezactly what we don't crave nothing else but. LOOK OUT, CAPONI, HERE WE COME! From the North, South, East and West, boiling and bubbling over with excess knowledge. Shades of Nicodemus, but the burning of Rome and the fall of Troy will be as nothing compared to the hurricane that will soon descend upon your cuckoo's nest. Fear? Nay, brother; nay. Such a word cannot have even an idle thought in our minds, for are we not commanded by a born leader of men, a master mind, performed so admirably by such noted celebrities as Jesse James, Nick Alitrock, Ben Turpin, Hart, Schaffner and Marx, and the Four Horsemen of the Appleclips? Ladies and gentlemen, the king of the snooze hounds, Ole Olsen, the Swedish Terror, whose lifelong motto is "Down with liquor and when in Rome eat Roman candles."

Now that that's off my chest I'll put another pill in the bowl and take you through a few high lights of the past month. First, last and always, remember that we are away out here in sunny California where the birds, the bees and the little sand fleas flitter hither, thither and yon endeavoring to get in out of the rain. The two kinds of California weather—rotten and unusual—have been unusually rotten during the past week or so; particularly is this true of the forenoon we fired the Browning Machine Gun for record. Hot dogs, to have seen some of the boys wallowing around in the mud trying to expell 150 shots in three minutes reminded me of a couple of floating ribs trying to disport themselves upon the placid waters of Pancreas Lake. How-the-so-ever, the conditions didn't seem to bother Eddie (Snifty) Shaft, for this struggling young gangster came through with flying colors to win the five simoleons prize money and a mud bath. Take it from Top-Kick Russell, "Ya gotta hold 'em and squeeze 'em, but I couldn't hold all them damn legs at once." Then says Hopper, "Man, can't that guy scoff?" "Yeh!" says Redden, "I'll clothe him, the rest of you people (30 of us) can feed him;" and "Believe it or not," says Ole, "Eddie Shaft hasn't moved those dials for the past two minutes, and that's not by Ripley either." "How come ya missed one?" inquired Alabama. "Aw," retards Smitty, "that so-and-so in the butts moved the target just as I let it go." You can take it from Klug, Schlenze and Parrett that Jimmy Noble will hafta roll 'em outta cup from now on. Now, boys, the collection this evening will be for repairs to Beckett's camera caused when you hibernating bozos stuck your profiles into the lens and—whoa! this has gone about far enough. Methinks that my person couldn't stand any exhibitions of aggravated assault and battery,

and that's just what will happen if this article doesn't find a period pronto. So tata, dear radio fans, and keep your opticals peeled upon the Chicago dailies, and if they don't burn your ear drums up then I Otto B. Shott.

#### M. D., U.S.S. "LEXINGTON"

On November 14th the "Lexington" pulled up her mud-hook and slipped North for Bremerton, for complete overhaul. The passage was rough all the way, and the new men were speedily introduced to all the horrors of sea sickness. This ship is so big that lots of people think she cannot roll, but we who live aboard her know better. Then, despite the fact that her bow is over fifty feet above the water line, comber after comber crashed over it.

Sergeant Sperling, genial and fat Jimmy Legs, was in his glory. With so many seasick boots falling out on the chow, this seagoing buckaroo waded in, stuck both feet in the trough, and stayed there. A double ration should be asked for him for he certainly needs it.

We docked on the 18th, and three days later the first detachment shoved off for the Fort Lewis rifle range. Record was fired a week later, and Santa Claus was in the butts. Private Grover Cook was high man with a 324.

Liberty was high, wide and handsome, to judge from the lurid scuttle butt rehashings. The "Skidway" and "Totem Pole" district came in for a lot of attention. Christmas and New Year's Day passed without any casualties from the civil authorities.

Privates Kuster, Greer (an ex-sergeant from Pearl Harbor) and Hemm were rewarded with corporal's stripes on the 1st of January.

The rest of the gang finished up the range on the 10th.

Sergeant "Deacon" Arnold took a pistol team to Tacoma and romped home with the Tacoma police match.

On the 17th of January the "Lexington" left the Yard for San Pedro. The day before we lost Private Beauregard, of race boat ace, and Corporal "Cy" Higgins, the former to the new cruiser "Louisville" and the latter to Bremerton. Corporal Jackson, from Peking and the Asiatics, slipped over the rat-guard just before the ship sailed. Bremerton's "Day on and Day off, Police Duty on your Day off," had him down, and he was willing to take a chance on sea-going.

Some three days later we were in San Pedro, much to the delight of the sheik and liberty-hound element.

Among the new men we picked up here were Privates "Red" Crabtree and William O. Harmanes. "Red," after several years as a corporal in Nicaragua, Haiti, and other places, threw the Marine Corps down flat in order to cruise a taxi about San Diego. It is rumored that police interference with his activities caused him to regret his decision. We do not know whether he was forced to stand in a bread line or sing and pray for a cup of Java in a Mission, but after a few weeks he felt the call of China and ducked into the Recruiting Office. To his intense disgust they shipped him to the fleet, where he will be for the next two years. As "Red" has all the earmarks of a thirty-year man, he may yet quaff the

foaming "Five Star" of Peking and roam the Hutungs "East of Hatamen." Harmanes, who returned to his original profession hopping bells in a Frisco hotel, tries to explain his return to a "Twenty eighty and a horse blanket" by putting in for an I.C.S. course in Certified Public Accounting. He expects us to believe this. Already he hand-shakes the Top for the Office Job, in order to have a place to pursue his studies.

Captain Coffenberg, our Skipper, rejoined us in Pedro from leave. He raised plenty of hell with us for a few days, but has eased up since we again satisfy him.

February 2nd we left for San Diego, and stayed there for a couple of days. Sergeant "Wop" Mercurio left us for the hospital in Balboa. He was one "Ding How" shipmate, and carries the best wishes of all the detachment with him.

An amusing sidelight was furnished by Gunnery Sergeant Dougherty while on leave in Pedro. He telegraphed the captain of the ship for an extension from Tia Juana, alleging "important legal affairs." Needless to say he got the frosty mitt.

On the 4th of February we headed for Panama and are still at sea. The rum-hound element are whiling away the time with anticipation of Cervesa Beer, while the sheiks are regaling the boots with the stories of "Cocoanut Grove." Let us pray that the world-famous Grove be not restricted.

#### THE QUANTICO CHAPLAINS

Two Chaplains, V. J. Gorski and W. R. Hall, are on duty at the Marine Barracks, Quantico. These two look after the religious interest of the Catholic and Protestant personnel, as well as the families.

Much of the time of the Chaplains is spent in conferences with the men about their personal problems. In cooperation with the local Field Director, American Red Cross, investigations are made of home conditions that might favor discharges. Letters are written to the parents of the new men who report for duty. These letters frequently result in valuable points of contact with the men and their parents, and give an excellent opportunity for working out with the parents some of the problems that frequently arise.

A Forum has been established to which leaders in various governmental departments have been asked. The Forum is composed of thirty men of the Post. The invited speaker talks to this group about his own particular work, and a discussion follows in which the speaker answers questions. At eight o'clock he appears before the crowd that has assembled for the talkies. To date the Forum has been most popular. The following are some of the speakers who have appeared: Hon. Walter H. Newton, Secretary to the President; Mr. Frank Morrison, Secretary, American Federation of Labor; Mr. Seth W. Richardson, Assistant Attorney General; Hon. J. W. Dixon, Assistant Secretary of the Interior; Mr. W. W. Husband, Assistant Secretary of Labor, and Dr. William A. Steuart, Director of the Census.

(Continued on page 36)

## AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford  
Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford  
(Dawson Photo)

"The Mississippi Bulletin" comes out in the last numbers with excellent front page cuts by their new staff artist, W. S. Stephenson, that of the 8th giving a full-page picture and plan of the Panama Canal. Chaplain M. Witherspoon will find some good assistance from this young man in the preparation

of his special programs of which the men of his ship speak so highly.

The following verses written for the Deland Sun-News by William J. Pyle are worthy of repetition and I therefore send them on to commence my April notes.

## "WHISTLE!"

When you fail to make the goal,  
When the waves around you roll;  
When the fight seems all but lost,  
And your bark is tempest tossed;  
When the road seems all up-grade,  
Or in the dark your hopes are laid,  
When your mouth gets drawn and long,  
Then just pucker for a song  
And Whistle! Whistle! Whistle!

Whistle, though the storms may roar,  
And your airplane lacks the soar;  
Whistle when your heart is blue,  
And you're discouraged thru and thru;  
When the world gives blow on blow,  
And your faith is running low,  
Then, pucker up for another cheer  
So the whole wide world can hear,  
And WHISTLE! WHISTLE!

## WHISTLE!"

Following on the same lines, I have clipped a few paragraphs from the Florida Times-Union which, while heavily freighted with Florida optimism, will suit almost any group of people at this time:

"If you are broke, cheer up. If you are blue, smile and make the best of it. The sun is shining behind every dark cloud. Depression is always followed by better times. It is the optimist who wins in the long run. Down at Winter Park is published a little magazine called Beautiful Florida. It is a fine little magazine and its pages fairly radiate optimism. As a cure for hard times and a slim pocketbook this little magazine advises: 'Plant a little garden and live on strawberries. Get a brindle cow and have strawberries and cream. Build a little fire from sticks and stumps gathered in a shadowed wood and bake a little bread and eat it hot from the fire with sweet butter on it. Have a little tree of your own with a friendly mockingbird and a friendly bluebird to fly past your window at daylight. Enjoy yourself. It has been done before without the

use of currency. Adam and Eve didn't know the meaning of money in Paradise. Florida is young and fair. When all this depression is over Florida will still be young and fair.'"

"The Texas Steer" always has fine things to say of their Marine Guard, and the article on their whaleboat crew I repeat in full:

"Winning by nine boat lengths over a course of a mile and a half, the usual lead for our Marine whaleboat crew which always makes it difficult to know whether the event should be classed as a contest or an exhibition, Sergeant Gardner's famous crew secured its first hold on the Dunlap Cup for the present year in the race of last Sunday. The "Arkansas" was second, the customary nine or ten boat lengths in the wake of the Texas Marines, while the stout-hearted crew of the "Northampton" tried to keep in this gruelling race which still left that crew some nine boat lengths toward the starting line. The race marked the Scouting Fleet qualification for the finals which will be rowed against the Battle Fleet on the 27th. The "Pensacola" which won the whaleboat race for mixed crews, was expected to have an entry in the Marine race also but when the event was called the "Texas," "Arkansas" and "Northampton" were the only starters.

"Sergeant Gardner had chosen as the men for the boat last Sunday, Way, Judkins, Born, Hillary, Sergeant McKinstry, Cooper, Oakes, Teepell, Raiden, Morgan, T. G. Moore, and Vesper. H. M. Stephenson and Crowder were the utility men standing by and ready to step in and make their bow among this select crew of famous oarsmen if occasion presented.

"The time for last Sunday's race was not announced but apparently was very fast as these salty soldiers of the sea had their boat carving through the water in what seemed the fastest pace they had ever set. If they find some opponents worthy of their mettle in the Battle Fleet the race should be something to remember and the time a record worth shooting at. The Steer congratulates them on extending their fine string of victories but especially on the spirit which sends the men into the boat each time just as full of enthusiasm and energy as if the winning of their first race were still the goal that beckoned them on. They are a crew worthy of the Flagship Guard."

The winner for the new title for our San Diego weekly was Private Yervand Galoostian of the Aircraft Squadron VF-10M, and the name suits the fine appearing issues perfectly. Furthermore the "Marine Base Broadcaster" made its appearance with a first class cut designed by our old friend George Hubbard, Jr., who has his business location in San Diego. Hubbard was for a time attached to "The Leatherneck" office and has always endeavored to give his very best to any job he undertakes.

Another of those special weeks with which we have become so familiar begins on April 25th, and as "Boys' Week" so closely affects us I reproduce three paragraphs from the program sent out:

"To develop in the boy a respect for the ideals of his country and the opportunities which await him in the community.

"To stress the responsibility of the family for the boy's welfare.

"To recognize the home as one of the most important character building institutions."

One of our star recruiters in Philadelphia has for a long time made quite a record in the community in which he resides by the deep interest he takes in bettering the boy life. The Brooklyn Edison Company of New York for a long time welcomed the assistance of one of our Navy Yard sergeants in the endeavor to produce the highest and best type of boys in their splendid group of messengers and no person filled the position better or did a more satisfactory job than did their big Sergeant Hill as he was affectionately known by the almost three hundred boys with whom he came in contact. Quantico's boys were formed into a Scout troop by Pay Sergeant Richardson and no one took a deeper interest in their welfare and development than Chaplain Casey while stationed at the post. Lieutenant Colonel Staley of the Washington, D. C., U. S. M. C. Reserve, has always shown a fine touch with boy life and his organization of the Junior Marines together with his constant and sympathetic interest in the boys who mean so much to the future has marked him out as a leader of more than ordinary caliber. Wherever Staley goes you will find the boys know, respect and follow his guidance, and characters are formed for worthwhile service. Major George H. Osterhout is another officer always to the fore in work for boys, while memory recalls a Chaplain at the Charleston Navy Yard whose finest work was with the group of boys, the sons of officers and men of the service, whom he gathered around him for training during his tour of duty in the station. The development of the boy is the most extensive and most important job in America today and the Marine who by example and precept can assist in the work will be doing a tremendous piece of work.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

Markham says: "We have committed the Golden Rule to memory, let us now commit it to life."

## ROBERT J. ROGERS

ex-corporal, U. S. Marine Corps, sends greetings to his buddies throughout the Corps and urgently requests that they communicate with him at 1717 Gaines Street, Little Rock, Ark.

Ex-Marine John P. Dobransky extends greetings to all his old buddies in the Corps and requests that they drop him a line at the American Legion Hospital, Battle Creek, Michigan. Dobransky is taking the cure for T.B. and has lots of time to answer all the letters he receives, so don't be afraid yours will go unanswered.



## OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE

### TO A MARCH DAY

All gladsome is the song we sing,  
The calendar says it is spring.  
Farewell to ice! And sleet! And snow!  
The undressed trees, pathetic, bare,  
The nose incarnadining air—  
They all must go! They all must go!

Break out the tropic uniform,  
The days will daily grow more warm,  
The air more mild! The sky more blue!  
The trees will bud, the flowers bloom.  
Farewell to winter's a-cussed gloom—  
(We wish 'twere true! We wish 'twere true!)



Lou Wylie

Dear Fellows:  
Here we are all in new formation, and Lieutenant Hall being so nice about it, and saying that as long as it pleased the customers and us we could turn the col-um in side out. Well, when we get tired of it this way we may try, but we can just imagine the yowl that will go up from the print

shop the day we try to send it in shaped like some of these funny Christmas tree poems. Well, maybe we better not try it today; enough is enough, and it really is fun starting out with a poem at the top of the page. Sort of like getting started off downhill. And, what with it snowing and everything, we just couldn't help one more spring poem.

Following the habit of introducing an occasional girl friend, only the most interesting and attractive for—well, you know the Marines, this column wants you all to meet Catherine Nevins. Now, don't get all afutter and start trying to transfer over here to the Navy Yard. Catherine is so wrapped up in being press agent for the Hotel St. George that she won't give a tumble to anyone outside the newspaper game (maybe we'd better say "Marines excepted"); but, anyhow, there is a Mr. Catherine Nevins, so that's out. But, to get back to Catherine. This column is heartily in favor of her, and she's getting a big thrill out of handling the publicity for the city's biggest hotel. Such a big thrill that her enjoyment of her job is infectious, and newspapers are putting out publicity that have never been known to do it before, and all because Catherine likes her work so much that she makes other people like it.

But to get around to the reason that we mentioned Catherine. The big bright searchlight that used to flame atop the St. George and guide wandering sailors and Marines Brooklynward has been ordered down. It will not be possible any more to get in a taxicab over in Manhattan, point in the general direction of Brooklyn, and tell the cab to "get me over to Brooklyn where that light is."

Being a maternal little soul, Catherine thought that what with the fleet coming back soon some of the fellows might go over to Manhattan in the daytime and, not noticing the light was out, start back at night and get into complications. Also, as she says, it gives her a chance to get the St. George Hotel name in print again.

The road of a columnist is a hard one to travel. When one isn't thinking up ideas, it is time to get a column out; and when it gets near time to get a column out there is always some place one wants to go, or some party one wants to throw, so that finally when the column does get in, a bit worse for the haste in which it is slammed together, the customers never know quite how much hard work, self-denial and frantic brain work go into the page they turn so carelessly. But if you've had time out for the weeps over this columnist's hard lot, just listen to some of the things the columnists in the New York dailies have to do. Right here on the Brooklyn Eagle (which by the way is the paper that is paying the board and lodging of the Brig in a small but steady weekly stipend) the columnist (Rian James) had to take to parachute jumping right out of a clear sky, and he isn't the sort of person you would associate with work of that kind either.

Only last summer, so goes the gossip around the paper, he went up the required number of thousand feet to do a parachute jump from an airplane as some sort of a publicity stunt. The photographers were supposed to go up in another plane and shoot the fall. But the photographer let a friend who had never flown kid him into staying on the ground and letting said friend take the camera up and get the picture while he got his first airplane flight. Needless to say Rian James jumped unphotographed. When the photographer's plane landed the grounded cameraman dragged his friend out of the bottom of the plane along with a battered camera which had almost lost a \$500 lens. After Mr. James, who is ordinarily a meek and kindly soul in a robin's egg blue shirt, had declared himself and the atmosphere had cleared up a bit, the Eagle columnist takes to the air again, and this time the bona fide photographer is riding in the other plane. All of which goes to show that it takes more than one kind of nerve to conduct a column—at least on the Brooklyn Eagle.

This columner takes the opportunity of thanking Lieut. Mark Kessernich of the 304th U. S. Marine Reserve, of the Second Naval Battalion, Brooklyn, for a very cheering letter of congratulation, and to render similar thanks to William McK. Fleming of the same outfit for a telegram of congratulations and good wishes, all on account of our having hauled down our flag on the good ship Home Talk and gone over to the Eagle. It's the old clannish spirit of the Corps that prompts such thoughtfulness, and how we love it. On a new job, with a bunch of new faces about us, and thinking that perhaps we won't measure up, and that maybe after all we aren't as good as we think we are, and along comes a bundle of congratulations and good wishes that just lifted

us right out of the dumps. Just a little more proof that the Marines can be depended upon—always.

Outside is a March night—full of snow, and a cold wind that blows up from the harbor, full of grit and smoke from the Staten Island ferries. Also it is 20 minutes to twelve, and this columner knows that the day of the month for twenty more minutes will be the ninth. The deadline for the Brig is the tenth. Hence we are not going to rack our brains further for the two jokes we wanted to clean up and use, or the name of the old lady who wanted us to put something in the column about her because her daughter's school friend married a Naval officer. We are going to bundle into the goloshes, take an extra turn about our neck with the Christmas scarf, and wade out to the post office, after sticking a special delivery stamp on the envelope. That's how much we think of youse guys, and even if it is April 1st, we wouldn't fool you.

### PRIVATE EUGENE B. GALE WINS NAVY CROSS

By B. Price

Philadelphia, Pa.—With a battery of cameras clicking and two companies of Marines at attention, Private Eugene B. Gale of the Marine Barracks in the Navy Yard here, was decorated with the Navy Cross by Colonel L. M. Gulick, the post commander, for "distinguished services under fire."

Gale, while in the hills near Tamarindo, Nicaragua, outflanked a "gook" machine gunner who had pocketed the patrol, and coolly filled him with lead.

With the same degree of calmness the private faced Colonel Gulick, who read the following citation:

"The President of the United States has awarded this insignia for distinguished services as follows: For distinguished services in the line of his profession under fire while operating with the Guardia Nacional patrol in contact with a bandit group near Tamarindo, Nicaragua, on June 6, 1930. When the patrol opened fire it was immediately returned by the bandits from the left-rear, left and front. The bandits were in position on a ridge above the patrol. A firing line was formed to the left flank, and the Guardia patrol moved slowly up and to the right. The movement was held up by an automatic weapon back of a stump in front of some shacks to the right of the firing line. At this point Private Gale, armed with a Browning automatic rifle, at great personal risk, crept forward and to the right until he was within thirty feet and slightly to the right of the stump. Then, with utter disregard to his personal safety, he raised himself on one knee and fired a burst into the bandit gunner, killing him. Private Gale's conduct during this action was of the highest order."

The newspapers of Philadelphia printed the photograph of Colonel Gulick pinning the medal on Private Gale. Several national photo agencies had their cameramen present, and undoubtedly the Marine will receive widespread publicity for his coolness and bravery under fire.



One of the most encouraging signs in the recent progress of the Marine Corps League is the pronounced revival of the interest and active participation in important public, civic and patriotic gatherings and ceremonies among the detachments of the larger cities throughout the country. It has always been accepted as a matter of fact that the smaller cities and towns where veteran or other service organizations function have an advantage over the larger communities in the matter of co-operation from the citizens and public officials. This must necessarily be so where the area covered is not so great, the number of organizations are limited, and the residents more closely drawn together by the community spirit. And no small part contributing to this advantage is the almost total absence of competition.

In the large cities there are numerous theatres, movies, fraternal dances and other attractions without limit, which keep the populace on the go night after night, and very often one must select from three or four conflicting events, all of which he should attend, but only one of which it is physically possible to do so. A man in a large city may be a member of two or three veteran organizations, have one or two fraternal affiliations and other ties which call upon his limited hours of recreation. The consequence is he attempts to give some of his time to all, and cannot give his best to any. In other words, a League, Legion or fraternal ceremony or festivity is an event in a small community. In a big community it is just another one of those things. The small town has the spirit, the big city is cold. And all of this leads up to the point I wish to drive home.

New York Detachment No. 1, the first detachment organized in the League (June 3-6, 1923), started with a rush, faltered, but is now coming back stronger than ever. Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston, organized in 1925, disbanded in 1927, reorganized last year, and is now creating a record for achievement and membership that threatens to outdo anything the League has ever known. Spokane Detachment, winners of the membership trophy for 1930, are speeding along and defy any detachment to displace them in 1931. Cleveland Detachment is being revived, Cincinnati is going stronger than ever and boasts an auxiliary. Buffalo, the next convention city, is more than keeping step as is Louisville, Waco, Philadelphia, Albany, Syracuse, and others. And this can be summed up in three words—The Marine Spirit.

#### NEWS OF THE DETACHMENTS AND OTHER BRIEFS

National Vice Commandant L. W. Nickerson of the Western Division is working diligently on plans to build up the detachments in his area. New de-

#### By Frank X. Lambert National Chief of Staff

tachments are being organized in Santa Barbara, Calif., and another is considered at Chico, with the aid of Commandant Thomas J. Kinsley of Oakland Detachment. Another is under way at Butte, Montana. San Diego is about ready to apply for its charter.

Hudson-Mohawk Detachment is making arrangements for an elaborate dance at the Hotel Ten Eyck in Albany, N. Y., on Saturday evening, April 11. Vice Commandant Leon Walker surprised the gang with a spaghetti and meat ball supper after the February meeting and Chris Cunningham reports that while many vests were soiled, the boys all came through in good shape.

Commandant Milton Solomon of New York Detachment No. 1 was so well pleased with the success of the testimonial dinner to Past Commandant Kilcommons that he launched plans for another gathering in April.

Morris County, New Jersey, Detachment has elected the following officers for the current year: Frank L. Plant, commandant; J. Germain, first vice commandant; C. D. Waishes, second vice commandant; A. B. Carruthers, chief of staff; Joseph J. Mooney, adjutant; Paul R. Burke, paymaster; M. A. Rosso, chaplain; Richard Ducey, sergeant at arms.

Fred J. Strasselle of Celoron, N. Y., is proceeding with the organization of a detachment in Erie County under the supervision of National Vice Commandant Maurice A. Ilch, of the Eastern Seaboard Division.

The ladies' auxiliary of George W. Budde Detachment of Cincinnati, is progressing nicely and will soon be sporting our insignia button in the form of a pin. Greetings to the Lady Leathernecks.

Clifton E. Sulier of Sector, West Virginia, has requested data on the activities of the League with the prospect of becoming a member at large.

The same applies to Harry J. Leonard of Cleburne, Texas, and Clare Richards of Fort Plain, N. Y.

Laster Lange Detachment of Waco, Texas, recently acted as an escort of honor to Governor Ross Sterling on the occasion of an official visit to Waco. Commandant F. W. de Friess was in charge of the escort.

A League detachment is being organized in the Canal Zone through the efforts of George A. Cullen.

The Old Warrior's dream of that hectic

Civil War engagement last month was certainly a thriller. I wonder if that potent Albany "apple" had anything to do with the narrative.

#### NEW YORK DETACHMENT No. 1 HONORS PAST COMMANDANT THOMAS F. KILCOMMONS

New York Detachment No. 1 held a testimonial dinner dance in honor of Past Commandant Thomas F. Kilcommons at the K. of C. Club-Hotel, Eighth Avenue and Fifty-first Street, New York City, on Saturday evening, February 28. Commandant Milton Solomon presided and acted as toastmaster.

Among the 150 guests attending the festivities were delegations from Old Glory Naval and Marine Post, American Legion of Kings County, headed by Commander Walter Peterson, who reserved a table for fifteen; twelve members of the Butterfly Club of the Police Department Motor Squad, headed by ex-Sergeant Dave Foster, of the Mounted Squad; ten members of Major General George F. Elliott (all Marine) Camp, United Spanish War Veterans, headed by Commander George F. Young, as well as representatives of various other veteran organizations.

Dinner was served in the main dining-room of the spacious hotel with Bob Fallon's Orchestra, Mighty Monarchs of the Air, a well-known radio broadcasting aggregation, furnishing the music for the dancing and numerous big-time vaudeville acts which volunteered for the occasion and entertained between dances. The speakers included Commander Milton Solomon, Chief of Staff Captain Paul F. Howard and Commander Walter Peterson of Old Glory Legion Post, who lauded the guest of honor, with the usual sideplay of witticisms, but the genial Tom was equal to the occasion and gave as good as they sent. Needless to say the old Marine Hymn rang out at frequent intervals as well as the old pep songs of World War days, after copious draughts of a pinkish concoction had registered sufficient "hits" on the assemblage, and while the volume was more than ample, the harmony was not so good. However, everybody had a good time, and with an old-fashioned Virginia Reel displacing the modern dance for the wind-up, the gathering broke up at 2 a. m., voting it "the best party we ever had."

At the guest table were: Commandant and Mrs. Milton Solomon, Past Commandant and Mrs. Thomas F. Kilcommons, the guests of honor; Commander and Mrs. Walter Peterson, Commander and Mrs. Robert E. Young and Chief of Staff Captain Paul F. Howard.

The other diners included First Vice Commandant and Mrs. Clement P. Nau-dain, Second Vice Commandant Martin C. Palmer and guests, Adjutant and Mrs. Christopher W. Wilkinson, Paymaster

(Continued on page 41)



Published each month by The United States Marine Corps Institute. Washington, D. C. for the advancement of education. Copy closes on the 10th of month preceding date of issue.

Editor and Publisher. First Lieutenant Gordon Hall, U. S. Marine Corps. Staff: Gunnery Sergeant James M. Frost. Sergeant Frank H. Bentfrow. Sergeant Bruce F. Denman, Corporal Thomas P. Cullen, Corporal George W. Ziehl, Private First Class Paul D. Horn, Private Colin R. Stuart, Private William B. Edmondson.

## History of the Corps Needed

ONE of the most fundamentally essential necessities of the Corps today is the publication of a HISTORY. A History of details supported by accurate authorities. Not a romantic story or narrative written by the author of our "Best Seller" type but a voluminous, meaty, exhaustive, complete, adequate, reference history that gives it all beginning with the ground. The kind of a history that Bancroft would have prepared.

Knowledge is power. Expressed knowledge and information answers all critics of the Corps. A history is recorded information expressed in print that the world may read and that the Marines themselves may know themselves.

To continue to be a Marine Corps everyone of us must eat, drink, sleep, dream, slave, fight, hate and love in an atmosphere of the Corps. You haven't a chance without a history. Without the history you can only imagine what has gone before you. You are ignorant of one of the most vital factors of success, self-knowledge.

British Marines have many complete and interesting histories. Why not the United States Marines?

A history will give the tactician and strategist complete clues and leads to information concerning Marine Corps military art and science. A history answers any attack made upon the Corps. Replies to any criticism. In fact, attacks and criticisms will decrease when the history explains before they are made. A history gives information to the nation so that the people and the Corps are in coincidence of mind. A history will bring thousands and thousands of defenders for the Corps' acts and policies and missions where today those people haven't a chance (being without true information) to intelligently encourage us and to retort efficiently to our critics.

A six-volume history of the Corps placed in every Marine Corps post, in library, in every historical society, and wherever the public literarily browses will give the Corps a chance to survive. And after this, brief popular histories of value can be produced.

Do it now before it is too late.

## This Bonus Business

A GREAT many men still serving in the Marine Corps are entitled to borrow up to 50% of their adjusted compensation certificates. Some have already done so; others expect to in the near future. This is doubtless a splendid opportunity to alleviate present monetary difficulties. Yet how few men in the service are actually in want! Some may be experiencing a little pressure, and they are exaggerating it into a tragedy. There are instances, of course, where the money will come like the unexpected deliverance of besieged troops. The veteran will receive a fresh start and a new interest in life. And to such men as these we say "Go and get it!"

On the other hand, the ink had hardly dried on the bill that authorized the loan before veterans were flocking to the bureau, eager to "borrow" on their certificates. The lines were blocks long. Some of the men were obviously in need. Others were better groomed and spoke laughingly of the few dollars they were going to chisel out of the government. Between these two extremes lay the other type, men of moderate success to whom this money was not a necessity, but something to be "got while the getting was good."

We might include the majority of service men in this class. To them the bonus is but a means to fulfill a long-desired

dream. New Fords are coming into the compounds, veterans are bursting forth arrayed like flowers in spring; but worst of all, unscrupulous stock promoters are smacking their lips in anticipation of a ripe harvest.

If you feel that you must obtain the money, all well and good. Go ahead and do it. No amount of advice could possibly deter one who has made up his mind. It's your bonus, you say, to do with as you like. That's true; you earned it. But the whole thing practically amounts to a 50% liquidation of an obligation. In other words, most of you are simply discounting for half, in cash, the entire sum; very little of the "borrowed" money will be repaid, and the 4½% interest will consume most of what is left.

If you feel that never in the future will you need money as badly as you do now, and if you have some definite and vital use for it, something imperative, it would probably be poor advice to tell you to leave your bonus where it is. On the other hand, don't just draw it out to scatter to the four winds. Nor don't be misled by garrulous stock promoters who offer glittering, rapid profits on your investment. Good investments are splendid opportunities, but you will find that the safer and more conservative securities do not offer sufficient difference between the 4½% you will have to pay on your loan and the dividends they declare. If the proposition were as good as most of the salesmen would lead you to believe, they would most certainly take advantage of it themselves.

Advice is the cheapest of all commodities. It should be, because the supply always exceeds the demand, and most of it is of poor quality; but we believe the occasion justifies a little counsel. If it is a matter of life and death there is nothing to do but take advantage of the privilege offered. But if you just want to make a splurge with a little pocket money, it is far better to leave it where it is. Uncle Sam is a good banker. Your bonus will still be safe when you absolutely need it.

## Belleau Wood Memorial

THE Belleau Wood Association needs about \$3,000 each year to defray the expenses of keeping the Wood in condition. Heretofore this amount has been obtained through contributions which are no longer available.

Mrs. James Carroll Fraser, to whom is due the chief credit for the establishment of Belleau Wood as a permanent memorial to the Marines of the Second Division, has informed the Major General Commandant that if \$3,000 can be raised for this year's expenses, a plan to care for future years can be put in operation, but otherwise it will be necessary to turn the Wood over to the Battle Monuments' Commission and the Marine Corps will lose its distinctive association with the battlefield.

The contribution of about \$250 is asked of the Marine Corps. Officers and men who wish to contribute for this purpose may send the money to the Major General Commandant.

## New Roster for Promotion

THE following roster has been prepared by the Non-commissioned Officers' Promotion Board, and approved by the Major General Commandant, and will be used as far as practicable in filling vacancies:

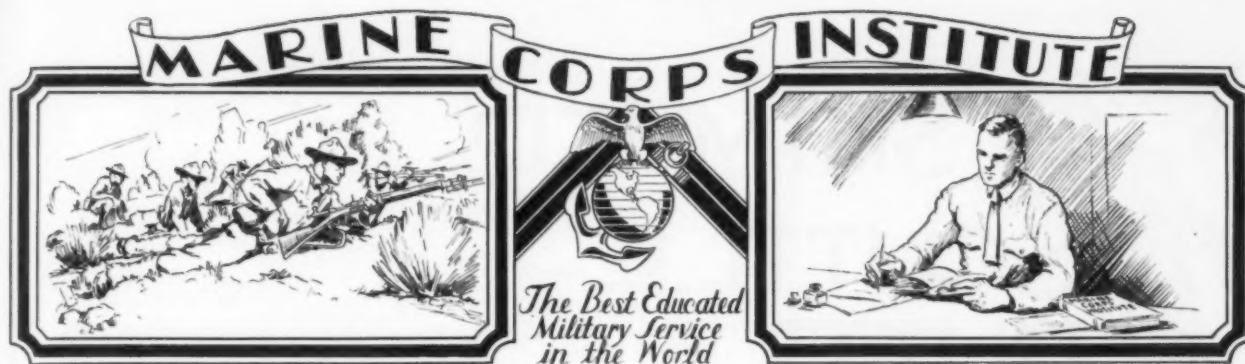
### To Sergeant Major

1st Sgt. Clarence Simmons.	1st Sgt. Lee T. Bowen.
1st Sgt. John McHugh.	1st Sgt. Chas. W. Harrmann.
1st Sgt. Joseph M. Layman.	1st Sgt. Jeremiah Twohig.
1st Sgt. William Pince.	1st Sgt. Charles G. Klehm.
1st Sgt. James M. Darmond.	1st Sgt. Wm. W. Harrmann.
1st Sgt. Charles Davis.	1st Sgt. Hall V. Cartmell.

### To First Sergeant

Sergeant William H. Tobin.	St. Sgt. Raymond B. Quinn.
Gy. Sgt. Walter R. Hooper.	Sergeant Herman Freedman.
Sgt. William L. Waldrop.	Sergeant Roland F. Smith.
Sgt. Joseph A. Inferrera.	Sergeant Roy E. Hooper.
Sergeant John T. White.	Sergeant Adam Gruntowicz.
Sergeant Joseph Vitek.	Sgt. William A. Humphries.
1st Sgt. Thomas Whitesel	Sergeant Harland W. Bond.
(Const. Det.).	Sergeant Glenn C. Seider.
Gy. Sgt. Robert A. Smith.	Sergeant Harry D. Hill.
Gy. Sgt. George Nelson.	Sergeant Maxwell K. Smith.
Gy. Sgt. David B. Wallace.	Sergeant Charles M. Adams.
Gy. Sgt. Russell C. Board	Sergeant Barton W. Stone.
(Const. Det.).	





## Opportunities in Automotive Field

With the coming of spring, all car owners will turn their thoughts toward placing their cars in the proper condition for a summer of carefree motoring. This, of course, means a large volume of business for garages and service stations that employ *trained* mechanics.

If you are interested in automobiles, and consider entering the automotive field, you must have a thorough knowledge of the fundamental principles of automobile construction, as well as the details of the various cars now on the market. A picked up, disconnected knowledge is not sufficient for the modern mechanic.

The Marine Corps Institute offers three excellent automobile courses which are kept up to date with the latest developments by the addition and revision of texts. These courses will be of benefit not only to the mechanic, but to the owner who is interested in the operation and proper maintenance of his car.

The Automotive Courses are:

**MVX—Complete Automobile**

**MVS—Automobile Electric Equipment**

**MMA—Automobile Mechanic's**

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE  
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

- ☐ Please send me INFORMATION regarding the course before which I have marked an X:  
☐ Please enroll me in the course before which I have marked an X:

**Academic and Business Training Courses**  
☐ Business Management  
☐ Industrial Management  
☐ Personnel Organization  
☐ Traffic Management  
☐ Accountancy  
     (Including C.P.A.)  
☐ Cost Accounting  
☐ Bookkeeping  
☐ Private Secretary  
☐ Spanish  
☐ Second Lieut. Prep.  
☐ French  
☐ Salesmanship  
☐ Business Correspondence  
☐ Stenography & Typing  
☐ Good English  
☐ Civil Service  
☐ Railway Mail Clerk  
☐ Common School Subjects

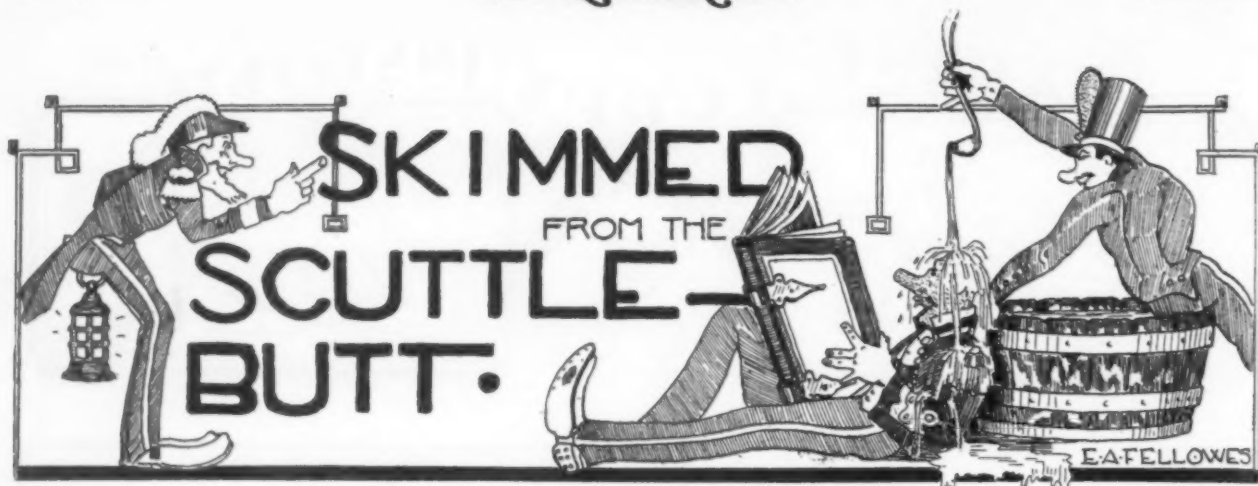
☐ Naval Academy Prep.  
☐ High School Subjects  
☐ Electrical Engineering  
☐ Electric Lighting  
☐ Mechanical Engineer  
☐ Mechanical Draftsman  
☐ Machine Shop Practice  
☐ Standard High School  
☐ Gas Engine Operating

**Technical and Industrial Courses**  
☐ Civil Engineer  
☐ Surveying & Mapping  
☐ Plumbing & Heating  
☐ Radio  
☐ Steam Engineering  
☐ Architect  
☐ Architect's Blue Prints  
☐ Contractor & Builder  
☐ Architectural Draftsman  
☐ Concrete Builder  
☐ Structural Engineer  
☐ Chemistry  
☐ Pharmacy  
☐ Automobile Work  
☐ Aviation Engines  
☐ Navigation  
☐ Agriculture & Poultry  
☐ Mathematics

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Rank \_\_\_\_\_

Organization \_\_\_\_\_

Station \_\_\_\_\_



## NOT SO EASY

Sweetie—"Dad was certainly relieved to hear you are in the Navy."

Sailor—"Oh, is he?"

Sweetie—"Yes, very! The last boy friend of mine he tried to throw out was a marine.—A. & N. Journal.

Dickey—"My Dad is an Elk, a Lion, and a Moose."

Mickey—"What does it cost to see him?"—Capper's Weekly.

"You seem to have plenty of intelligence for a man in your position," sneered a barrister, cross-examining a witness. "If I wasn't on oath I'd return the compliment," replied the witness.

—Border Cities Star.

Old Lady—"If you really want work—Farmer Gray wants a right-hand man."

Wanderer—"Jus' my luck, lidy—I'm left-'anded!"—Passing Show.

Mother—"Come, Freddie, and kiss your Aunt Martha."

Freddie—"Why, Ma, I ain't done nuthin!"—Stray Stories.

New Iceman—"Say, what do you think? The guy in that house threw me out because I tried to kiss the cook this morning. Milkman—"I think the lady of that house does her own cooking."

—New Goblin.

Air Passenger—"Pst . . . pst assas?"  
Fellow Passenger—"I don't know, this is my first trip too."

She sez: "You remind me of the ocean."

Diggs: "Why, because I am restful and unconquered?"

She sez: "No, because you're all wet and you make me sick."—Ex.

A small boy had been punished for swearing and was real penitent. He said to his mother, "Does God know everything, mother?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Does He know what you are going to say before you say it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, why did He let me swear?"—Newport Recruit.

## THE EXCEPTION

"Dear teacher," wrote a parent who evidently disapproved of corporal punishment, "don't hit our Sammy. We never do it at home except in self-defense."

Timid Wife (to husband who has just fallen asleep at the wheel): I don't mean to dictate to you George, but isn't that billboard coming at us awfully fast?

—American Motorist.



"How'd you get along with that college girl I introduced you to?"

"Aw heck. I asked her three or four times if I could see her home and she finally said that if I was really so anxious to see it she'd send me a picture of it."

An American was discussing sporting matters with a patriotic Briton. He remarked: "Why in our country we have some marvelous athletes. One Kentucky man ran thirty-five miles and finished up by jumping a five barred gate."

"Well," contended the other, "that's nothing. Look at the run he took."

—Pearl Harbor Weekly.

## A SAD ACCIDENT

Sunday School Teacher: "And when the prodigal son returned, what happened, Tommy?"

Tommy: "His father ran to meet him and hurt himself."

"Why, where did you get that?"

"The Bible says his father ran to meet him and fell on his neck."—Selected.

The story goes that Rastus was brought before the judge for appropriating a pig.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "do you hear what Mrs. Jones says?"

"Yes, it's true, yo' Honoh."

"What did you do with it?"

"Ah killed it and ate it."

"And doesn't your conscience trouble you? When you come to the last judgment and find yourself face to face with Mrs. Jones and her pig what are you going to say?"

"Why, Judge, does yo' think de pig will be dere, too?"

"Certainly."

"Well, den I would say, 'Mrs. Jones, heah am yo' pig'."—Kablegram.

A temperance orator was describing to his audience how his life had been influenced by total abstinence.

"You know," he said, "I am now chief of my department. Three years ago there were two men in the office who held positions superior to mine. One was dismissed through drunkenness. The other was led into crime. He is now serving a long term of imprisonment, and all through the influence of strong drink. Now, what I ask is," he cried, growing eloquent, "what has raised me to my present high position?"

"Drink!" was the vociferous reply.

—Tit-Bits.

Boatswain: "Send in that seaman I saw smoking in the boat a while ago when we were bringing ammunition aboard."

Boatswain's Mate: "Sorry, sir, here's part of his hat."—Newport Recruit.

Sam: "Boy I was born with a pair of dice in my hand!"

Rastus: "Yes, boy, and you are going to die with a pair in your hand if you don't shake them."—U. S. Navy Weekly.

# AGE BEFORE BEAUTY

Sergeant—Private Jones, go and fetch the oldest horse in the stable.

Private Jones—Why the old horse, Sergeant?

Sergeant—Wear out the old ones first—that's my motto.

Private—Well, Sergeant, then you fetch the horse!—Selected.

Judge Advocate—"Are you positive that the prisoner is the man who stole your car?"

"Well," answered the witness, "I was until you started to cross-examine me, but now I'm not sure I ever had a car."  
—Exchange.



Mary—Did you have any trouble with your French while in Paris?

Marine—No, but the French did.

She: "I've just read that a man out in the West exchanged his wife for a horse. You wouldn't exchange me for a horse, would you, dear?"

He: "Of course not; but I'd hate to have anyone tempt me with a darned good car."—(Passing Show.)

A negro who had an injured head entered a doctor's office.

"Hello, Sam! Got cut again, I see."

"Yes, sah: I done get carved up with a razor, Doc."

"Why don't you keep out of bad company?" said the physician, after he had dressed the wound.

"Deed I'd like to Doc, but I ain't got 'nuff money to git a divorce."

—Selected.

Bride: "These eggs are very small. I must ask the egg dealer to let the hens sit on them a little longer."

—Nebelspalter, Zurich.

"How old is your grandfather?"

"I don't know, but we have had him a long time."—Lustige Beitung, Cologne.

Printer (to lecturer): "I'll do your temperance lecture programs when I finish these gin labels."—Life.

Johnny—Daddy, what does "trans" mean?

Daddy—Please don't bother me; I'm reading.

Johnny—Well, but please tell me what "transatlantic" means.

Daddy (shortly)—Across the Atlantic. Johnny—Well, does "transparent" mean a cross parent?—Hurty-Peck.

"I suppose the bandmaster was annoyed when you told him I was leaving next month?"

"Yes, he thought it was this month."  
—A. & N. Musician.

# NOT SO SWEET

The Lady—Is Sir Reginald Wotname staying here?

Hotel Clerk—Yes, first floor, suite one. The Lady—Sir!—London Opinion.

Along the Mexican border soldiers were searching vehicles which passed close to crossings into Mexico. One evening a car full of young people was stopped and the usual procedure of examining the bottom of the car was in progress, when one young lady asked: "What are you looking for?"

"Arms," replied the Sergeant.

"Well," remarked the flapper, "it's all legs down there."—Selected.

"That haughty young man must be one of our millionaires," said the inquisitive stranger.

"No," answered Miss Cayenne. "He has all the airs, but none of the millions."

—Washington Star.

Young Hopeful's ten-year-old brother was sick, and as his mother was taking something nice into the sick room, he remarked, "Mother, can I have the measles when Jimmie's done with them?"

—Newport Recruit.



"Yes, I've hunted all over the world, India, Africa, everywhere."

"Really; and what had you lost?"

Two Ethiopian AC mechanics had evacuated their planes, and, while waiting to see if their parachutes would open whiled away the time with the following colloquy:

"Ah suah hated to leab de groun' in de fust place."

"An Ah hates gwine back to it now."

—A. & N. Journal.

Heroine (frantically): "Is there no succor?"

Voice from the uncomfortable seats: "Sure, I paid two bucks to see this show."—Hurty-Peck.

Gob: "May I have this dance?"

Girl: "I don't dance with sailors."

Gob: "Well, I didn't want the dance anyway, I just wanted to know if you could speak English."—Idaho Yarn.

# GOING STRONG

A draft of Missouri mules had just arrived at the corral and one new buck private made the common but sad mistake of approaching too near the business end of one of them. His comrades caught him on the rebound, placed him on a stretcher and started him for the hospital.

On the way the invalid regained consciousness, gazed at the blue sky overhead, experienced the swaying motion as he was being carried along, and shakily lowered his hands over the sides, only to feel space.

"My gosh!" he groaned. "I ain't even hit the ground yet!"—Exchange.

It was after the race and the owner was giving the jockey a dressing down.

"A fine jockey you are," he said. Didn't I tell you distinctly to come away with a rush at the corner? Why didn't you do so?"

"Well," retorted the rider tartly, "you see it didn't seem quite fair to leave the horse behind."—London Opinion.

A traveler was walking along a toilsome road when he came across an old man. Addressing him, he asked how long it would take him to get to the next village. But the man went on with his work, neither speaking nor looking up. The traveler went on his way.

He had not gone far when he heard a call: "Hey, mister! Come back!"

The traveler returned and the old man said: "It'll take you twenty minutes."

"Why didn't you tell me that when I asked you?" said the traveler.

"How did I know how fast you was going to walk?" retorted the old man.

—Tit-Bits.



He: "I'm grasping for the right word to use."

She: "Well, you won't find it around my waist."—S. W. Vet.

Simon & Schuster are publishing their \$1 novels in three different colors—blue, to signify books more or less serious; red, to show those of a lighter nature, and green, for detective and mystery stories.

Which will make things a lot simpler for customers who can't read.

—Los Angeles Examiner.



# The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

## FROM THE SHORES OF FIFTY-SECOND STREET

By William McK. Fleming,  
304th Company, F. M. C. R.

The annual state muster of the Naval Battalion took place on March 16th. The 304th Company was commended for its general appearance and efficiency by the inspecting board.

The month of February was short but the boys indulged in a wide scope of activities which included bayonet work, wall-scaling, skirmishes, pack-rolling, jujutsu, and to quote Mr. McKinless, "whatnot." Thursday evenings were utilized for range work and many an obscure recruit proved himself to be a good shot. We don't know, as yet, when nor where this camp will be, but Lieutenant Kessenich is convinced that his outfit is "Ready on the right"—left 'n' center, too.

Among the things we think you might deem interesting are the following: At Vera Cruz, the gobs who were rushed into "tierra" action dipped their white gear into lye and iron rust turning it into khaki. . . . At the start of a communist riot on Oct. 16, 1930, some of the more playful ones pounced upon a lonely cop and proceeded to bite his finger off—and almost did. The octagon-capped blue-coat was saved by Sgt. Jack Wheel, U. S. M. C., who rushed to the scene and took the situation well in hands—closed ones—until more policemen arrived. (Oh, yeah? Then procure the Daily Eagle for the same date.) . . . During the huge tussle, many of the Teutonic inhabitants thought the Americans were still fighting Indians in the States (alright—ask the man who was with the occupation crowd). . . . Musics on board ship salute south-pawed. . . . Privates first class should never call themselves first class privates. . . . Bob Terry wants to know why they call it "Parade REST?" Says he'd rather stay at attention. . . . Panaman (former 10th Regt.'er) thinks the most unnecessary call of all is "chow bumps." He argues that everyone KNOWS when it's time to eat. . . . "Wholesale" Masserwitch claims he knows a civilian who imagines a "Skeleton Squad" is a death-dealing detail. Ugtl! . . . Those impressive cover pictures on your "Leatherneck" are drawn by a reservist of the Boston outfit. . . . One of the many poems during the war was written by a John E. Barrett, who made reference to the "MAGNIFICENT Marines." . . . And speaking of poetry, we'd like to herein thank "Lou" Wylie who took our poem, "A Conversion to the Corps," from "The Leatherneck," put it in her former paper and built two columns on it for 304. . . . You can buy socks called "Marine Corps Hose." . . . The New York recruiting office conducts a radio programme in which many historical Marine facts are revealed that even YOU may not know. . . . The alibi that you "haven't the time nor the

'pesos'" to take a course in any field of endeavor is toppled over by your own Marine Corps Institute which permits you to take your own time—and for nothing! (Levy's waiting for a painter's course.) . . . You can still buy those old wide chevrons. . . . All you Leathernecks may "be on the lookout" for the further adventures of Quirt and Flagg in a new film now in production. . . . At this writing its title is "Women of All Nations." . . . Spirit is a great thing with Al Shaw. He's so much Marine he says "Never give a gal a diamond—buy an agua MARINE." . . . And pending along the same "vein" (so alright then, "pain"), Corporal Hassett used to hike all the way out to Fort Hamilton to play teeny golf because there's a course called the "Marine Golf Course." . . . Costello says he had a recruit for the outfit but discharged him because he was too dumb. It seems the lad had an idea that the Boxer Rebellion was a bunch of angry prize fighters. . . . The Marines received publicity in the very first edition of the new World-Telegram albeit it was a small cartoon.

## 2ND BATTALION, 19TH MARINES

By 1st Lieut. E. F. Venn

Activities of the 2nd Battalion of the 19th Marines during the past fall and winter months have consisted mainly of drill, football, basketball, dances and a smoker.

The football team of the 417th Company, commanded by Captain Otto Lesing, was matched with several local civilian teams during the football season. The team played exceptionally well and considerable publicity was given them in the local newspapers. Regular weekly drills are being held with good attendance. The 417th Company dance was held in Linden on February 11th and was considered a success. The guests of the evening were Lieut. Colonel Rorke and his staff and the Mayor of Linden.

Activity in the 418th Company, commanded by Captain Malcolm K. Beyer, has consisted of basketball, a smoker and drills. The smoker was held in the Elks' Club in Irvington on February 17th. Memories of the Quantic smokers were revived when Philly Griffith stepped into the ring for an exhibition bout. One of the highlights in the evening's entertainment was a wrestling match, in which Private Moscovitz handled himself with commendable dexterity. Lieut. Colonel Rorke and his staff were among the guests of honor. Satisfactory attendance at the regular drills which are now being held by this company is indicative of enthusiasm among the men.

The 419th Company, commanded by Captain Paul A. Sheely, has obtained permission to utilize the 113th Regiment, N. J. N. G., Armory for their weekly drills. This is an ideal arrangement, as rifles and belts are kept at the armory in lockers and the floor space is ample. Special meetings of non-commissioned officers are being held for purposes of in-

struction. Attendance at drills has been exceptionally good and enthusiasm is running high. This company's attempt to establish a company fund took place in the form of a dance held at the Elk's Club in Irvington on December 20th. The music was furnished by the 419th Company Orchestra. Among the honored guests were Lieut. Colonel Rorke and his staff. A considerable amount of publicity was obtained during the several weeks that the 419th Company Orchestra was broadcasting over Station WAAM in Newark.

The Headquarters Company of the 2nd Battalion, commanded by 1st Lieutenant Edward F. Venn, is also drilling in the 113th Regiment N. J. N. G. Armory with the 419th Company. Several social meetings have been held during the winter months. Lieutenant Charles B. Mason, our battalion quartermaster, placed his home at our disposal for these meetings and thus contributed substantially toward making them a success. Pvt. Joseph Fronapfel, who conducts one of the studio orchestras of Station WOR, has given us some good publicity over this station.

The athletic and social activities of the battalion having been successful in various degrees, we are now concentrating on drill and instruction. Officers' meetings are being held every two weeks at battalion headquarters and are for the purpose of bringing under discussion administration problems, field and drill regulations and other items of general information and interest. Vacancies in the various companies are being rapidly filled. Lieut. Colonel Rorke and his staff visit us every two or three weeks for the purpose of examining applicants for enlistment. We are also considering holding a battalion dance to surpass in grandeur any social event we have thus far attempted. The baseball season is now at hand and it is expected that there will be some keen competition for the battalion championship. It is the ambition of the officers to make this the outstanding battalion of the 19th Marines and we all believe that the outlook is promising.

## 20TH MARINES WITNESS JACK HOLT FILM PLAY

Washington, D. C., March 7.—Last night was "20th Marines Night" at RKO-Keith's Theatre, and officers and men, 200 strong, of Washington crack Marine Reserve Regiment, attended the showing of "The Last Parade," with Jack Holt starring.

Major General Ben H. Fuller, Commandant of the U. S. Marine Corps, and Brigadier General J. T. Myers, assistant to the Major General Commandant, accompanied by members of their staffs, were the honor guests of the regiment. On their arrival, the regimental band, under Lieutenant Harper, bandmaster, gave him the general's "Ruffles," followed by "Semper Fidelis," while officers and men, lined up in front of the theatre, stood at attention.



### PORT AU PRINCE BASEBALL By Fred Belton

Running up a string of ten victories against two defeats, the Garde d'Haiti baseball nine captured the Port au Prince service championship for the second consecutive year, in the series just completed. Teams representing the Brigade Field Hospital and Second Regiment were deadlocked for second place by virtue of eight wins and four losses each.

Many upsets occurred during the series and the results of the games in no way gave any indication of the relative strength of the teams. In their first game of the series the Signal Company knocked over Second Regiment in an extra inning game and this proved their only victory.

Hospital twice took the measure of the league-leading Garde crew while the Regiment doubled up on the iodine swabbers and smacked them both times they met. The Garde disposed of the Regiment in their two conflicts.

The rises and falls of the Aviation crew created considerable interest. In three consecutive games they smothered the Hospital, Regiment and Brigade Headquarters teams and placed themselves in a threatening position for the championship but the three battles mentioned proved too much in later games and they proved easy meat for the Hospital and Regiment crew later on.

Five of the seven competing teams stayed in the running until the final portion of the schedule.

Very few runaway games were witnessed and such incidents as the Signal Company throwing the Regiment for a loss and running Brigade Headquarters overtime before succumbing 8-7 made every game worth watching. A number of contests ended with the winning team victors by reason of a lone tally margin keeping the fans on the hop until the last man was definitely out.

The members of the winning team are as follows:

C. L. Lacey, 3b and rf; J. J. Bukowy, p and lf; W. E. Hall, ss; S. W. Freeny (Capt.), p, 1b and cf; O. L. Beall, p and c; F. J. Murphy, cf and 1b; C. E. Stuart, cf and rf; F. Belton, 2b; C. H. Hamilton, c and rf; W. J. Whaling, 3b; J. P. Riseley, rf and lf.

#### The final standing of clubs:

Team.	G	W	L	Pct.
Garde .....	12	10	2	.883
Hospital .....	12	8	4	.667
Regiment .....	12	8	4	.667
Aviation .....	12	7	5	.583
Brigade .....	12	6	6	.500
Motor Transport .....	11	1	10	.091
Signal .....	11	1	10	.091

### FOURTH MARINE SPORT ACTIVITIES

By 1st Lt. C. D. Baylis

#### Basketball

The Regimental Basketball team finished the Foreign Y. M. C. A. Basketball League season in splendid style. Team got off to a poor start, but after Captain Donald Curtis took over the reins as coach, better team-work resulted, and the team broke into the "win" column more frequently.

Sergeant Bishop, captain of the team, stood out as one of the best players in

Captain Samuel W. Freney has reported in at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., to assume duties of moulding into formidable material for the All-Marine Baseball team, the raft of rookies, which for the past two weeks have been undergoing the preliminary stages of what promises to be a heavy spring workout.

The 1931 schedule of games, all of which will be played at Quantico are given below:

#### MARCH

- 28—University of Vermont.
- 30—University of Vermont.
- 31—Drexel Institute.

#### APRIL

- 1—Drexel Institute.
- 3—University of Delaware.
- 4—Dartmouth College
- 6—Boston College.
- 7—University of Pennsylvania.
- 10—Juniata College.
- 11—Juniata College.
- 13—Shepard State Normal School.
- 21—St. Bonaventure's College.
- 22—St. Bonaventure's College.
- 24—Temple.
- 25—Temple.
- 27—Temple.

#### MAY

- 1—Lenoir Rhyde College.
- 2—Lenoir Rhyde College.
- 4—Wake Forest College.
- 15—Georgetown University.
- 16—Georgetown University.

the league, and when he appeared in the line-up for the Marines, the team generally went "great guns." Wetherbee, a veteran Fourth Marine basketball player, also went well towards the close of the season. Monts, a private out of the 21st Company, and Moore, private from the 21st (last year star center fielder in baseball), and Graham of the 28th, all played as regulars and were dependable and full of fight. Same outfit together next year may finish higher in the averages.

Out of a league of 13 teams, the regimental team finished in a tie for third place.

#### The final standings:

##### Foreign Y. M. C. A. League

	W.	L.	Pct.
1. Foreign Y.M.C.A. ....	12	0	1.000
2. St. John's University...	10	3	.769
3. Fourth Marines .....	9	4	.692
4. Chen Ju .....	9	4	.692

Games played during January, 1931:  
January 2nd—Fourth Marines 59, Reds 21.

January 8th—Fourth Marines 43, Y. M. C. A. Pirates 20.

January 10th—Fourth Marines 30, East China 33.

January 14th—Fourth Marines 48, Yes 29.

January 17th—Fourth Marines 58, Shanghai College 32.

##### Navy Y. M. C. A. Basketball League

The Navy Y. M. C. A. operated a basketball league from January 1st to 12th. Teams from the First Battalion, Third Battalion, Headquarters and Service companies, U. S. S. "Barker," U. S. S. "Luzon," took part.

The Third Battalion ran off with the pennant, for the second successive year, playing out the schedule without a loss.

Members of the winning Third Battalion basketball team were: Lieutenant L. C. Goudeau, athletic officer, Third Battalion; Pfc. D. C. Perkins (19th Co.), team captain; Corporals H. E. Rasmussen, D. J. Leonard, Y. J. Duffy, G. H. Simmons, L. F. Cassanova, Privates O. A. Mack, J. J. Scobel, R. M. Woodfin, A. L. Stoneking, and R. L. Duell.

The league was capably handled by Messrs. Hall and Hamlin, Y. M. C. A. secretaries.

#### The final standings:

##### Navy Y. M. C. A. League

	W.	L.	Pct.
1. Third Battalion .....	4	0	1.000
2. First Battalion .....	2	2	.500
3. U. S. S. "Barker" .....	2	2	.500
4. Hq. & Service Co. ....	2	2	.500
5. U. S. S. "Luzon" .....	0	4	.000

#### Results of games played:

January 3rd—Hq. & Service Co. 27, U. S. S. "Luzon" 12.

January 5th—First Battalion 26, U. S. S. "Barker" 19.

January 7th—Third Battalion 44, U. S. S. "Luzon" 34.

January 8th—First Battalion 40, U. S. S. "Luzon" 29.

January 8th—Third Battalion 40, First Battalion 30.

January 9th—Third Battalion 34, Hq. & Service Co. 25.

January 10th—Hq. & Service Co. 31, U. S. S. "Barker" 33.

January 12th—First Battalion 34, Hq. & Service Co. 36.

##### Women's Basketball

Some of the officers' wives of the Fourth Marines organized a women's

basketball team, for competition in the Foreign Y. M. C. A. Women's Basketball League. Some of the players: Mrs. Norman True, Mrs. A. T. Mason (manager), Mrs. L. B. Cresswell (team captain), Mrs. Leo Sullivan and Mrs. S. S. Ballentine. These ladies are wives of officers of the Fourth Marines. Mrs. Irwin, wife of Lieutenant Irwin, U. S. S. "Pittsburgh," also plays on the team, as does Miss Armstrong and Miss Caldwell of the Shanghai American School.

The ladies have a splendid team, and have won all games played to date in a very decided fashion.

Results of games played to date:

Foreign Y. M. C. A. League (Women's)

January 10th—Fourth Marines Ladies' 54, Foreign Y. M. C. A. 26.

January 24th—Fourth Marines Ladies' 46, Tung Kwan (Chinese) 14.

#### Rugby Football

Results of games played during January, 1931:

January 17th—Fourth Marines "B" Team 3, Shanghai "B" Team 7.

January 17th—Fourth Marines "A" Team 6, Shanghai Interport 8.

January 26th—Fourth Marines 36, H. M. S. "Suffolk" 0.

#### January 17th

Both the "A" and "B" Teams played the Shanghai Rugby Football Club in a "double-header" at the Stadium, losing both games. Both teams showed worlds of improvement over their former games, with the new players getting a better idea of the game, and both teams showing an improvement in team work.

The game with the Shanghai Interport team was lost through inability to kick goals after tries. In the first half the Marines scored twice, only to fail on the kick for goal.

In the second half, Shanghai scored once on a try; converted the goal after try, and then on a penalty kick, Taylor, Sterling full-back for Shanghai, booted the ball squarely through the uprights to put Shanghai 2 points ahead. Final score, Shanghai 8, Marines 6. The "A" team lined up as follows: Forwards: Corporals Israel, Mason, H. A. Smith, Privates Richards, Daun, Byrne, Traylor and Cooper (Red). Corporal Barney Cogsdell, captain of the team, ran the team from scrum half; Corporals Lawless and Rasmussen, Trumpeter Daugherty, Privates Hahn, Swank and Townsley played in the backfield. Israel and Daun were the outstanding players for the Marines.

The "B" team lost to Shanghai mostly through inexperienced backfield play. None of the Marine team were veterans. They put up a clean, scrappy game, and only for a wonderful drop kick by Billy Tingle, Shanghai's versatile scrum half, they might have won. Sergeant "Ace" Hudson, Privates Grady and Peterson, were the outstanding performers for the Marines. The line-up: Backs: "Red" Lee, scrum half; Corporal Slusser (team captain), Sergeant Chapin, Privates Rose, Weaver, Bernisky, Eichinger. Forwards: Sgts. Kline, Hudson, Corporals Sammons, Coffinbarger, Privates Alex, Routledge, Peterson, Grady.

#### January 24th

The Regimental Rugby Football team won from H. M. S. "Suffolk" (British), by the score of 36 to 0. Game was played on the Race Course.

H. M. S. "Suffolk" played with seven officers in their line-up.

Marines showed top-notch form, and excelled in every department of the game, their passing being of the highest order, the tackling strenuous and effective.

Tries were scored as follows: Rasmussen (5), Israel (3), Traylor, Peterson, Taschler, in the forward wall. Corporal Barney Cogsdell, team captain, alternating at scrum-half and at wing, Slusser, Israel, Daugherty, Hahn, H. A. Smith, Rasmussen in the backfield.

Peterson and Taschlet at the breakway position stood out as the best pair of breakaways seen this year in Shanghai.

#### Boxing

The regimental boxing squad has been improving ever since First Sergeant "Jimmy" Jordan took over the reins as coach and manager. Bouts held at the Auditorium on January 17th, showed five members of the Fourth Marines on the card.

"Herb" Perstein, Fourth Marines, lost to Kid Yacko, local Russian, in a ten-round bout, on a decision.

"Red" Walsh, Fourth Marines, scored a knockout on "Bill" Bullen, H. M. S. "Suffolk" (British).

Lockabey, heavyweight, Fourth Marines, lost to Kid Andre, Russian battler of note, on a knockout in the 9th round. Previous to the fatal ninth, Lockabey had been leading.

Jackson, Fourth Marines, lost to Yoshioka, Japanese fighter, on a disqualification. Question raised was on the use of the "rabbit" punch. Jackson was holding his own throughout the fight.

Dunbar, Fourth Marines, earned a draw with Young Nikko, veteran Russian battler, in a six round preliminary.

#### Navy Y. M. C. A. Volley Ball League

All the companies of the First and Third Battalion, and the Headquarters Company and the Service Company, entered teams in this league. A team from the Italian Cruiser "Libia" also entered, and although the game is new to them, they put up a pretty good brand of ball. The Navy Y also entered a team.

The 28th Company seems to have the strangle hold on first place, closely pursued by the 27th Company.

The standings, January 31st:

Team	W.	L.	Pct.	Pts.	Op.
28th Company . . .	9	0	1.000	135	40
27th Company . . .	7	2	.778	120	74
"Libia" (Italian) . .	6	3	.667	120	95
21st Company . . .	6	3	.667	110	68
25th Company . . .	6	3	.667	101	92
Navy Y. M. C. A. . .	5	4	.556	105	91
26th Company . . .	4	5	.444	94	106
Service Company . .	3	6	.333	106	117
22nd Company . . .	3	6	.333	78	113
Hd. Company . . .	2	7	.222	90	132
19th Company . . .	2	7	.222	76	120
24th Company . . .	1	8	.111	44	132

Games played to date:

January 22nd—19th Company 12, 21st Company 45.

January 22nd—24th Company 23, 22nd Company 42.

January 22nd—27th Company 45, Service Co. 32.

January 22nd—Navy Y.M.C.A. 39, 26th Company 26.

January 22nd—25th Company 11, 28th Company 45.

January 22nd—Hq. Company 33, "Libia" 43.

January 29th—28th Company 45, Navy Y. M. C. A. 21.

January 29th—25th Company 45, 26th Company 23.

January 29th—21st Company 45, 24th Company 11.

January 29th—Service Co. 44, Hq. Company 31.

January 29th—"Libia" 36, 27th Company 30.

#### Foreign Y. M. C. A. Volley Ball League

The Fourth Marines are leading the league, with a record of three straight wins and no defeats, taking all three games in every set.

On January 10, opening the league, the Marines defeated the strong Fuh Tan University (Chinese), in three straight games. This team won the championship last year, and for the past three years had not been defeated at this game.

Some of the players on the Fourth Marines: Lieutenant J. A. Juhan, officer in charge of volley ball; Gunnery Sergeant T. J. Jones, manager. Players: Sergeants H. C. Bishop and J. A. Adriaensen, Pfc. F. C. Bottemer, and Privates J. A. Graham and F. M. Hopkins, of the 28th Company; Private F. Burton of the Service Company; L. A. Johnson of the 26th Company.

Games played to date:

January 10th—4th Marines, 15-15-15; Fuh Tan University, 3-11-9.

January 17th—4th Marines, 15-15-15; Community Church, 4-5-13.

January 24th—4th Marines, 15-15-15; Hsia Kwang, 10-6-11.

#### A CHAMPIONSHIP TENPIN BOWLER AT HAMPTON ROADS

Lubo Mardovich, Private First Class, U.S.M.C., attached to the Depot of Supplies, Marine Barracks, Hampton Roads, Virginia, has set a record for tenpin tournament bowling that any service man or civilian might well be proud of.

The most recent conquest made by Mardovich was the winning of the 25-game elimination tournament on the Norfolk Bowling Alleys, Norfolk, Virginia. All bowlers in the Tidewater Virginia district were eligible to qualify for the tournament, and the 32 men rolling the highest three-game total qualified for the roll-off eliminations of five sets of five games each. As each set of five games was bowled, the losers were automatically eliminated. Mardovich amassed the grand total of 4,732 pins for the 25 games, netting him the fine average of 189.3 pins and the championship of the first 25 games elimination tournament ever held in or about Norfolk. His five sets of five games each ranged from 916 to 980 pins.

Mardovich also won the All-Events prize in the Hampton Roads Tournament during the season of 1928-29, and won the singles championship for the season 1929-30.

Mardovich is a regular on the Naval Base team in the Navy Y. M. C. A. League, which team is tied with the Naval Air Station for first place, and is a member of the same team in the Tri-City League at the Norfolk Bowling Alleys. The Marine Corps has reason to feel proud of such a representative bowler who has brought favorable publicity through his prowess as a tenpin toppler.



ALL-MARINE HOCKEY TEAM,  
PEIPING, CHINA

The All-Marine hockey team from Peiping visited Tientsin and played the Tientsin team on Saturday evening and Sunday morning, January 23 and 24.

On Saturday evening the Marines played with two new men, Walker and Regolinski, the former a Canadian whose speed and passing were outstanding.

Knauf and Whyngaught, two of last year's stars, did remarkable work, and, with McKinnon and Graham, the Marines had a team that was difficult to beat.

The Marines won Saturday evening and lost to the Tientsin aggregation on Sunday morning.

"MARINES" IS NAME CHOSEN FOR  
"31 MOBILE BALL CLUB

"Marines"—significant of a fighting, never-say-die aggregation, was selected recently out of more than 1,050 suggestive titles as the new name for the 1931 baseball club to represent Mobile, Ala., in the Southern Association.

"The Marines fully signify just the type of battling team we'll put in the field this season," Mr. Douglas, one of the judges, said when he announced the winning title.

The winner of the prize, Joe Norton, Jr., 21 South Catherine Street, Mobile, in the letter which accompanied his suggestion declared:

"I wish to suggest the name of 'Marines' for the Mobile Baseball Club. The Marines are recognized as the greatest fighters in the world, and have the reputation of never giving up. If the baseball team will have the same spirit, I am sure that they will be very close to the top at the end of the season."

## SHORTS ON SPORTS

Fort Wayne, Ind., March 5, 1931.—Fred L. Kimball, ex-Marine, of Phoenix, Arizona, battled Speedy Schaefer, of Ft. Wayne, to a draw in the semi-final bout of a mat card staged by Promoter Henry Stoeff at the local National Guard Armory last night. Schaefer, who has been in the wrestling game for fifteen years and knows all the dirt that may be done an opponent, roughed it all the way through the thirty minutes of the bout. Kimball displayed an extraordinary sense of good sportsmanship in his clean and fair tactics in the face of his adversary's repeated infractions of the rules of fair play. Only his marvelous physique sustained him during the cruel punishment administered by Schaefer. Had the Marine used the same tactics which his opponent found necessary, the match would have gone to a fall for him instead of a draw. Schaefer was booed and hissed to his dressing room, while the Marine drew a big hand from the fans.

Kimball was overmatched for this bout. He has only about a year and a half of professional wrestling behind him while Schaefer has been in the game since 1916, and has met some of the best. Schaefer, a short time ago, met Gus Kallio, the recognized champion of the middleweight division, and battled him two hours to a draw.

While serving at San Diego, Kimball was athletic trainer under Coach Johnny Bluet; he was a member of Bluet's swimming team, which defeated the

Navy for the service championship. He won the Silver Gate swim at San Diego in June, 1929, defeating Utzman, the recognized champion of the services, and about eighty others. He was a trainer with the Tenth Regiment at Tientsin under Coach Thompson.

Promoter Stoeff hopes to place Kimball in a more evenly matched bout on his next card, March 9th.

## SQUIRREL FOOD

By Fred Belton

Song of the gold brick: "All that I ask is tonsillitis."

Short, Short Story.

1st paragraph: It was pay day and all the boys had money.

2nd paragraph: It was the day after pay day and all but the boys had money.

You can lengthen the above short story into a book-length novel by continuing it for ninety-six paragraphs, or one cruise.

Since John Bukowy has been roaming the hills of Kenscoff, up in the higher altitudes, the humane society for the protection of mountain sides and upper climates has reported a slight dropping in height of Haiti's home for the heat struck.

It was remarked at a ball game the other day that the Garde ball team looked like a bunch of old men who ought to spend their afternoons sitting home reading the papers. While we know who said it, let it be well said that six other ball teams are now wishing they had.

It's easy enough to look pleasant,

When life is a beautiful dream,

But the guy worth while,

Is the guy that can smile.

When he steps in the kitten's cream.

Admitting that an elevator boy has his ups and downs, a bell hop has quite a calling.

Charles Edward Stuart, who roamed around the right field pasture for the Garde baseball team in the last series, bemoans the fact that he cannot interest himself in baseball because of his love for the track and its intricacies and competition. After watching "Stu" break up three successive ball games with healthy blows, we are forced to admit that it will be a tough day for some team should he ever decide to take an interest in the game.

"We" Hall gathered himself half a dozen four-bag clouts during the season, two in one game. "We" also got one of them batting right handed and five of them batting left. How a little man can hit so hard from either side is too deep for us.

Since they are doing away with the rabbit ball he'll have to bat left handed all the time.

## WANTS WORD

Mrs. P. T. Cavan, Nikep P. O., Pekin, Md., would like to know of the whereabouts of Joseph Borderick; also, Pfc. David T. Kelly, last heard from in Shanghai, China.

The price of baseballs ought to go down. Since they figure on cutting twenty per cent of the home runs they ought to cut about the same amount on lost balls.

The only people who went unmasked during the last Mardi-gras were those that didn't need them. Well, what if we did?

If all the mangoes in the world were laid side by side—there wouldn't be enough to go round—Haiti.

If all the communists in the States were deported what would the cops do for target practice?

We see where the Russians are running short of labor on their five year plan. They have too many propagandists in other countries and not enough workers in their own.

The bird that had the time with "Minnie the Mermaid" ought to go down in the snake department of the Zoo. He'd write an opera.

## Today's Horrorscope

Those born today will hereafter consider today as their birthday. They will not be bald, as long as they have hair on their heads. They will be good stenographers if they know shorthand and can punish a typewriter. They will write short, short stories, if they write anything but long ones. They will be civilians if they don't enter the service. They will be born under some star if the sky isn't cloudy. They will enter the world under the sign of the sun or moon, depending on what time of day or night it happened to be.

Parting shot: May all your children be born on February 29th.

John J. Rogers, who has to have the orderly call the Fire Department to stand by with the chemicals when he starts to work, is still pounding out the correspondence up at Garde Headquarters.

Newcombe Smith, who has done everything but fly the Graf Zeppelin and still has hopes of doing that, checks the shotguns in and out. Newc was down with dinghy a few days ago and still maintains that it would take a dinghy thing like that to get him down.

The meanest trick I've heard of is the girl at home that said she'd wait for you—and you go home in later years to find she was only fooling. That's what makes more hash marks on the sleeves, they tell me, oh you brutes.

A young miss told me it was worlds of fun riding on a toboggan slide—it may be for some people, but hiking up hill, pulling one of those gasted things for a few minutes' ride, isn't fun to me—it's just plain work.

I was asked what was the difference between a boatswain's mate and a police sergeant aboard ship. Well, all I can say is that they are both a nuisance, always coming around in the morning and disturbing a fellow's sleep, looking for Paul Hammocks.

## THE BROADCAST

(Continued from page 24)

But the special stress of the Chaplains' energies is placed on religious work. Due to the building program, the Chapel has been torn down, so that all services are held in temporary places. Seven services are held every Sunday, and various incidental religious services and activities during the week. The religious activities fit themselves into the situation as it is at the Post. Church takes its place in the Gym with basketball, dances, talking pictures, smokers, and the Post Exchange. Masses are said in the Gymnasium and the Recreation Hall, Aviation; the Catechism Class is held in the Hostess House; Protestant services are held in the Gymnasium; the Protestant Sunday School meets in the Marine Memorial Methodist Church, Quantico; services are held in the Post Prison, and general services are held before the talkies Sunday evenings, the two Chaplains alternating in charge of these services. As often as practicable outside speakers are brought in for these services. A large group is active every Sunday in the religious instruction of the Catholic and Protestant children. A training class is held every week for Sunday School teachers, and three classes every week in religious instruction for the Protestant children. Many Protestant men unite in the Epworth League services of the local Methodist Church.

Chaplain Gorski recently had Rev. Fr. Brosnan, State Director, Holy Name Society, as his guest speaker. While here Fr. Brosnan organized a local branch of the National Holy Name Society. This local organization has the distinction of being the only one in the Marine Corps.

## RED CROSS ACTIVITIES AT QUANTICO

The office of the American Red Cross is in the Hostess House where the Field Director and assistant are on duty daily, except Sunday. The location is central and accessible.

Much of the work handled by the office relates to family problems of the enlisted men. Emergency situations frequently arise due to sickness or death among the near relatives of the men. These conditions are promptly verified through the chapter offices of the Red Cross in the communities where the distress occurs, and often it becomes necessary to extend a loan to a man to enable him to return home. Frequent inquiries from relatives of men in the service come to the Red Cross from parents and relatives. To take care of this service in 1930 required an exchange of more than two thousand letters and two hundred telegrams.

Frequent visits are made by the Field Director to the Post Hospital, and, for the comfort of the patients, cigarettes, matches, stationery, magazines and toilet articles are distributed. At Christmas every patient in the Hospital is provided with a Christmas package.

The Field Director visits, also, the Naval Proving Ground, Dahlgren, Virginia, and Camp Rapidan, Virginia, for service to the men at these posts.

## "THE CASTLE BY THE SEA"

By T. D.

Of course you all know that the place referred to in the title is the Naval Prison, Portsmouth, N. H.

We have a detachment of about one hundred thirty-five men. Some of them are rebels and far from being veterans of this land of ice and snow. We envy you guys down there in Managua.

Lieutenant Colonel J. A. Rossell is our commanding officer. During our leisure hours we can "shoot" a game of pool, read any of a large number of books, magazines, newspapers, etc., in our own library, or even the fine assortment of books at the prison library. We also have movies three times a week.

It seems necessary to paint the show cases in the Post Exchange to keep the crowds away, and then sell those that don't believe in signs a bottle of paint remover.

We also have one of the best gymnasiums in the state, if not the best, which, of course, would not be complete without a basketball court and a team to use it. We give Lieutenant Doyle, our athletic officer, credit for the fine basketball team we have. It has not only taken honors as the victors over high schools and nearby detachments, but some of the best teams in the state.

There is likewise a loud speaker in each of the four barracks. The radio, a most modern one, located in the prison, transmits its melodies throughout the reservation.

A few of the outstanding figures in the detachment are Private "Muscles" Delaney, the model Hercules (he is also Rudy Valle's rival); Private W. J. Martin, who tried to buy the canteen out of soap; Richard E. Felker, the disgusted millionaire; Private Brigman, who is still looking for the dead line to hang his clothes on; Private Harry Coffman, who says he can tell how old a horse is by the hairs on its tongue (I'll probably get E.P.D. for that one), and Corporals Ben Burkin and Bill Coyne, our two dancing Gyrenes.

## SERVICE COMPANY, PARIS ISLAND

By Cpl. H. G. Cluen

Hello, everybody! This is about our first appearance in "The Leatherneck" since the war stopped. But from now on we hope to amuse you with a variety of junk, since our company runs almost every junk shop on the island, with the exception of the C. and B. School. First, let me tell you about our Company Commander, Captain John H. Parker. He practically runs this post, but they have been looking for a lot of other extra jobs for him to take care of with the rest of his worries. At the present time he only has this Company to take care of, and also be the Officer in charge of Maintenance and Officer in charge of the Purchase and Finance. Anyway, he

is very capable of doing it all, and we hope to have him with us for a long time to come.

Now, coming down the roster a little farther, we get to First Sergeant Maurice C. Vallandingham, who surprised us over the Christmas holidays by going on furlough and coming back with a young lady, now known as Mrs. Vallandingham. Congratulations, Top, and may all your troubles be little ones (not on the morning report, either).

The office work is taken care of by Corporal Cluen, recently of New York, and Private First Class Robinson, who used to be the post upholsterer until he got to making things that were not needed in the Marine Corps.

Now for a brief description of the neatest commissary in the Corps. Quartermaster Clerk Brosseau is the Officer in charge and is assisted by Corporal William F. Long, who watches the shelves in the commissary so that none of the cans accidentally walk off to the barracks. Private First Class Osizly is in charge of the Butcher Shop, or, in other words, he takes care of all the meats to see that none of it shrinks so that he can get his 110 per cent out of it somehow. He also has two other Geechiees in there with him, one by the name of Turner and the other is Pvt. Larry Davis. They usually give you pretty good service when you don't want it; otherwise they are O. K.

Our barracks is taken care of by Sergeant Honyust, our police sergeant, who usually walks in his sleep looking for bullets for about two weeks after payday, and in addition to his other worries he has Pfc. Gardner for his assistant.

There aren't very many changes on the old "Island" other than some recruits coming on the drill field lately. The weather is very accommodating for them—and no more apples to sell.

## MARINE BARRACKS, NAVAL OPERATING BASE, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Many moons have passed since you have heard from our Marine Detachment in New Orleans, Louisiana.

First of all, the Marine Barracks is commanded by our loyal Captain Orrel A. Inman. First Lieutenant John W. Lakso is our trustworthy post exchange officer, and Second Lieutenant Saville T. Clark our athletic officer.

A word for our station basketball team. We have been enjoying a most successful season, due to the staunch support of our Captain, and last, but not least, our athletic officer, Lieutenant Clark. Much credit for the team's success goes to Lieutenant Clark, who has been untiring in his efforts to put over a winning team.

We have as our coach Sergeant Louis "Ruby" Rubenstein. "Ruby," through his zealous efforts, has been able to put a speedy five on the floor.

We have been fortunate enough to secure the services of "Our Navy," represented by Radioman 1cl Glenn Humes, running guard, and Radioman 2cl Fred Novak, captain and center. The work of these two middies has helped put the team in the win column. The forward positions are held down by Corporal August Zutter, Privates First

IS YOUR POST REPRESENTED  
IN THIS MONTH'S  
BROADCAST SECTION?

Send in that News

Class Johnnie Brown, William Caine, and Private Herman Schubert. These men have developed an accurate eye for the basket and have accounted for much of the team's success. Corporal Alwyn Smith, running guard, deserves much credit for his defensive playing. Our standing guard is none other than Private Alvin White, our company clerk. White deserves considerable mention for his ability to cope with the offensive of the opposing teams. Our season has been very successful so far, and we contemplate winning the Behrman Memorial League Championship this year. With the advent of baseball, Sergeant Bambalere is quite worried wondering whether he will be able to put over another winning team this year.

#### MARINE DETACHMENT, NAVAL TORPEDO STATION, NEWPORT

By J. S.

Just a word to let the Marine Corps know this post is still in existence. Here we are located in one of the best little towns on the East Coast, provided you like fish. You can have your millionaires here, but for Corporals Buhr, Boyd and Dodican it's the opposite. North Pole, boys?

We are sorry to admit our basketball team had a very poor season in the service men's league, and the writer thinks it best not to print our "winning" scores. Those in the squad this year who deserve honorable mention (China please copy) were Private Bell, the Marine that baffled these clam diggers here last year, and Roy, Chew and Emmons. Then we have Sergeant Charter, a very hard defensive player, and Hunt, Ford, Reith and several more who will show more promise next year. The only excuse the team has to offer is that they haven't been acquainted long enough, some just coming to this post as the league season opened.

The cheering section, composed of First Sergeant Murphy, Buhr, Schornak, Body, Dodican and practically everyone else who could be spared from watch, was right there when it came to howling, cheering—and fighting—although we managed to hold our good record of clean sportsmanship as in former years.

Major John L. Doxey, our C. O., is at present on leave, leaving the command in charge of Captain Betts, an officer who knows Marines and their ways. We all hope Major Doxey has a happy vacation.

First Lieutenant Dudley W. Davis, company athletic officer, and the latest arrival at this post, says he will put out a winning basketball team this year. The gang is with you, Mr. Davis.

Private Trapp just shipped over for Newport. Private Franklin T. Parker, who used to be one of us, is now painting in Boston for a living. He didn't say what he painted, the girls or the town. Private Perschau said he would give you the dope on yourself some day, P. T.

Sergeant Alex R. Roslon, the P. S. here, wants to say a mouthful (again, China, please copy).

"Corporal S. A. Smith from the 19th Company, Shanghai. If you are still alive and know me, tell the boys I send my personal wishes, and you I would like to hear from."

Sergeant Dickson, with only a few more days to do, doesn't know what bread line to fall into. His home is in the

South, and the South doesn't have any bread lines; the South has chain gangs. Why don't you come out and tell the boys the truth about shipping over? We have an idea there will be a revolution in Fall River, Mass., Dick. Good chance for mess sergeant. Remember what President Moncada gave you in Nicaragua for dishing out flapjacks.

On our Gould Island outpost we have Sergeant George A. Wilson, in charge, Paradis, Ross, Tear, Rogers, C. Rodgers, O. Tribbett, and Fulk, to hold down the hangar there. If you want to save money, try Gould Island.

A new sergeant has arrived from Boston. The name is Uszko, Joseph—naturally a pollock. We call him Socko for short. A darn good sergeant, only he chews too much Beech-Nut. Before he came the spit kits had a chance; now it's tarnish after tarnish.

Getting down to baseball, April will find this gang on the diamond getting into shape for the season. We expect to import a good catcher from Boston and a pitcher from another post. The first sergeant comes out for baseball, too, so you Gyrenes had better make liberty while you can.

Private J. T. Hanson, our weather forecaster from Haverstraw, N. Y., will give his twenty-eighty to the poor of Newport. Generous? Why this Marine can't be beat. When the Marines went to Nicaragua, Jack stayed in the States to teach the Boy Scouts how to drill in Portsmouth, N. H. He is for future wars. Listen, Jack. Put in for Nicaragua now; they expect to withdraw the Marines in June. At least you can say that you put in for it.

In closing, the gang as well as the writer wish Corporal Coleman and Pfc. Fleishman a speedy recovery at the hospital. If any of those sissy boys up there with the needles trouble you fellows, just give us a call. Oh, how we love pharmacists mates!

#### RAMBLING AROUND THE CAMPO

By Bristy

After going through Webster's book and finding the word "tropical," it is found that this word can be used to a greater advantage than some other words that we know about. Here, when one of the boys is a trifle tropical, a hat, and keeping him out of the sun, will do the trick—but there's some doubt about Hicks, an ex-seagoer, who has sailed the mighty main and played horsey with the poipoises while cruising about the oceans.

#### A Word About Tennis

The Aviation tennis team, which has claimed the title of "tennis champions" of Nicaragua, seems to have been "rained on," for the Campo de Marte team, composed of Chaplain Mansfield, first place, entered the game and was defeated by Lieutenant Young of Aviation. Pederson played second place for the camp and defeated Conradi of aviation; Dowdy, playing third place for the camp, suffered a loss when he went in against Wooley of aviation; Wood, Gainey and Powell won their matches respectively for the camp. The final score was four out of six games in favor of the camp. It seems as if a kind of feud in tennis starts something new in the sport world, or possibly it couldn't be called that, but a great many games have been credited to each of these

players: Chaplain Mansfield and Lieutenant Young. They have had series of games, and, too, they always have many spectators; other tennis players who are further down on the list gather and collect some pointers on "how the game can be played." Now when we get down in the list where Rosenoff and Hughes are, we know that when these two go out there, friendships are ended on the court. They play good games, these boys. Now from somebody, don't know exactly who, there drifts the following:

#### One Dozen Rules for Tennis

1. When a play is unreturnable, always call it out—this shows that you are a seasoned player.

2. When it is your opponent's serve, don't help him by returning all the tennis balls, it gives you a longer rest period.

3. Always try to tire your opponent by knocking the balls all over the court in the early part of the game, you may be helped by such later on.

4. If you make a bad play on your partner's serve—don't worry, he loses the game.

5. When serving doubles, always aim your first serve at your partner's neck, it'll keep him from day-dreaming.

6. When you miss a shot, always explain how it should have been played—this shows you know the game.

7. Often knock the tennis balls over the backstop and this will keep you in the "hard-serve" practice.

8. When it is your opponent's serve, always knock all the balls fast as possible to him—this makes him show some pep.

9. During the fifth game of each set always spit on the court (if it's concrete), as your opponent may slip during his session on that side of the net and you may gain a point.

10. Always lose count of the games and get the score mixed—you'll always keep the others interested in each game.

11. If the games are five to two, never give it up—you can tire your opponent by playing the extra session.

12. Never buy a tennis racket—always borrow one, it shows if there's any good fellowship around you.

#### Fifth Regiment Band

Talking about interviews, no cub reporter ever had a harder time than getting First Sergeant J. T. McGarvey out of a heart game or an acey ducey game, or from the stacks and stacks of pictures taken all over the world, because he's reputed to be the champion player acey ducey. It's pretty hard to get him started about his band, too. Nope, you're all wrong, he hasn't the long flowing hair and manicured nails, but is rather in the "silvery hair" class, and no doubt, this spells many, many concerts. "In my twenty-nine years and odd months," he says, "I have had many experiences in the Corps. Now when the boys landed with me in China . . ." but we got him back to the band subject, because I'm sure you've heard that one. But he continues about the band which he now has in the Fifth Regiment here. Now there's Pfc. Olf, who is assistant band leader and who makes the trombone moan in the orchestra; Privates Dowdy, Wood and Conception are the solo cornetists and they are slated to leave our picturesque Nicaragua before many more moons. Privates Bowles, Olson and Compton are the cornet boys who play



and rest, and rest. Then there's Sapsin (yep, 'tis a sin that he is) and Rudy Stehlik, Mayton, Weber, Nelson and Huff who have a place all to themselves and they squeak peacefully along without interruption. Kent has a place all of his own with one of those instruments that break up a happy home and drive the neighbors batty—you're right, it's a saxophone. That Irishman McVey holds his own as solo alto, while Harpham, Lopper and Bennett try to blast him off his chair with their ever trusting trombones. Now "Red" Dorey and "Marg" Hutchinson should belong to the boop-a-doop club for they do plenty boop-a-dooping with the bass horns while Johnson is making more noise with his baritone instrument. Now the most important part of the band will come to the front and take a bow: Bouchard, the well-known "Frenchy," bass drummer; Passink and Callahan, the snare drummers, and Allen, the wash-pan (I mean cymbal) crasher. Then "Mac" wants us to tell some of the other bandmen a few pointers in:

#### How to Become Popular With the Bandmaster

Never keep an instrument clean—someone may accuse you of trying to make "first class."

Just a second before the concert begins always spill your music folio all over the place or kick over your music stand—you are then the center of attraction.

Never pay attention to the bandmaster during the concert, always play as you please—it shows individuality.

Should you come to a difficult part in some number, don't play it and then you are in the "eye" of the bandmaster.

The bass drummer will always get a laugh on parade by tripping and falling through his drum.

If you are playing behind anyone, always blast in his ear—it will prove to him that you can really play louder than he can.

Always let the rest of the fellows know how much better you could lead the band than the present leader.

During concerts be certain to sit with your legs crossed and lean back in your chair and point the bell of your instrument towards the floor—this shows nonchalance.

If you play alto, always play "on the beat" and if you play bass, always play "after the beat" and everyone will take notice of you especially.

Should you be the bass drummer try to burst the drum head with each beat and crash the cymbals loudly—it shows that you are important in the band.

Never practice, the bandmaster may hear you and find out how little you know.

Should you become tired of one certain piece of music, tear up the bandmaster's part, it shows you want a change.

#### Our Orchestra

We are also blessed (?) with an orchestra, composed of members of the Fifth Regiment Band and who have been rendering some very pleasing concerts for the past year or so. This orchestra held many sessions during the stay of Captain Johnson, U. S. N., who was in charge of the electoral mission in Nicaragua not so many months ago. These boys are still going strong and have many dances to their credit. Only a few replacements have been made and it was

learned that the boys have some of the latest song hits on hand. They will soon be practicing them and playing them for the command. Good luck to the boys sez all of us and may their collection of over-ripe fruit be small.

#### AIRCRAFT SQUADRONS, SECOND BRIGADE, MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

By Pvt. William S. Davis

To those of you who are interested (and who are not) I'll try to the best of my ability to tell you of our recent activities.

Due to the sudden increase in bandit activities, all ships have been flying much more than usual, which means more work for all concerned—and who ever accused us of liking work?

The sudden demand was answered with a cheerful will, even into the wee small hours of the night, pulling motors and what-have-you.

Quite a bit of competition exists between ships' crews. The Ford transport, while having her teeth (I mean her motors) pulled and replaced, was the butt of many jokes for not flying. Now, you Fokker men, who's doing all the flying and who is called on in an emergency? All in all, both squadrons—VJ and VO—have been operating to the maximum, having ships on the line at daybreak and going until night.

Where can one find the equal of this post? It can't be found, thinks me. With the help of the athletic fund and the work of the officers and men, this post has been made into a real home, having for amusement tennis, hand ball, basketball, volley ball, baseball, swimming, horseback riding, hunting, etc.

The old guard house is being remodeled as a recreation hall which will house the movies. Matches of various kinds are played under the supervision of the athletic officer, Second Lieutenant P. P. Schrider, a special favorite of all the men.

In the last series of games, VJ and SC walked away with the honors, VJ winning the volley ball and SC winning the indoor baseball series. Both series were sponsored and directed by the athletic officer. They serve to keep that dreadful ennui that is usually prevalent in the tropics away from the men.

Major Mitchell has just returned from his leave in the States. We were very glad to see him back, and hope he had a nice time. He is now in command of Aviation again.

Our acting C.O. during Major Mitchell's absence was Captain W. T. Evans. He held down the job of C.O. fine and was admired by the whole command. He also has been doing his share of flying with his favorite ship, Fokker No. 1.

Just recently a number of promotions were made which is causing the rest of us not so lucky ones to keep on our toes in hopes of that coveted thing, P-R-O-M-O-T-I-O-N.

The old timers will be glad to know that some of their old buddies have been made. Among them are Jimmy Miller, of the Marine troops in China; Alfred Richards, also of China fame; Leonard Shanklin, of Haiti, and Elmer Barr of Nicaragua, and now back for more. He got his two stripes back. Virgil (Smoke) Hanson and Alfred (Heavy) Hollis are also among those present.

We are losing a real fellow, and some post, probably Quantico, is going to be his home after two years here. His name is Cpl. Leroy Gandy. May his friends in the States know he is one of the most popular men here.

Guard duty is being caught more often, due to the fact that an additional post has been established. This post is only temporary and growls and grumbles are being heard; but, as General Butler once said, "What's a Marine Corps without them?" They're usually thirty-year men, anyway.

Gosh! Is what I am hearing true? That the big people in Washington are discussing our withdrawal from Nicaragua? But you hear so much that you can't believe anything.

Last but not least in this chronicle will be the announcement of a very successful party staged at the Casa Dinamarca for the winning teams of the last series of basketball and volley ball, and presided over by our friend, Lieutenant Schrider. And how could it help but be good?

#### PERSONALITIES

By Bristy

Managua, Nic.—With a new "skipper," First Lieutenant J. C. Donehoo, Jr., and his assistant, QM-SGT. Harry B. Baldwin, in the Sales Commissary, everything has been on an even keel. In our Subsistence corner QM-Sgt. Baldwin and Pfc. Clyde A. Bristow are the main events in handling the hard bread and frioles for this part of Nicaragua. Now in handing out the spinach and other sales articles, "Red" Johnson and his colleagues come to the fore. "Blackie" Vlach is the jefe at the aviation store-room and has the upper hand in issuing stores to everybody.

When our copy of "Collier's" came in today on the boat our ambitious and most esteemed shipmate, Henry Hughes, startles the gang by wanting to vote for something special the very next time that there's an election of any sort. After the book had changed hands several times, some one reads: "What's the rush? Fatigue is a disease! It poisons our systems more slowly, but just as surely as any of our best known germs, making us old men and women at fifty. But don't be alarmed for there's a sure cure—just take it easy!" From this date the said lad has been taking heed to the above advice. His pal and side kick, "Dizzy" Dangman, who handles everything, even to directing when and how soon after taps to turn out the lights, says that one of these days he's going to try the same medicine.

Our Archduke, R. P. Donahay, of the Xolotan Club, has been called to the States on an errand of utmost importance. He took off from Corinto the 24th of January, with fair weather and a boat. We, the members of the so-said club, wish him bon voyage. The new Archduke was elected after a conference over much Xolotan and is truly the leader of the flight, now that the late archduke has been relieved. It is expected that the new commander will have many promotions to make in the club at an early date. Here's hoping that we get a line on what the Archduke is doing in the States.

First Sergeant Palwick, Corporal Davidson, Privates First Class Bristow,

Solarz, Johnson, and several other boys had a round trip to Matagalpa during the first part of this month. Everything is well there, they report. . . . Then there's Loposser (don't run, it's really a name), who always admits that there's no meat like cabbage and who has just joined the Fifth Regiment Band, is the only guy that gets by with letting things slide—yep, he's a trombone player!

After many unsuccessful attempts we finally got an interview from the famous and only Mess-sergeant, Harry Cohen, and how he does it. Under his supervision, and with his right-hand man, Mayer, who has the post bake shop, they have been handing out some very good chows, not mentioning the much better bread, rolls and pies, etc. We are wont to let you know of an expression that our baker always has in mind. It goes something like this: "Pies like mother used to bake, two bits; pies like mother tried to bake, one dollar!" In any argument that our mess sergeant is involved, and amid the flailing of arms, we are reminded of 54-40 or that his left hand never knows what his right is doing.

#### HAMPTON ROADS HARPINGS

By Pfc. M. R. Kenney

Casuals may come and casuals may go. And we plank owners here at the Roads will surely be glad when the "Henderson" and the "Kittery" sail this month (March) and subtract approximately 450 enlisted persons from the rolls of our fair post. Not that it will do us any good; advance orders have already been received for transfers via the "Chaumont," sailing May 22nd.

We do other things besides transferring men, though. For instance, we paid off Sgt. Major Arthur Steele. He shipped over without missing a meal; refuses to take a reenlistment furlough for fear he will miss a trip on the "Kittery." Also, the skipper managed to slip through a few promotions. As a result may we offer Private First Class (Field Music) Parks, Private First Class (Electrician) Westover, Corporal Barefoot and, if you please, the author of this line of bunk, our sincere congratulations. We also shipped over Private Friend; he hopes to say adios to the Roads via the "Henderson," en route to sunny California. Sergeant Danmeyer, bandit chief of the local Post Exchange, is counting the days along with the master of pay-rolls, Sergeant Musachia. The mess sergeant, Kid Florczak himself, also grows short; but if he doesn't feed something besides hard-boiled eggs for breakfast his request for reenlistment will be disapproved. Sergeant Curtis writes from the sticks of New Jersey that he will be mighty glad to return to duty upon the expiration of his reenlistment furlough. Corporal Dickson will have to ship over to make payments on that new Marmon. (How do they do it?) Even Sgt. Major Steele has but a Chevrolet!

Lieutenant Lasswell is all smiles—he is no longer a probationary mustang. Smiles are in vogue in these parts. The C.O. hasn't stopped smiling since he changed his address from Tegucigalpa to Hampton Roads; Lieutenant McFarland has been smiling ever since he changed his status from "single" to

married. Several of the "unemployed" boys in the Supply Depot have been smiling since the bonus bill passed—they need the money to keep up their social activities in town, I suppose. In fact, the only boys who aren't wreathed in smiles are the victims of Circular Letter No. 97.

Mickey Finn, Brig Warden, has turned his job over to Gy. Sgt. William Smith, recently returned from the Orient. Finn is returning to Nicaragua to give Acting Sergeant Major Yalowitz a hand. Sign-painter Boswell still paints decks, bulkheads, and pictures, and dreams of that day of days when the Major General Commandant will appoint him a Private First Class. Boswell's assistant, Private Smith, just returned from a furlough to Jo-ja. He wired that he was sick; the Red Cross verified it; he got his extension. He returned looking so healthy that I am of the opinion that even the Red Cross might have made a mistake.

Corporal Harbrook has taken Sergeant Robinson's place as police sergeant. Corporal Puckett controls operations in the carpenter shop. Inaccone still barbers; Al Whitney of the DOS still has his usual morning comment concerning the inside dope anent politics, etc. Corporal Lynn manages to find at least a "Helen Gould" cot for the new arrivals. The Top has annexed a new Chevrolet. Private Wassam, former Haitian bandsman, insists on consuming on an average of eleven rations daily. Private Graham MacGregor Van-Horn Fletcher has been telling certain members of the fair sex that he is secretey to the Commandant. Corporal Dotson studies his MCI Spanish of evenings, yet insists that he has no intention of shipping over. Pfc. Plumbeyle still mechanics when mechanics are needed, and usually manages to jump into roll call formation each morning just as the police sergeant says, "sergeants, fall out." Sergeant Musachia wishes all transports would sail prior to the fifteenth of the month so that he could get out of making a transfer roll. He shouldn't holler; the company runner, Trooper Burleson, admits that a pay-roll clerk only has to work one day a month. Must be right if a music says so. Speaking of musics, if you need any, let us know. We rate five here, and have twenty-nine. So long.

#### MARINE CORPS RADIO SCHOOL, M.B. QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

By Sergeant Vanderhoof

Everything has been running pretty close to the routine schedule at the Radio School. The week of 16th to 20th of February, both dates inclusive, was the first full week of studies that we have had since the present school started in October. Different phases of work and military duties have been the chief cause of time lost. However, it looks as if the school will flourish in all its glory henceforth.

Our high-frequency transmitter used for amateur work is all ready to go on the air. The call used previously was W3AWS, but it expired, and we are being delayed by the fact that no new call has yet been given us. We hope to be on again very soon and be able to click with our friends again.

During the past month we lost a couple of our old radiomen by reason of expiration of enlistment: Sergeants

Bacon and Diezel, lately of China and soon to be with Civil Service Airways, if everything turns out okay. Isn't it kind of tough to stand by and see all these fellows going out when we still have months to do?

It is with pleasure that we announce that, even though we have only been in operation for a few weeks, we have graduated five students from the "Preparatory School of Basic Electricity for Sound-Motion Picture Students," these men now being in Brooklyn, N. Y., attending the sound-motion picture school. These men are: Corporal R. H. Frisbie, Corporal O. P. Norris, Corporal B. C. Williby, Pfc. Cole and Private Hubbard. These men were selected in order that the Marine Corps could be represented in the class which recently started at the Brooklyn School. Although at the time they were selected not a great deal of the school schedule had been covered, these men showed that they knew their electricity, and we feel confident that they will make a good showing at Brooklyn, and will shortly be doing their part in giving some post bigger and better talkies.

The school routine is still going steadily along, we now being in the fourth week. So far we have taken up the electron theory of electricity, magnetism, batteries, generatirs, resistivity, Ohm's law, and several other subjects. The class as a whole is showing much enthusiasm over the work, and the marks on weekly examinations are climbing steadily.

The instructing staff has been enriched since last month by the addition of Pvt. Kenneth O. Nay, who is also a graduate of the Radio Material School, Bellevue, D. C. That gives the school a total of three instructors, each of them having two of the six daily periods.

Each day one man from the school is assigned to the Lyceum, where the Quantico talkies are shown. This gives each man a chance to become acquainted with talkie equipment and to learn some of the fundamentals of operating sound gear.

Hey! Hey! Again ye Sports Editor comes into action with his tales of woe concerning a few recent games of basketball which have been played around here.

The Signal team, which yesterday went down to defeat for the third time in this half, had to give away first place to the First Marines. However, it was not due to lack of playing but, let us say, to a medley of many unfortunate shots which failed to go tolling their way through the hoop. Aviation and Signal will fight it out for second place in the very near future. The Signal team hopes to play the winners of the second half for the post championship soon after the second half ends. We have no doubt as to the outcome of such a contest. Where there is a will there is a way, so I'm told.

Pfc. John F. Thomas, who jourieyed to Langley Field last month for a go with one of their local boys, came home bringing the bacon and a slightly injured left mitt after putting the kayo on him. Just today he and Private Anderson left for the same place where they will again defend the honors of Quantico. Andy is a newcomer, and from all appearances will go every bit as far as his fellowmate. Here's wishing them luck and all that sort of thing.

## OCOTAL NOTES

By Segovia Scribbler

Hola, buenos dias, caramba, sapristi, demmit, who!! That's not right, but, anyway, mucho expressions of greetings. Folks, it pays to advertise! Last month, if your memories serve you, some of the many attractions of this booming industrial and homelike city, possessing such marvelous potentialities for health and recreation, were set forth. Results were immediate. Many visitors have come this way to pass judgment on this and that and sit at the fount of justice. We have expanded, so great has been the demand. Tom Welby took twenty-five men and is now sampling the delights of Pueblo Nuevo, with a view to incorporating it in the city limits of Los Angeles—pardon, I mean Ocotal. Somoto, not to be outdone, sent in a call, and that minister of good will toward men (especially ratey privates), Pete Kenney, took off to look over the situation. His party of twenty-five are reported as having successfully passed through the fearsome jungles 'tween here and there and are doing nicely, thank you.

It seems that all the bandits, gangsters, thugs, and thieves with which, fortunately, these fair Segovias are so little bothered, have met in grand assembly down near the aforementioned towns. The Guardia, being thus relieved, have gone forth to attend the assembly, taking with them their powerful orators, Senor S. Thompson and B. A. Rifle, whom it is hoped will be able to convince the bandits of the error of their ways and persuade them to turn over a new leaf. If not that, to turn over a few feet of sod. Our heartfelt wishes for success go with them.

Last week a few of the boys went on a little hunting and camping trip. We had reliable information that game was plentiful and there would be good hunting. Funny about game the way they get news, for the lack of success of the venture was notable. But the boys from other parts who were out hunting at the same time ran into the game we scared up and had good shooting.

Ocotal of late has not failed to provide us with much evening excitement, and some has been entertaining. It seems some of the clan, whom we mentioned as being in assembly above, have taken to snooping around and annoying the sentries. As a natural result there has been many a sharp retort from our wide-awake bunch. So far no one has been hit, though one laddy thought he pegged one down for sure the other night. He saw some one creeping up the street and hollered out "Quien Vive" and "Who goes there!" No response, so our hero let him have it with deadly precision. Poor old hog; of course he couldn't answer. All the zopoloties from miles around attended his funeral.

Apali-Among-the-Pines has taken Paul Kirchhfer unto herself. The hurry and bustle of our metropolis got him, and he went out there to rest up and try to get himself a few ears. Derby Wilson joined up from Apali and is giving us a hand in keeping things in shape. Derby grabbed himself off the Nicaraguan Medal of Merit for the way he measured trails and made the bandits behave a couple of years ago. Chinabound Stutz managed to shake off the

Russian women out in Shanghai long enough to pay us a call. We're glad to have him among us. Tom Woody is down in Managua doing a little testifying, and in his absence Stutz is making out the rolls for the 43rd. Captain Jacob Lienhard has come to us for duty, and keeps us all amused with his subtle wisecracks and humor. He hung his hat in Apali for a while, but now that the situation is easing off, he brought his gear in here. Lieutenant Hudnall has gone to Managua's gay ways, and Lieutenant Tavern has returned from there after getting a piece of bomb dug out of his hand.

And so on far into the night, except that this isn't the night and all the news that's fit to print is down. See you next month.

## SECOND REGIMENT, PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

By Cpl. Lawrence L. La Voy

Once more the Second Regiment column adorns the "Broadcast" with news of sufficient quantity, and of expert quality. Everyone appears to be satisfied, and are apparently in rather good spirits, with the exception of a few growlers here and there. But the growlers, thinking they are perfectly justified in doing so, growl merely because they are happy. What more could one ask for? It all goes to prove that, although the linemen drill every day, and the special duty men once a week, every one would not be contented if they did not curse the good old regiment once in a while. So we greet everyone that likes to see a smile, and hear a growl. If you don't growl at times, and smile more often, please don't read any farther.

Although we are somewhat tardy, we wish to thank everyone concerned for showing us the wonderful time that we had at the dance given by the VO Squadron 9M recently. The dance was a real novelty, and the Observation Squadron deserves a lot of credit for their tireless efforts to make the dance the best bit of entertainment that we have had for a long time. The decorations were too numerous to mention here, but it was plainly seen that they had their whole hearts and souls in the work of putting on a dance that will be remembered for a long time. Thanks, Aviation!

In the several times that we have appeared in the "Broadcast," the Regimental Band has never been mentioned. Why, we just can't fathom, but we will attribute the omission to an oversight on my part. However, our bandsmen deserve a lot of credit for their wonderful work, and we feel that everything wouldn't be as rosy as it is, were it not for them. After all, what good is a regiment without a band? Gy. Sgt. Wood, the bandmaster, has more than done his share of the duty assigned him, and his bandsmen have wholeheartedly responded to his urge for better work. Our band and orchestra have been commended for their work on numerous occasions. Sgt. Jennings P. Hopkins, the assistant band leader, who plays a mean bass horn (or whatever it is) sends his regards to his pals in Quantico and elsewhere. The former drum major, Pvt. Ernest Loflin, has left us, and was replaced by Pvt. Roscoe Hibbard, a recent addition to the band. Private Hibbard was once a lineman, but due to his request for band duty, was given the opportunity to do his utmost to keep up the

good work so well performed by Private Loflin. Hibbard also strums a mean banjo, in addition to his duties of wielding the trusty baton.

The Intra-Brigade rifle and pistol competitions that were held on 21 and 22 January respectively, have caused considerable comment. The Second Regiment rifle team consisted of Sergeants Glenn O. Seider, Eldred B. Oles, Carl Raines, Claude N. Harris, Pfc. Julius H. Bryant, and Pvt. Harvie Scheetz. The total score of our team was 1339.

The Cape Haitien rifle team, with a total score of 1343, won the match, beating the regiment by 4 points. The credit is given to 2nd Lt. George O. Van Orden, Chief Marine Gunner Lloyd, Sgt. James M. Suttka, Cpl. Sherman W. Dodrill, Pfc. Walter R. Dempsey, Privates Edward N. Lofland, and Henry J. Pugatch.

The additional troop rifle team was composed of men from various brigade units, and although they came in last, they deserve a lot of credit for their earnestness and hard work. Brigade Headquarters furnished Sgt. John A. Dulaney, Cpl. George Philpot, Pvt. John C. Taylor, and Pvt. William D. Keller. Cpl. Carl M. Johnson represented the Brigade Signal Company, while Pvt. John S. Jones represented the Motor Transport Company. Their total score was 1275.

We emerged slightly better in the pistol match, however, by beating the Cape Haitien team by the score of 1712 to 1675, a lead of 37 points. Captain Harry A. Ellsworth, 2nd Lt. George O. Van Orden, Sgt. James M. Suttka, and Pfc. Walter R. Dempsey represented Cape Haitien. Our team was composed of 1st Lt. Ralph W. Culpepper, Sgt. Eldred B. Oles, Sgt. Claude N. Harris, and Pvt. Harvie Scheetz. Gy. Sgt. Stephen J. Zsiga, the team captain and coach, was always on hand to make everything a total success. Each member of the winning team, in addition to prize money, received a letter of commendation from the Brigade Commander. The letter was made a part of Lieutenant Culpepper's official record, and placed in the service record books of the enlisted men.

There are two more privates first class in the post, the result of the only two promotions that were authorized this regiment during the month. Pfc. Paul M. Parlapiano was promoted to that rank, but he apparently is not satisfied. Parlapiano states that one chevron should be awarded for each 100 pounds of a man's weight. Very well. Chromczak! Break out a set of Sgt. Major's chevrons for Parlapiano. And then Pfc. Lyman E. Messecar, our second promotion, almost suffered from flat feet when he strutted his chevron. Never mind. "Fatso," if you had not rated it, you would never have received it.

The members of the 64th Company are commenting upon a trivial incident that happened during one of their periods of close order drill. Gy. Sgt. Murawski had been drilling the platoon, and, upon discovering that he was becoming rather fatigued with the strenuous ordeal, halted the troops and commanded, "Corporal Tucker! Drill the platoon!" Corporal Tucker spryly broke through the ranks, confronted the troops, and then barked the command, "REST."

The Spanish instructor pointed to the word "hermoso" (meaning handsome, pretty, beautiful, etc.), which was neatly written upon the hand-made blackboard,



and, calling upon 1st Sgt. Louis L. Walker, one of his ardent pupils, asked, "What's this word?" Walker pondered over the word for a moment, and emitted a loud guffaw that was heard clear down at the brewery. "What are you laughing at?" asked the instructor. Walker squirmed in his seat, turned his back to the instructor, and said shyly, "Tee, hee! You can't kid me, you little devil."

A certain little incident has been on my mind for some time, and I feel that I should tell the world about it, even though I may be socked on my rather large proboscis for doing so. Nevertheless, I am going to relate the incident as I saw and heard it, regardless of the punishment that may be inflicted upon me later on. It appeared that:

"Trooper" Burns sat tightly wedged into a discarded potato crate, his bare feet pointed to the sky at a 45-degree angle, and thumbed the pages of the radio press news in anxiety. He suddenly emitted an asthmatic cough, and spat a veritable river of tobacco juice in the direction of "Pop" Wilson, who was silently sitting on a bag of musty onions, his \$2.00 spectacles perched upon his nose, and who was also reading the daily source of scandal. The tobacco juice landed with a splash a few inches from Pop's right foot (the one with the bunion) and sprayed his newly adorned trousers.

Pop looked at Trooper over the top of his spectacles, and broke the silence by screaming, "Say, you confounded yahoo! Why don't you swally that blasted stuff?"

"What stuff?" asked Trooper innocently.

"You know what stuff! That horse plug you're chewing!"

"I can't. It makes me sick."

"Well, then, watch where you're spitting."

"Awright, Awright, you old fogey."

There was another silence, but this time it was broken by Trooper, who said, all the while turning the pages of the press news—

"I don't see anything in here about the vet's bonus. These confounded bankers are always holding something up anyhow."

"You'd better watch what you say about bankers," Pop retorted. "I used to be one of those things myself."

"Used to be is right! And look at you now. Why don't you get hep to yourself. Are you going to be drug down into the mire just because you used to be a banker? As for myself, I always forget unhappy incidents."

"In that case, then, why don't you forget about yourself? You'd be a lot happier."

"You got room to talk, you have. Won't you smell sweet when you get up from that bag of onions, huh?"

"Never mind how I smell. There's a shower house around here somewhere, ain't they?"

"Yes, but I never see you there."

"Well, you should patronize it more often."

"That's it, get wise. And on a Sunday, too."

The miniature war was quelled for an instant when the music decided to sound mail call. After a killing effort, he finally succeeded.

"Chees! There goes mail call," Trooper cried in amazement.

"What's that got to do with you?" Pop asked.

"I'm expecting a letter, I am."

"G'wan, you old man ain't out of stir yet."

"I don't care, I'm expecting one anyhow."

"Well, whoever writes to you has to borrow the postage."

"Is that so? Why don't you wipe the sweat off that dome of yours?"

Trooper, having decided to inquire as to whether or not he had any correspondence coming to him, valiantly tried to extract himself from the potato crate, but to no avail. After wrestling with the crate for an era, he finally gave it up in disgust.

"I'm stuck."

"Stay stuck."

"Give us a hand, will ya?"

"Never."

While Trooper begged for assistance, Sergeant Bishop approached the scene of warfare, and presented a rather soiled letter to Pop, while Trooper looked on in wild-eyed amazement.

"Watcha got?" asked Trooper.

"A Scotch poodle, ya dummy."

"Let's hear him bark."

"Go flag a train."

"Who's the letter from?"

"My great grandfather."

"What's he have to say?"

"He says, please remit."

"Watcha owe him for?"

"A pair of crutches."

"Why ain'tcha using 'em?"

"Because you need them worse than I do."

"Aw c'mon, what's that letter say?"

"It's an advertisement, about the process of rejuvenation."

"Good! That's just what you need."

"That's alright, I don't dye my hair anyhow."

"You ain't got none to dye, you bum."

"I'll have you understand I'm no bum. I just recently got rid of the habit."

"You don't mean to tell me. Ain't you ever heard that old saying, 'Once a bum, always a bum'?"

"Sure! I'm following your example."

BAM! THIRD CHUKKER!

#### MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 27)

and Mrs. Myron W. Folsom, Master at Arms and Mrs. Harry Anderson, National Chief of Staff Frank X. Lambert, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Brown, Mr. and Mrs. McBride, Arthur Lacker and Miss Caroline Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Speaker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Neff, James Folsom, Bartholomew Sara, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Brady, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lennon and guests, Miss Agnes Kilcommons, Hugh Lunny and Miss May Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph WanSlet and guests, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel J. Daniel, William F. Gaynor and guests, Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Lages, John E. LeSage and guest, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tait and guests, Angelo J. Cincotta, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Thorn, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hoffer, Daniel F. Gleason, Ex-First Sergeant Henry M. White and Douglas Jelly.

The entertainment committee comprised Frank X. Lambert, chairman; Christopher W. Wilkinson and Clement P. Naudain. The gift of appreciation from the detachment to the guest of honor failed to arrive from the engraver in time for the dinner but will be presented Past Commandant Kilcommons at a suitable gathering to be arranged in the near future.

#### LUCIEN WALDRON DETACHMENT OF AKRON KEEPS SOCIAL AFFAIRS HUMMING

Adjutant William A. Foster of Lucien P. Waldron Detachment of Akron, Ohio, sends the following account of their social activities:

The Lucien P. Waldron Detachment has been looking after the social side during the past few months and hopes to continue to do so. On January 24, a card party and dance was held at the home of the paymaster, S. M. Grinch. Forty-five were in attendance playing cards until eleven o'clock. At this time supper was served and dancing followed.

On February 21, the detachment secured the lodge room at the armory and entertained with a dance attended by thirty couples. During the course of the evening a delegation called on "Gene and Glenn," who were broadcasting at the Food Show on the main floor of the armory, with greetings from the detachment and an invitation to go down and meet the "gang." An interesting conversation was had with them but as they were under contract with NBC Studios, they were unable to attend the dance.

On March 21, another card party was held at the home of N. Hogarth which was largely attended. The local detachment is having to buck many difficulties but so far has managed to hold its own and intends to continue to do so indefinitely.

#### ILLCH APPOINTS TWO STATE COMMANDANTS FOR EASTERN SEABOARD DIVISION

National Vice Commandant Maurice A. Illch, of the Eastern Seaboard Division, announces the following appointments of State Commandants for the area under his control:

Pennsylvania, Edward J. Rufe, Major General L. W. T. Waller Detachment, Philadelphia.

New Jersey, Captain Kenneth B. Collings, Hudson County Detachment, Jersey City.

The selection of a State Commandant for New York is under consideration.

#### LOUISVILLE MARINES SEND APPEAL TO CONGRESSMAN FOR COMPENSATION PAY

Carl W. Baude Detachment of Louisville, Kentucky, recently adopted a resolution urging full settlement of World War service compensation certificates and forwarded their appeal to Congress. And though subsequent legislation resulted in a compromise bill authorizing increased loans on the certificates, the following letter will bear witness that the Marines, as usual, were at least on the job:

Hon. Maurice H. Thatcher,  
United States Congressman,  
Washington, D. C.  
Honorable Sir:

We are an organization whose membership consists in the most part of ex-

Marines who served with the American Expeditionary Forces in France during the World War. Incidentally this detachment, chartered as the Carl W. Baude Detachment of the Marine Corps League, is the third largest detachment of its kind in the United States.

At a recent regular meeting the membership instructed the Commandant to write the United States Senators and our Congressman from this district, that you may be advised as to the attitude held by ex-Marines in this locality with reference to payments at this time of our government compensation certificates.

By unanimous vote, our membership went on record as favoring the immediate payment in full of compensation certificates held by all Marines, soldiers and sailors; that we who really earned this benefit may ourselves have the opportunity of deciding how it shall be spent. It also is our firm belief that such favorable action at this time by Congress would go far toward relieving the financial suffering that now exists throughout our country.

It is the sincere hope of the Carl Baude Detachment that you can see your way clear to assist in the early passage of such a bill by Congress. A reply would be deeply appreciated.

Thanking you on behalf of our organization I beg to remain,

Respectfully,  
(Sgd) J. F. O'DONNELL,  
Commandant...

#### THEO. ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT OF BOSTON SHOWS PUBLIC HOW MARINES CAN STRUT

The following is a detailed account of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston, Mass., activities submitted by Lieut. Hermann R. Isenberg, assistant chief of staff for liaison of the detachment:

Yes,—believe it or not—the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment (Boston, Massachusetts) of the Marine Corps League is here again. Here with a bang, and no mistake about it. Just to give the rest of the boys an idea of the things we have done, I am going to tell you a little about it.

First, the detachment elected a staff that is truly a la Marine Corps. We hold staff meetings every two weeks, sometimes at the home of our commandant, Deane N. (Second Division) Harding, sometimes at the office of our judge advocate, Lieutenant Hermann R. (Chisel-Chisel) Isenberg and every so often at the home of Smiling Sammy Spottswood, our genial chief of staff.

Although it is February, I am going to retrogress a few months back to an inspiring evening that lingers in the memory of all who took part—the last Wednesday of November—cold and bleak, nasty and bone-biting, as only an evening in late November in Boston can be. Slowly one trudges up hilly Green Street to Memorial Hall. Ah, lights inside, laughter, the wave of a tune, a voice here and there; you enter, and lo and behold—what an inspiring sight. Through the haze of smoke the uniforms blend—blues here, blues there, some greens—civilian clothes. And the faces, they tell the story. The tale of decades of tradition, of a spirit of sacrifice, and the look of pride, the pride we Marines know and feel—for are we not members of the oldest military branch of the United States Service—always faithful?

"Bang! Bang!"

"Second Division" Harding, though he makes the City of Cambridge water, is still the top kick of the old school. Big, impressive and filling his blues to perfection, he is in the chair. And everybody, all at once is sounding off. Everyone has some scheme, some idea, some proposition of what the League ought to do. Talk, talk, talk. But before you know it, up gets Harding and in a voice that makes you think of old—yes, dear old Parris Island with its oyster shells, yells across the room, "Silence everybody. We are going to have some sort of order here. No one can speak until he is recognized by the chair," and very humbly we submit.

At that meeting we discussed means by which to raise money so that we may have some way of operating and meeting the expenses that will naturally have to be incurred. The entertainment committee submits plans in regard to a whist that they are going to run which I can tell you now, they did run and made some very good money. Reports are made by our genial "Andy" Andrews of the convention. His report was enthusiastic and spirited. He carried us all actually to St. Louis. He imbued us all with such an enthusiastic spirit that we are just itching for the time to come for the next convention so that we can all go to Buffalo and find out if things they said at the convention are true. THEY'D BETTER BE.

And now I will just slightly skip through the rest of the time since then until now. We held no business meeting in December because the meeting would fall on Christmas Eve but if you think that we did not get together, boys, you don't know the Boston gang.

It happened that Governor Theodore Roosevelt, the son of the late "Teddy," came to Boston and was being entertained by the Governor of the Commonwealth at a dinner at the Hotel Statler. As our detachment is named after his father, we were asked by the chairman of the committee, the Honorable Augustus P. Loring, to be present at the dinner and, gentlemen, before that dinner there used to be in Boston what is known as the "Four Hundred." Since then it is changed. It is now the "Four Hundred and Four," because four of the officers of the detachment were right there in blues, red caps, helping to make the dinner a success. We didn't do much that day. We had two State cars with State flags assigned to us and we formed the guard of honor at the Back Bay Station when the governor arrived. We took him to his hotel and some of our members of the detachment acted as orderlies. We went with him everywhere he went, step by step, right with him, and then at 6:30 Colonel Roosevelt held a reception to all the distinguished people who came to attend the dinner. After the reception, in the presence of the governor of the commonwealth and his staff and all the distinguished guests, we inducted Colonel Theodore Roosevelt as an honorary member of our detachment.

And boys, what a sight that was! The room, filled with distinguished people, beautiful women in beautiful gowns, uniforms here and there, evening clothes, men of prominence, all over the reception room and just then at the command of attention a hush fell over the place; everyone quiet and in the semi-circle the Roosevelt Detachment assembled. Up steps our judge advocate, and

service officer, Lieut. Hermann R. Isenberg, salutes the commandant, and sings out: "Mr. Commandant, I have the honor to present for honorary membership in the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of the Marine Corps League, Candidate Colonel Theodore Roosevelt." The commandant salutes back and commands, "Take your post." And then Deane N. Harding proceeds with the ceremony. It would take too much space and too much time to continue and tell what followed. I will say in a few words this much, that everyone in the room just stood in awe. They were impressed and no maybe about it, and to make the closing as fitting as it should be, we all, with Colonel Roosevelt among us, sang the good old Marine Hymn. Boys, that was a day that we in Boston will long remember. After that, for the rest of December we did much. We held a whist party on the 18th and made some money and had a good time, but otherwise the month ran along without the Marines being much in evidence except every other day in their red caps.

And then came the year 1931. In January we held two staff meetings and two detachment meetings, one on the 14th and the other on the 28th. In the meantime, we got busy and had our judge advocate, Lieut. Hermann R. Isenberg, file on our behalf, a bill in the State House to give the Marine Corps League the same privileges the other veteran organizations in our State were enjoying. That's all we did in January. Of course, we sort of got fifteen new members in but otherwise we didn't do much.

February is a short month, so we had to do a little more than we usually would. So then, on February 8th, our usual staff meeting was held, the primary discussion being the increase of membership. On February 11th we had among us one of the outstanding individuals in the Marine Corps League, namely, our beloved W. Karl Latons, National Commandant. He came here to appear with us before the Military Affairs Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, which was holding a hearing on the bill to admit the League as one of the veteran organizations in the State. And, comrades, I can say today that the bill was favorably reported by the committee and has been passed by the Massachusetts Legislature. We expect any day of this week to have the bill signed by the governor.

And as befitting a person of national importance the staff of our detachment gave a luncheon to the National Commandant. Com. Deane N. Harding did the honors.

In the afternoon the National Commandant, with the staff of our detachment as an escort, was received by his Excellency, Joseph B. Ely, governor of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the governor expressed his pleasure at seeing the National Commandant and lauded the activities of the Marine Corps League and what it stood for. From the State House we went to City Hall where the National Commandant was received by the acting mayor in the absence of Mayor Curley, who is in Havana. At City Hall we spent a very enjoyable half hour. Acting Mayor Mullin, on behalf of the City of Boston, presented the National Commandant with a key to the City of Boston. All in all, a very fine and great day was spent by all of us.

Our next activity was a duty. The beloved leader of the war-time Yankee Division, Major General Clarence A. Edwards, died on Saturday, Feb. 14, 1931.

Boston and the commonwealth of Massachusetts bowed their heads in sorrow, for the Bay State lost one of its great men and leaders. All the veteran organizations of the State were turning out for the funeral. We, being the junior veteran organization, were asked to be represented too. Time was short, so we had to act quickly. We did. Marines always do. Commandant Harding, with the help of Comrades Robertson, good old "Chappie" Robertson, of the war-time Sixth Marines, worked all evening over the telephone, notifying every one in the detachment to turn out, while Lieut. Isenberg obtained permission to announce over the radio to the public and to our members in particular to turn out and report for this solemn duty. The announcement was made over WEEI. And on Sunday we met for the sad but honorable duty, to pay our last respects to a great citizen, soldier and man. At 2:30 p. m. on February 15, 1931, led by Commandant Harding, we marched to the State House and paid our respects to the late General. And later, when the funeral procession marched through the streets of Boston, the Marine Corps League was among the escorting veteran organizations. Led by Commandant Harding, with Lieut. Isenberg as his adjutant, and followed by the detachment staff with Sam Spottswood as chief of staff, the rest of the detachment following. Most of the detachment were in blues, but every man wore a League cap. It was truly an impressive sight. To the tune of muffled drums, we escorted the late soldier on his last journey to Valhalla. So, comrades of the service and of the League, we report for the two and half months that have gone by. Our hope is to cement the ties that held us together. The Theodore Roosevelt Detachment is doing things. We are working daily, hourly, every chance we get—"Marine Corps League, Marine Corps League, join the Marine Corps League." That is the slogan and our war yell and we shall not be satisfied until every Marine and former Marine in Metropolitan Boston is a member of our detachment. This is the story of a few short weeks, we are out to do big things, and we will accomplish what we set out to do, for we are Marines. When they hear that they still carry on in civil life, many former Marines will join up. It is a distinction to be a member of the League, carrying as we do the heritage of the Corps and the memory of our brothers in arms who have "gone west" under the flying banners of the Corps.

Now, the slogan of this detachment is, "Excelsior, ever onward."

But the motto of this detachment is the motto of the Corps whose flag we had the privilege of serving—"Semper Fidelis."

#### MASSACHUSETTS AMENDS LAW RECOGNIZING THE LEAGUE FOR VETERAN PRIVILEGES

Still another illustration of the advancement and importance of the Marine Corps League is emphasized by an act of the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Massachusetts placing the League on an equal footing with the American Legion and other veteran organizations of that commonwealth. The document reads:

HOUSE . . . . . N. 1199

By Mr. Casson of Boston (by request),



"Earth never did breed  
Such a jovial weed."

—HOLIDAY

—with a "birdie" in each  
mellow bowlful!

1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's  
Method . . . an 1870  
Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn  
Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End  
No Soggy Heel

Whether your pipe is caked and venerable, or brand-new, here's a tobacco, Mr. Smoker, that will put it in top form and keep it there.

Pack your pipe with shaggy Granger flakes. Load it on the "installment plan"; pack it tight; light it all around.

Then draw deep: Sweeter, mellow flavor—a cooler, drier, cleaner pipe—that's the answer!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE



Wherever  
You Are  
in the  
South



Consistently  
Superior

**SOUTHERN DAIRIES**

**Frank Thomas Co.**  
INCORPORATED  
Norfolk, Va.

United States  
Marine Officers'  
White and Khaki  
Uniforms at  
Common Sense  
Prices

### ATTENTION MARINES

**WE** want a Marine in every Post to handle our Mother poems for Mother's Day. Strictly a photographic product. We will make the right man an attractive proposition. If interested, write Dawson Kraft Shop, P. O. Box 216, Quantico, Va.

**MODEL LUNCH**  
Service to Service Men  
Opposite Marine Barracks  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

petition of Hermann R. Isenberg and another that detachments of the Marine Corps League be given certain privileges now granted to other veteran organizations. Military Affairs.

### THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

In the Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty-one

An Act to grant to the Marine Corps League Certain Privileges granted to other War Veterans' Organizations.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by authority of the same, as follows:

**SECTION 1.** Section sixty of chapter thirty-three of the General Laws, as most recently amended by section seventy-two of the acts of nineteen hundred and thirty, is hereby further amended by inserting after the word "Veterans" in the thirty-second line the words: detachments of the Marine Corps League, so as to read as follows: Section 60. No body of men except the volunteer militia, the troops of the United States and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, except as provided in the following section, shall maintain an armory, or associate together at any time as a company or organization, for drill or parade with firearms, or so drill or parade; nor shall any town raise or appropriate money toward arming, equipping, uniforming, supporting or providing drill rooms or armories for any such body of men; provided, that associations wholly composed of soldiers honorably discharged from the service of the United States may parade in public with arms, upon the reception of any regiment or company of soldiers returning from said service, and for escort duty at the burial of deceased soldiers, with the written permission of the aldermen of the city or selectmen of the town where they desire to parade; that students in educational institutions where military science is a prescribed part of the course of instructions may, with the consent of the governor, drill and parade with firearms in public, under the superintendence of their teachers; that members of schools for military instruction conducted with the approval of the governor, may drill and parade with firearms in public under the supervision of their instructors; that foreign troops whose admission to the United States has been consented to by the United States Government, with the consent of the governor, drill and parade with firearms in public; and any body of men may, with the consent of the governor, drill and parade in public with any harmless imitation of firearms approved by the adjutant general; that regularly organized posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, and of the American Legion, and regularly organized camps of the United Spanish War Veterans, detachments of the Marine Corps League, and regularly organized

posts of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States may drill and parade with firearms in public, under the supervision of their duly authorized officers; that the Kearsage Association of Naval Veterans, Inc., may at any time parade in public their color guards of not more than twelve men armed with firearms, that the Society of Colonial Wars in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America, the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, the Society of the Sons of the Revolution in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the Society of the War of 1812 in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and regularly organized branches of any of said societies may at any time parade in public their uniformed color guards of ten men with firearms; that regularly organized camps of the Sons of Veterans may at any time parade in public their color guards of ten men with firearms; and that any organization heretofore authorized by law may parade with side-arms; and any veteran association composed wholly of past members of the militia of the Commonwealth may maintain an armory for the use of the militia to which its members belong; provided, that such drill or parade is not in contravention of the laws of the United States.

**SECTION 2.** Clause twelve of section five of chapter forty of the General Laws, as most recently amended by chapter one hundred and eight of the acts of nineteen hundred and twenty-nine, is hereby further amended by inserting the word "Legion" in the nineteenth line the words:—, Marine Corps League,— so as to read as follows: (12) for erecting headstones or other monuments at the graves of persons who served in the war of the revolution, the war of eighteen hundred and twelve, the Seminole War, the Mexican War or the war of the rebellion or who served in the military or naval service of the United States in the Spanish American War or in the World War; for acquiring land by purchase or by eminent domain under chapter seventy-nine, purchasing, erecting, equipping or dedicating buildings, or constructing or dedicating other suitable memorials, for the purpose of properly commemorating the services and sacrifices of persons who served as aforesaid; for the decoration of the graves, monuments or other memorials of soldiers, sailors and Marines who served in the army, navy or Marine Corps of the United States in time of war or insurrection and the proper observance of Memorial day and other patriotic holidays under the auspices of the local posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, United Spanish War Veterans, The American Legion, Marine Corps League and the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States and under the auspices of the Kearsage Association of Naval Veterans, Inc., and of local garrisons of the Army and Navy Union of the United States of America and the local chapters of the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the American Revolution

and of a local camp of the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War in the case of a town in which there is no post of the Grand Army of the Republic; or for keeping in repair graves, monuments or other memorials erected to the memory of such persons or of its firemen who died from injuries received in the performance of their duties in the fire service or for decorating the graves of such firemen or for other memorial observances in their honor. Money appropriated in honor of such firemen may be paid over to, and expended for such purposes by, any veteran firemen's association or similar organization.

### WOULD I ACCOMPANY BYRD TO THE SOUTH POLE!

(Continued from page 11)

Although our work had only begun it was just like coming home. No one envied the men still on the "City of New York" or the "Boling" pushing to New Zealand.

The next day, bright and early, we started work on our planes and sorting our supplies. But we found that our help was needed elsewhere and we lent a hand wherever we could. For two weeks I was a carpenter and helped finish the second house, about two hundred yards away from the mess hall, so that if a fire broke out we would not lose all. When we finished that, the aviators made a work shop out of the crate that the Fairchild wings had come in. Every piece of lumber, every box, every nail was utilized in "Little America." Nothing was thrown away as we knew we had no stores to provide us with material.

Bit by bit we placed machines in position, erected bunks and made our living conditions comfortable.

Supplies still came from the "City of New York" six miles away. We heard that the "City of New York" had made one or two unsuccessful attempts to sail to the east and that each time she had been forced back by ice and squalls. But at "Little America" the weather was fine.

However, on the 22nd, Commander Byrd called all hands that could be spared down to the "City of New York" as she was going to leave for New Zealand a few hours later. New ice was forming in the bay and at an alarming rate.

I got in the Fairchild with June and we flew around over the ship. We could see the men bidding farewell to their more fortunate comrades on the ice who had been picked to remain at "Little America." Commander Byrd remarked in his book that this farewell was one of the hardest moments he ever had to face in his life. Each and every man wanted to remain in "Little America." Everyone had worked and slaved in order to put across the unloading of the ships and it was heart breaking to discriminate between them.

Yet without our ships we were lost and they played just as important a role in our expedition as we who were fortunate enough to remain behind on the ice.

From the air Captain McKinley with his aerial camera took pictures of the

## "From the halls of Montezuma . . .

to the shores of Tripoli," you won't find a finer suit of clothes for \$37.50 than the Saks "SAKSCREST" Suit (with 2 trousers). It's a better suit of clothes at a price you like to pay—and that word "better" applies right down the line from the picked weave of fabric to the last hand-made buttonhole. Come in and see the Spring models.

# Saks

The Avenue at 7th  
Washington, D. C.

## Pasteurized Milk Is Safe Milk!

Why take a Chance?

Delivery in Quantico, Virginia

by

Farmers Creamery Co., Inc.

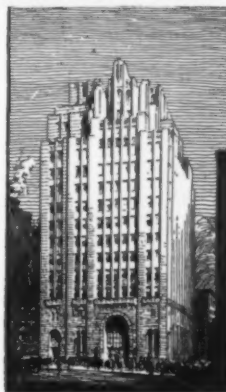
Fredericksburg, Va.

The Bieber-Kaufman Co. 743-745 Eighth Street, S. E. Washington, D. C.

B-K. CLOTHES \$19.75 TO \$39.75

## YOU CAN SAVE FROM WHEREVER YOU ARE

Send For  
Leaflet  
"Banking  
By Mail"  
Allotments  
Accepted




Interest  
Begins  
As Soon As  
Your  
Deposit  
Reaches Us


## THE SEAMEN'S BANK FOR SAVINGS

74 Wall St., New York

Chartered 1829 - - - Resources Over \$125,000,000.00

  
**ARMY NAVY**  
**MARINE CORPS**

---

Trade  Mark  
**MEYER METAL**

**INSIGNIA**  
 and  
**BUTTONS**

LOOK FOR THE TRADE-MARK  
**N.S. MEYER, INC.**  
 43 East 19<sup>th</sup> St. New York.  
at your dealer or post exchange.

## SUTHERLAND Motor Company

### TRIANGLE, VA.

(Your Authorized Chevrolet Dealer)


Catering strictly to Officers and  
Men of the Service.

When transferred to or near Quantico, you will want a car, or up-to-date Service. Give us a trial—Phone 351-J, ask for Eddie, Ernie or Jimmie. We call for and deliver your car when promised.

Courtesy and the best of service is our Guarantee.

**EDDIE SUTHERLAND**  
 Manager

USE



FOR

## WHITE BELTS

—

### Nothing Takes Its Place

—

"Imitated but—  
never duplicated"

**A. A. MAILLETT CO., INC.**  
 NEW YORK, N. Y.

"City of New York" as she steamed out of the bay. It looked like a white dot below us in the sea smoke as she slowly broke her way through the newly forming ice. In the air we followed her out for a distance of about ten miles and then turned back.

It was a bitterly cold flight. The thermometer in the cabin registered 22° below as we turned back to "Little America" and the motor was none too warm. I breathed easier when I saw the white of the "Barrier" underneath of us at last.

Then we landed at "Little America." Here we were cut off from civilization—for how long, we did not know nor did we worry for one moment as there was too much hard work ahead to worry about anything else.

The next month was one of activities in many lines, especially in aviation. Work continued on the building of our town and activity was on all sides. Tunnels were built in all directions, connecting the two houses and store houses. Our supplies of gasoline and oil were segregated in a tunnel away from the house. A photographic laboratory was annexed to the end of the mess hall. Behind the mess hall the Norwegian House was built, so named because it had been built in Norway, and between the mess hall and this house was the machine shop and Kohler plants for our radio generators and limited electric lights, one in each house. Gasoline pressure lamps and kerosene lamps provided the main illumination in our houses. Dog tunnels were built radiating out in all directions from the main tunnels to give shelter to our dogs during the severe winter night ahead of us. Never in the history of exploration was there built such an elaborate system of subterranean passages. A man during the winter night was able with a flashlight to walk all around camp without going outside if he did not choose. Perhaps we were copying the New York Subway System. Anyway it was an ingenious and happy idea as it later proved.

The winter night was slowly overtaking us and each day the temperature was dropping. Although it was still light for twenty-four hours, still there was a period of darkness around midnight.

Our flying activities, which included mapping the Bay of Whales and the coast line, around Little America, were carried out as well as preparing the large Ford plane for winter storage.

About this time we were told by the Commander that he had ordered the "Boling" back to New Zealand. This gallant ship had reloaded and had made a last attempt to reach us again before winter really closed in. We all knew that Captain Brown wanted nothing better than to reach us once more and spend the winter at Little America, with us. Commander Byrd, however, knew that with the increasing darkness and new forming ice that the chances of the "Boling" getting through again were small indeed. Although there were many articles on board that we could have used to advantage still he would not risk the lives of some twenty men on board and for that reason ordered them to turn back.

Commander Byrd had received daily reports from the "City of New York" on her way north through the ice fields and there were many days when storms and

newly formed ice pans were giving her a battle for existence. It was not until the third week in March that Captain Melville radioed the Commander that he had cleared the danger zone and was in open water again. There were many anxious moments for the Commander which were not known to us until later on.

About the 9th of March, while we were digging in and preparing for winter, Dr. Gould, our geologist, obtained the Commander's permission to fly over to the Rockefeller Range and obtain some rocks and samples of the mountains in that vicinity. Commander Byrd gave him permission, but also asked him not to spend more than one or two days there as the weather was continually getting worse.

However, it was a beautiful afternoon when the Fokker, with Balchen at the controls, June as radio operator, and Gould as passenger, took off at about 2:30 p. m.

A few hours later they radioed us that they had arrived at the northern edge of the Rockefeller Range and were making camp for the night. Two days went by and at the appointed hour we did not hear from them by radio. Everyone commenced worrying about them and to add to it all a terrible blizzard came up at "Little America." We all took to the houses and for four days were snowed in.

The radio operators made every effort to obtain communication with them but all in vain. To all appearances something had happened to them. Every kind of theory was advanced at camp and speculation as to their fate was wild indeed. But the aviators insisted that bad weather, such as we had had, was the cause of their delay. Still that did not account for the silence. Then, when we were in our shack by ourselves, we asked the question of each other "had they crashed—cracked up in taking off and all been killed?" We hoped not, but still it was a feasible question in aviation, but we kept quiet about it although we knew the Commander was asking himself the same question.

As soon as the weather broke I had the Fairchild ready and loaded with emergency supplies. Dog teams had already started out towards the mountains, but the plane would be able to make it in a few hours. Commander Byrd and Dean Smith took off, with Hanson as radio operator.

Once in the air they made a straight line for the east. As soon as they were out of sight we dashed into the mess hall where the radio soon was located and practically every man in camp had gathered around the loud speaker. In it we could hear the steady whine of the Fairchild's motor and we had to wait.

At last the time went by and the dots and dashes signalled that the mountains were in sight. Breathless moments! Soon word came that the plane was sighted on the ground. Two men were blinking lights. (It was then getting dark at five in the afternoon). We asked where was the third man? Then came a silence in the loud speaker. We knew that the antenna was reeled in and they were landing. So we had to wait.

To us who waited for more news it seemed like hours and hours, but not long after that the whine of the plane started again and signals came in. Balchen, June and Smith were returning. Gould, Hanson and the Commander were remaining at the camp.



We all rushed out to the landing field and placed buckets of gasoline about fifty yards apart. I held a lantern in the wind sock and each mechanic climbed up on the radio tower and tied a red kerosene lantern on top of them. It was bitterly cold and dark.

Soon we saw the lights of the plane and the ring of flame darting from the exhaust stacks. Dean Smith was flying and he came down on the snow as gentle as a feather. Eight years flying the air mail at night had given him a fine sense of feel and the flaring gasoline buckets showed him the outlines of our landing field.

We all rushed to the plane eager to see June and Balchen, two of the most popular men in camp, and to congratulate them on their safe return.

When we had received the plane we entered the house and heard their story. The radio set had broken a small connection and June had tried for three days to solder it together. They had heard all our messages but could not send to us. They had been overtaken by a terrific wind storm and the plane had been picked up and blown about one mile away. It was wrecked as completely as though they had cracked up on a take-off.

What a story. A battle with the elements for two days in a futile attempt to anchor the plane more securely, but a wind blowing that swept them off their feet time and time again, had conquered them and ruined all their chances to return until aid was brought to them, and they did not have enough food to walk back. But they laughed and said they had heard every day that the dog teams leave tomorrow.

And they were glad to be back "home" again. As soon as they turned in for a good sleep, we at once thought about getting the others back. But another storm came up and for two more days we were unable to fly. Still radio communication was good and we knew they were safe. On the third day Dean Smith took off early in the morning and brought the Commander, Gould and Hanson back.

We all kidded Larry and told him that it sure was an expensive trip for rocks. But he clutched his specimens to him and said that they were priceless. The Commander was more than pleased to have all of his men safe again and only smiled about the loss of the plane. I remember he said, "I had rather lose all of my possessions than to have one of my men injured in any way whatsoever." Who wouldn't work for a man like that?

Thus with the return of the dog teams a few days later was written finis to our fall season and we now began to dig in. There was no more flying this season. Both planes were buried in an enormous hole that we dug in the snow about 200 yards from the house and were covered with heavy tarpaulins stretched over bamboo poles. A snow wall was built around the planes about six feet high and four feet thick to prevent the snow from drifting into the holes in which the planes were buried.

Having buried the planes we next buried the snowmobile, a Ford model "A" truck with a traction tread on the rear wheels and skis on the front. This had been used to good advantage in hauling supplies in from the edge of the Barrier to the camp.

The last days of March and the first of April was open season on the seals, and out of necessity for fresh meat, we



## SUNSHINE MELLOWS Heat Purifies

**LUCKIES are always kind to your throat**

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. **LUCKY STRIKE**—made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—**THEN—"IT'S TOASTED"**—an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your **LUCKY STRIKE**. No wonder **LUCKIES** are always kind to your throat.

*The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.*

**"It's toasted"**  
Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

## INVESTMENT SECURITIES

### BONDS & STOCKS

We Suggest

### AMERICAN COMPOSITE TRUST SHARES

A Cumulative Type of Fixed Investment Trust

Had this Trust been organized on December 31, 1920, the average income and appreciation for the 10 years ending December 31, 1930 would have been 43.34% annually.

A Definite Method of Investment

## OLD AND COMPANY

INCORPORATED

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

RICHMOND TRUST BUILDING

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

## Brinkley's

533 8th St., S. E., Washington, D. C.

**"THE BEST PLACE TO THROW A LIBERTY"**

When Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death," he really meant that if **BRINKLEY'S** were opened in those days, he would have chosen liberty. **BRINKLEY'S** is the meeting place for Marines in Washington. Music, food, confections, all abound at **BRINKLEY'S**. All food is prepared by women who know almost as much as Mother. Come to **BRINKLEY'S** and find out what it means to spend an enjoyable evening.

And the Marine this month who rates the free meal ticket is  
Corporal G. W. Z., 8th and Eye Sts., S. E.

## FOR A REAL SHAVE!

### USE RESINOL : SHAVING STICK



### THE REASONABLE RESINOL SHAVE

Once upon a time Sir Gallahad went a-searching for the Holy Grail. In the year of 1931 A.C. (After Cream), twenty thousand Marines threw down their shaving creams for a RESINOL SHAVING STICK. The RESINOL SHAVING STICK contains all the ingredients that have made RESINOL OINTMENT famous. It gives forth a lather almost as tough as leather. It leaves your face cool and refreshed. The stick is the ideal thing for Leathernecks. It can be stowed in a pack or sea-bag without fear of its contents bespoiling your clothes by getting smashed.



had to go down around their holes in the bay and kill quantities of them. Seal meat was to be the ration of the dogs for the ensuing period of darkness.

The days were shortening now perceptibly and the twilights lengthened. There followed the most beautiful days of our stay. For as the sun lowered on the horizon it became a great red globe giving off no heat, but magnifying its rays until the whole whiteness of the Barrier was always clothed in all colors of the rainbow. It looked as if the whole Barrier were always on fire.

Finally, on April 17th, it dipped its colors for the last time and darkness came at once, but not total. To take the place of the sun there appeared in the southern sky the Aurora Australis, with its shifting curtains of all colors of the rainbow. This, coupled with sounds of explosions from the distance, which was the ice contracting with the intense cold, gave us all an eerie feeling.

From now on only this light and a pale moon was our companion until the last of August. We now entered upon an entirely new existence.

There was no escape from each other. In the mess hall, where I lived, were thirteen other men, in the Norwegian House, called the "Biltmore," were eight men. In the administration building, as we called the other house, were bunked eighteen men, including the Commander. Walden and Braathen had built a little house for themselves at the entrance to their dog tunnels and here they lived in comfort all winter. They were opposite characters, one an old timer, the second oldest man on the expedition, a veteran of the Yukon trails and the other a Norwegian sailor, but both were drawn together by their love for dogs. The last member had built himself a box shelter near the gasoline tunnels and had placed a tent inside of the shelter. Blackburn was his name or Quinn as we called him. His love for the open spaces was intense. But many a bitter night at 50° and 60° below drove Quinn in the house to sleep on the floor of the mess hall. However, I will say that I think the kidding he got kept him out in his sleeping bag many a night against his better judgment.

We had planned how we would spend this winter for months ahead of time. This winter which was the dread of all Antarctic explorers but now that the time had come, each one of us was too busy to find time to go insane as members of other expeditions had done. Commander Byrd kept us all busy and gave no one a chance to dwell on any morbid thoughts. We were all ousted in the morning at 7:30 a. m., and just as regular as the "top" comes around, so did our "Doc" Gould (or Simon Legree, as we nicknamed him) with his bellowing "7:30, hit the deck."

At 8:00 we ate, and then repaired to our various duties after the mess table was cleared. There was no waiting for late arrivals. Twenty-one men at a time sat down and ate, any late comer was subjected to a severe "razzing" and made to take his place in line and serve himself.

Breakfast was usually of mush, oatmeal cakes, canned fruit, coffee, toast and, on Sunday, ham and eggs. The eggs, however, had been frozen and preserved for a year and a half and were the subject of great controversies.

Breakfast over, duties were assigned. Specialists, such as weather men, radio

men, the physicist, Davies, had regular daily reports to make. June, Czegka, and Rucker could generally be found working in the machine shop. Mulroy, our fuel engineer, distributed gasoline and kerosene and always required assistance. Dogs had to be fed and this job alone required ten men and it took them three of four hours to cut their seal meat up and prepare it for them.

After the mess table was cleared it was turned into a work bench and parts of radio sets, sledges, trail cookers and instruments would daily be spread over it.

We were preparing for the spring journeys of the dog teams and the flights of exploration and the many details involved in the preparation for them gave each man a good job. Also there was one day every three weeks when each man took his turn as dish washer and second cook. And what a job that was for 42 men!

Doctor Coman and Black, our supply officer, spent hours preparing food and daily rations for the trail.

Captain McKinley had his hands full for two months trying to develop aerial film. His greatest handicap was water. Water is precious in the Antarctic because it takes coal to melt the water and coal is guarded like the finest jewels of the Orient. But Czegka stepped in and helped "Mac" by designing a melting pot, consisting of gasoline drums connected together, with an opening in the top for snow. Under each tank he placed a large pressure gasoline tank. Thus he was supplied with all the water he could use. Freezing of solutions at night was prevented by working two shifts a day. Then the matter of drying the long aerial rolls, 75 feet long, was overcome by Czegka, who designed a roller made out of bamboo poles spaced on two wagon wheels and revolved by a small motor. We never lacked for excitement when developing was going on.

We ate our dinner at 5:00 p. m., at 1:00 p. m. we had what we called "an ob." This word was originated by Bill Haines, our worthy weather man, who on the trip down on the "City of New York" used to leave us during any extra duty by saying casually that he was going to take "an ob," meaning an observation. Soon we found out, however, that he headed toward the galley where he would always talk the cook out of a cup of coffee. And so it came to be our "ob" at 1:00 p. m. At 4:30 p. m., all work was suspended and we prepared for dinner.

We would stand around and wait until Tennant, our cook, told us to sit down, because we had some mighty heavy eaters who, if they obtained first seats, used to keep good men waiting for a long time in spite of all "razzing."

Dinner was a social event. Our breakfast and luncheons were hurried, but not dinner. Here the affairs of today and tomorrow were all discussed. Our radio messages were given out if there were any for us, and the daily news of civilization was published by the radio man on duty. If conditions were good, even music would come in with volume from the States.

After dinner, when pipes and cigarettes were lit and time was our own, someone always had a scheme to keep things lively and there is one in particular that I recall vividly.

(To be continued.)

# "YOU WILL FIND US ALWAYS ON THE JOB"

(Continued from page 13)

Shortly before nine o'clock on the morning of October 14, a blue sedan drove up Elizabeth Street and parked near Sixth. About ten minutes past nine a mail truck, of the light Ford delivery type, drove up the street. There was an armed guard sitting by the driver, and a motorcycle policeman followed the truck. Behind the Ford came a big Packard.

As the mail truck approached, the parked sedan suddenly pulled into the street. Sub-machine gun fire rattled out from its curtained depths. John Enz, driver of the truck, died instantly. John Quinn, the guard, drew his pistol and fired twice before he plunged from his seat, wounded three times.

Simultaneously the Packard opened fire from the rear. The policeman catapulted from his motorcycle, three bullet wounds in his body. Then the chauffeur of the Packard drove his machine over the prostrate form.

Intimidating witnesses and driving them indoors, the bandits, using shears three feet in length, cut through the wire doors of the mail truck, casually loaded six sacks of mail into their cars, fired a barrage up and down the street, and drove rapidly out of town.

Marines were again rushed out. The allocation of districts was even more systematic than before. In less than twenty-four hours after the decision to use Marines was reached, the first detachments were on their way. Smoothly and efficiently were they distributed to the various districts. 2,500 Marines were spreading out to twenty-three cities. The plan divided the country into two zones. General Logan Feland was to command the East, and General Smedley Butler, the West. Headquarters were established in Quantico and San Francisco. The dividing line was the eastern boundaries of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico.

And once more the situation was well in hand. Acting Postmaster General Glover issued a warning to the public to refrain from loitering in the vicinity of mail trucks or trains. He said: "The Marines can afford to take no chances after the treatment meted out to the postal employees at Elizabeth and quick action may sometimes be more important than answering questions."

In New York City Colonel L. M. Gulick was asked what his men would do, if while guarding the mail they became suspicious of the actions of men. The colonel's answer left little room for doubt. "If," he said, "the actions of the suspect are such that an attempt at hold-up is indicated it will be the duty of the Marines to shoot first and question afterward."

This policy was effective and thoroughly approved by the press, the public, and, with the possible exception of the robbers themselves, all concerned. This time there were no bandits desperate enough to face the weapons of Marines.

To do so would be but an efficacious mode of suicide. Several loiterers and suspicious characters were arrested, but none demonstrated any desire to defy the authority invested in the Marine guards.

Once again the situation was well in hand within a short time, and gradually the Marines were withdrawn from this service. Four hundred were recalled first, then on January 25 the guard was further reduced by five hundred men. By February 19, 1927, the mission had slipped into the past along with other achievements of the Corps. No battle ribbons decorate the Colors for this duty, and no campaign bars are worn by the men. But the mission was completed with all the speed and dispatch of an assault against the bastions of a fortress. It proved that Marines are ready for any task, and no matter what it may be, they can truthfully say: "You will find us always on the job—The United States Marines."

## CORRESPONDENCE COURSES, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 8)

sub-courses. Certificates are given for the completion of courses.

Each sub-course is further divided into several assignments or lessons, each of which contains a portion of text for study, and an exercise or problem to be solved, and in some cases, reference text for reading. Most of the exercises are assigned no weight in determining the student's final rating for the sub-course. A few are assigned weight; these have the weight indicated on their face. Most sub-courses have final examinations. Some map problems are classed as examinations and some as exercises. Exercises or lessons which are not assigned weight are essential to the courses. They are forwarded to the schools where they are examined and returned to the student, with comments applicable. They provide the instructor an opportunity to detect errors being made by the student, and the student an opportunity to correct these errors before arriving at an examination or exercise which has weight.

There is a time allotment to each course. In the lesson assignments sent to the students this is further sub-divided among the sub-courses and lessons. This allotment of time is approximate only and is intended to indicate the relative weight of the various lessons expressed in terms of hours. If a student requires more than the allotted time to complete a lesson there is no reason for discouragement. If less time is required more leisure remains for a careful check of the work.

On the basis of the time so allotted each student is required to complete sub-courses requiring approximately 39 hours during each school year, i. e., September-May; and each student is further required to submit at least one lesson during each three months of the school year, i. e., September-November, December-February, March-May. These are the minimum requirements necessary to re-

## DEVIL DOGS!

A tooth-brush is designed primarily for wear, or it should be, anyway! Especially when your income is such that you must make every cent count. The next time you discard the old one because you've lost your rifle cleaner, get an

## EMERALD ODENCE TOOTH BRUSH

at your Post Exchange. The Emerald Odence Tooth Brush will stay white throughout the life of the brush, and the bristles positively will not come out. Emerald Odence Tooth Brushes are sanitary. They come in the hard and medium grades.

Ask for the Emerald Odence Tooth Brush at your Post Exchange.

## JOSIAH ODENCE

Exclusive distributor of high-grade brushes and superior quality pipes.

8 East 12th St.

NEW YORK, N. Y.



## Rolled Gold Lavalier

\$2.00 each Postpaid

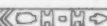
Genuine Rolled Gold inlaid with red enamel, complete with rolled gold chain. Also made in pin style at \$1.25 each. Illustration actual size.

At your Post Exchange or Dealers Everywhere

ANOTHER H-H QUALITY PRODUCT

Hilborn-Hamburger, Inc.

15 East 26th St., New York, N. Y.





## BANKING BY MAIL OUR SPECIALTY

China, Guam, Haiti, Philippines, Nicaragua, or the States—no matter where you are—your allotments keep your savings piling up. It is easy to bank with us, for we are especially equipped to handle banking by mail accounts. See your "TOP" about an allotment.

A SAVINGS ACCOUNT GROWS  
FAST AND WE PAY

4% on Savings

A Monthly Deposit of	Gives you at the end of 12 Months
\$5.00 for 12 Months	\$61.10
10.00 for 12 Months	122.20
15.00 for 12 Months	183.30
20.00 for 12 Months	244.40
25.00 for 12 Months	305.50
30.00 for 12 Months	366.60
40.00 for 12 Months	488.80
50.00 for 12 Months	611.00

Deposits may be made by mail or by allotment. We welcome the accounts of the personnel of the United States Marine Corps.

YOUR BANK

The Departmental Bank

Under U. S. Government Supervision.

1726 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W.  
Washington, D. C.



## APRIL SHOWERS CAN'T HARM BOYER'S VIM

It's a polish made for Marines walking post as well as those falling out on dress parade. Whether you're in "Greens," "Blues," or "Khaki," a shine with

## BOYER'S VIM

will make 'em stop and stare! Perfectly Polished Leather Equipment is the First and Last Word in Good Military Appearance.

Sold at the Post Exchanges  
Large and Small Cans  
In Your Preferred Color

BOYER & COMPANY

2466 AMBER ST.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

tain enrollment in the Correspondence Courses. Any student may progress as rapidly as his time and interest dictate.

Any further information desired regarding the school or the courses conducted may be had by addressing direct, The Director, Correspondence Courses, Marine Corps Schools, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia.

It is believed that the Correspondence Courses have demonstrated their worth, and that they are a distinct addition to the system of instruction in the Marine Corps.

## WITH THE HORSE MARINES IN NICARAGUA

(Continued from page 7)

machine guns and anti-aircraft artillery, for Sandino rarely told his lies twice alike. My exact information in Yali gave his personal force as 150, intrenching a position on the Volcan de San Rafael some six miles to the southeast, while two of his "Generals," Sanchez and Galeano, were about the same distance off to the northeast with 125 more.

These two groups were to attack me simultaneously between midnight and dawn as they knew all about my approach and arrival there and desired to wipe out such small units of Marines for morale and propaganda purposes. Needless to say, I passed a sleepless night on the heels of such logical information. Lieutenant Zuber, Gunnery Sergeant Cox and I arranged ourselves a watch list but all stayed awake anyway. I got six of my muleros to go out on watch along the three most critical trails supposedly about a half mile from the edge of the town. I don't know how far out they went for there wasn't much point in adding strain upon those recruit sentries of mine by returning to the lines during the night but I'm convinced that my Indian scouts kept awake from the drawn faces they brought into camp well after broad daylight the following day. I set four squads to enfilade the main approaches to the village with the remainder in reserve in a thick-walled adobe house which also abutted a well protected corral for the animals. There was not a shot fired that night.

About 5:00 P. M., the second day, Hall and Skidmore arrived with the rest of the 52d Company, the most welcome arrivals I've ever known. The planes had visited us twice that day, giving the latest information of the bandits and our own troops, and lastly dropped orders which returned Hall and Skidmore to Esteli with the dismounted men to carry on with mounting them, while I took the mule clement to Jinotega, about thirty miles to the south.

Sandino had moved ahead of our information, pausing only to snatch morsels of loot and pass out his catchy bits of propaganda. A native named Octavio, whose house in the Chipote area was Sandino's headquarters for several months of 1928, told me later that Sandino upon entering the plaza of San Rafael in that jaunt sang out to the dog-fight gathering, "Cabrones, Chingajo! Tengo en la mano el triunfo!" Well, the patriots reckoned he really had triumphed

since he was right there telling them so and multitudes decided they would get on his band wagon. It looked better yet when he began commandeering army supplies from some of the juicy foreign-owned coffee plantations near Matagalpa, so they marched in the ranks of the army with stalwart devotion and delirious morale. When the column swung north, however, and whispers from the general staff indicated a return to the fastnesses of Pena Blanca and El Chipote, the increment of patriots decided that they could serve their country better at home.

## Ordered to Assemble With Battalion

Now all our regiment was coming into the hills as fast as available means would permit. When I got to Jinotega on February 9th, the 1st Battalion was being assembled in Matagalpa. I got orders there to mount forty-eight more men from the troops in Jinotega and report with them to the 1st Battalion. Native saddle equipment was sent up from Matagalpa, mules had already been purchased, so all I had to do was pick the men, mount up and march. Between 5:00 A. M. and 10:30 A. M. of D day we got the remounts bridled, saddled, and held in column of twos in a street alongside our "cuartel." Flushed with this success, I proudly gave the order for mounting in unison—and spent an hour and a half by the clock thereafter attempting to mount at will.

Shortly before we finally bolted out of the town, one poor private came up with the usual preliminaries and said: "Captain, Sir, I'd like to volunteer to walk to Matagalpa." I urged upon him that it is cheaper to ride than to walk with no effect.

"That mule never will cooperate with me, Sir; he resents my attitude. Every time I come near him, he wants to fight. He draws in a big breath, then faces around and blows it right at me."

At 9:15 P. M. we arrived in Matagalpa some twenty-one miles away. I attribute our speed to the lucky find of eighty-odd sets of rowel spurs in Noguera Hermanos' store in Jinotega. The regulation spur never bluffed those little mules beyond the first hour on the trail; as a matter of fact, the rowelled spur meant nothing to any of them after he decided he had marched enough that day. On this type mule, we tried every artifice we had ever heard about, like biting or twisting an ear or pouring water into it; twisting the tail; passing the bight of a line under the tail and trying to lead by the two ends rove through the rings of the bit; placing the glowing end of a cigarette under the tail—I had already been told that last had no effect. Closing the nostrils for a few minutes gave only a temporary spurt. The really exasperating feature was that those little devils would pull those unauthorized halts while yet with coats dry and ears up and when turned loose would head for the nearest patch of promising grass with the avidity of recruits racing to the head of the chow line.

We got a new slant on this balkiness when we were joined two months later by Gunnery Sergeant Williams in whose memory the new stables at Quantico are to be named. He believed that those mules balked from fatigue, pain of the load carried, or internal disorders instead of mere wilfulness or cussedness.

and urged that we let the quitters rest, cool them off, or reduce their loads. Once, on an easy first day's march for Ocotal to Las Manos, he had tried all these means on a pack mule who had developed really original ways of sliding or dropping off the trail into such gullies as appeared to fit his load and conformation. After one unusually long delay I wormed my way back through the column to find about eight men on the sides of a little gully holding a mule some three feet off the ground by halter, tail and halter shanks snapped into the rings of the cinchas while Williams, with one hand squeezing the mule's nostrils, was belaboring him on the side of his neck with an artillery whip. When the beast finally scrambled back to the trail, I asked Williams if he hadn't departed rather radically from his teachings.

"Well, Captain," he said, "I've given that mule every break in the world but when we lifted him way up in the air there and he wouldn't put his feet down, it was just too much."

In the morning following our arrival in Matagalpa, we fared north with the 1st Battalion of our regiment, establishing bases for a few days' occupancy as we went and pushing combat patrols ten or twenty miles distance therefrom in all directions. The countryside had to be cleared of bandits to provide safety for the vital coffee industry in those parts, while the battalion must also push on to strike their main body. The conditions of hillsides, shade, and moisture which make that section so appropriate for the superb species of coffee Nicaragua furnishes also provide, I think, the most distasteful terrain through which troops may have to march; black, waxy mud; endless succession of climbs and descents with always another blue-black hill high against the sky line; steamy middays and biting damp at night when goose flesh from the chill and burning itch from tick bites run relays through your sleep.

Our Battalion Commander, Major Rockey, and his staff had their hands full indeed marching, maneuvering, and supplying that battalion which now included two rifle companies, mounted. The combination of mounted and dismounted elements strikes me as most appropriate to such conditions as those for there is a husky patrol force of creditable mobility to search the innumerable byways, while splendid support for the scheme is provided by strong dismounted companies along the line of advance. There was also a close plane cooperation with the column. These performed, it seems to me, almost every mission which could be given air service. They had discovered Sandino's presence in San Rafael del Norte even to the detail of the armed sentinel in the doorway of the house he occupied there. They refrained from attacking Sandino there because of probable injury to the non-combatant population of the town, a consideration for the bandits' fellow citizens which we have yet to hear of the bandits showing.

The natives soon began bringing information of the bandits in voluminous recitals. These accounts invariably commenced with the formula, "a boy coming from over there in search of a cow which had gone astray was told by a little old man that a large enough group of bandits with plenty of rifles and ammunition and

camped the night before last on the hill near the house of his "primo hermano." One zealous patriot came into our base northeast of Jinotega one day informing us that he could lead us to a man who would guide us to the exact spot where three hundred or more well-armed bandits were even yet in camp, "Alli no mas"; not exactly in our back yard but still, not too far away either. Now it was strange that so many bandits had come in so close to a big outfit like ours, yet in that country the impossible had to be expected. So two officers and a strong patrol went out on foot that night to investigate. The informer led them to the little old man who had told the boy who had come from over there looking for the stray cow about those bandits and the little old man forthwith led them to the bandit camp. To the eyes of the patrol leader, the virgin bush appeared undisturbed at that camp site, however, to which status of the terrain the little old man finally agreed; in fact, he admitted that there were no bandits then present although he maintained they had been there, well-armed and in number, no less than three hundred. Well, how did he know they had been there? Had he seen them?

No, he hadn't seen them but he knew they were there by the barking of his dogs.

How did he know there were three hundred of them?

His dogs would not have barked so furiously at any less number.

How did he know they were well-armed?

Because no number so large would assemble in any camp unless they were well-armed; no *Senor*.

Well how did he know they were bandits anyway?

Why if they hadn't been bandits, they wouldn't have been there at all!

But a great deal, perhaps the largest part, of our information was quite exact. We found moreover, that the natives had excellent memories to support their willing tongues for they could give the details of a bandit movement from three days to three months after it had happened. Many made forced trips of great length to deliver their information but never started earlier than about three days after the bandits had departed for distant points. In this way, the native demonstrated his cleverness, for he acquired merit with the rather difficult *Americanos* by giving them useful data while at the same time, the bandits would not begrudge his keeping their history before the public.

#### Return to Base at Esteli

I returned to Esteli with those of my own company, exactly a month after my departure therefrom, to gather the remainder of the necessary equipment for mounting all my personnel and catch up the other loose ends of that job. Hall and the other part of the outfit, working out of Esteli had got themselves a nice brush with an itinerant bandit group in the meantime, bumping off several bandits and capturing a quantity of arms and ammunition. But the rest of us had not heard one shot fired in anger.

I used a two-week break after my arrival in Esteli to purchase fifty-five head



## THE CIGARETTE IS MIGHTIER THAN THE PEN..

No thanks, Mr. Webster . . . no words today. OLD GOLD, the cigarette itself, tells its own story better than all the diction in the dictionary. One pack's worth more than a thousand words. 158 victories in 165 public *taste-tests* of the four leading brands show how convincingly even a few puffs tell OLD GOLD'S taste-winning, throat-thrilling story. Light up . . . and write up your own opinion.

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

**OLD  
GOLD**  
CIGARETTES  
NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD



**NOW  
OPEN**

**in NEW YORK**  
**the Beautiful New**  
**HOTEL**  
**PLYMOUTH**  
49th ST. EAST OF BROADWAY

**\$2.50 DAILY**

For a Room  
Equipped with  
Bath, Circulating  
Ice Water and  
**RADIO!**

—  
**Single**

\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50

Double, \$4.00, \$4.50

Twin Beds - - \$5.00

Near Business, Shopping  
and Theatre Center  
**FREE GARAGE**

### Square Knotters

MEMBERS of the most fascinating recreational activity in the Service can avail themselves of our efficient mail order service, no matter where they may be. All square knot materials—silk cord, pearl buckles, rings, instruction books, sent by mail to all parts of the world.

Send your order direct or write for booklet.

### P. C. HERWIG CO.

Square Knot Headquarters  
49 Sands St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### SUNSHINE LAUNDRY

"Launderers and Dry Cleaners"

Post Permit No. 62

Tel. 4

Tel. 889

Post News Stand Fredericksburg,  
Quantico, Va. Va.

of horses for the troop. It had been intended to mount the entire company on horses, but fresh plans for the bandit follow-up required all our strength in the field before I could finish the job. In fact, the job was never finished and we went to the end of our part in the show with company headquarters and one platoon on horses while the other platoon rode mules.

#### Relative Value of Horses and Mules

Now I greatly prefer the native horse to the native mule for both riding and packing, admitting freely that I am hopelessly in the minority as far as Marine opinions on their relative merits for Nicaraguan duty have been expressed. I have long since quit arguments on the question for it seemed like arguing religions down there. Suffice it that I was given generous allotments for horse purchases and that I found the average price of horses in the approximate ratio to mule prices of \$60.00 to \$75.00; and, as I had no competition from other Marine units, I found a fairly good market available. The native horse requires more care on the trail and more food than the native mule. He is more susceptible to founder and to vegetable poisoning than is the mule and his feet will require shoes long before the mule's. On the other hand, when he falls out on the trail, you may be assured that he has no vitality left. His gaits are relatively faster than those of the mule, while he can carry more weight with less effort than the mule. Besides, all the horses would respond instantly to calls for sudden bursts of speed while perhaps some of the mules would while others would not. Our horses averaged about 13.1 in height, the mules about 12.2, and I believe the horse was heavier than the mule beyond the proportion of height. It was easier also to fit the issue saddle to him although there was trouble enough in that respect.

#### Second Expedition

Captain Phipps joined me the day before our departure for the second start afield since Hall had to go into Managua for medical treatment. Phipps and I shoved off with the horses to patrol the general line San Rafael del Norte—Quilali, while Skidmore was to follow with the mule platoon to support us and run rations as required. Phipps and I got into three little bandit brushes on the way to Quilali which didn't hurt the bandits much but did our men a world of good.

We had left Esteli on St. Patrick's day and marched out of Quilali with the entire troop in time to spend Easter in Guiguili, a district on the Coco River which fringes the southeast corner of Sandino's stamping ground in the area of El Chipote. We found ourselves taking part in a concerted drive of many detachments from the regiment upon this area. The drive pinched Sandino out of his bailiwick and started him prematurely on a long run down the Coco River to loot the mines of La Luz and El Angel in the department of Prinzapolka. Of course, Captain Edson ran him back but that is certainly another story and, I think, an epic in itself. Suffice it at this moment that Marines here used the water to supplement foot, horse, artillery, and air.

But our mission in the Chipote area was to make that part of Nicaragua un-

tenable for the bandits. We did not make their subsistence there impossible but most assuredly we made it uncomfortable for them when finally they limped back into it. The joy of finding their caches of corn and beans, or arms, powder, dynamite, fuse, detonators, lead and mercury, machetes, clothing, jerked meat, and medicines was spiced daily with shots at their wandering patrols or foraging units. It did the heart good to note the alacrity with which the men dashed to surround a suspicious-looking shanty tucked away in the bush or chase a fugitive armed group or split off into half squads to flank a suspicious ambush position after they had seen for themselves that really there was a wily enemy to handle. They would talk about their exploits deep into the night instead of "belly-aching" because they hadn't been allowed to drink unchlorinated water when dying of thirst or to eat the queer looking mixtures they had found in native shacks.

We were well along in April when we got the recall from this effort and old man Summer had pushed home his drought with a vengeance. Corn from bandit stocks had been plentiful, but the roughage which the country should supply was burned up. Corn alone in hot weather we found a poor ration for animals. We cut banana, plantain and bamboo leaves and green leaves from the bush for the poor beasts but had to watch the ribs grow more distinct each day in spite of all we could do. The men did their utmost, leading most of the time and carrying on the sturdier animals the spare parts of the packs of those which had weakened. Some of the horses went down on occasion a few hundred yards from the place we had picked for the night's bivouac with every sign of remaining where they lay for good. Nearly always, by morning they would be pulling up the roots of the dead stubble near the picket line or standing alongside with heads drooping on their emaciated necks.

When this show was over, I went into Ocotal with the horses while Phipps with the mules was left between Hula Ranch and El Jicaro. Phipps, a few days later was shoved off upon call from Brigade headquarters to a devilish long hike to Jinotega, then, almost "without delay," to Casuli, a God-and-man forsaken spot some 150 miles to the northeast of Jinotega. I didn't see Phipps again until March of 1929 but heard a lot of the ground he and the Mule Platoon covered and the excellent work they did in keeping bandits out of that tremendous area.

#### Bandit Chasing in Ocotal District

Now in the neighborhood of Ocotal there are some irrigated patches where they grow "guate," a corn-like grass, which they cure as we make hay, something like the "hierba de mais" or corn grass I had used in Santo Domingo. The proprietors of these plantings asked as high as four cents the "manajo" or handful for it but it was cheap at that when the horses were starving for forage. They were given plenty of it and in a remarkably short time were ready for more field work.

We struck in the section north and northwest of Ocotal an entirely new sort of terrain—hills, yes, inevitably—but more signs of civilization and cultivation.



Our work took us along the frontier of Honduras and into liaison with the "expeditionary" forces of that country along the border. Here, also, we got some action. We gathered in a respectable number of arms, a fair amount of ammunition, and several prisoners who, if not bandits, were members of the "guardia civico," the bandits' home guard. Anyway, they were well used to bearing and handling arms, marauding, and in all respects, were worthy material for the bandit forces in general.

Our general plans long since had included preparing ambushes for our friends the bandits in return for those they set for us. Of course, we wanted to pay them in some of their corn and tried it I don't know how many times without any luck. The only hint of success I had was when I left Sergeant Evans, four privates and two native agents with their horses all inside a house in a little village called La Presa. From a hillside about a mile from that village we had seen a number of men scurrying into the brush. The entire village was deserted when we arrived although we had shown only normal march dispositions in our approach. Tito, one of my agents, called my attention to a large clay caldron of boiling soap near an adobe house stating that the caldron represented at least \$10.00 in cash to the soap makers who, he thought, would return as soon as we cleared the place. I had the main body fall out aimlessly surrounding the house and under their cover eased my ambush party inside. We soon rode away with increased distances to camouflage the number left behind, planning to halt within sound of firearms beyond the village. When our ambush party rejoined us they brought four prisoners, two of them armed with revolvers, whom we identified as members of a bandit group which had based on that locality for months. This bit of luck led the men to believe that we could do more along that line but I doubt whether any of those gentlemen would have returned to the village that day or the next if their soap could have been left safely on the fire.

My point captured one of a small bandit patrol on the outskirts of La Quesera, the next village on that day's trail. After disarming him, we impressed him as guide to a spot we had heard was a good camp site. The corporal of the squad acting as point was armed with a riot gun, a weapon I had been urging as desirable to the extent of one or two for each squad, so we gave him personal charge of the prisoner. When alongside an unusually thick patch of scrub on one of the steeper hillsides, the prisoner bounded over a low stone wall, dropped about ten feet to new footing, and dived into the brush. Even so, the corporal got three shots at him before he disappeared. Well, we surrounded that acre or so of brush and beat it for an hour without finding any more trace of the prisoner than the marks where he landed after his first bound.

Naturally, we were a bit peeved and considerably mystified by that boy's escape. A few months later, we got him anew, however, and discovered, much to the corporal's satisfaction, that he had been wounded in three places as he ran: the bottom of one foot, the thigh, and one side of his buttocks. He had run only a short way into the bush and, as

soon as he thought he was screened from the trail, he lay down in a dry wash and covered himself entirely with grass and leaves. Comparing notes with other officers who had been unable to find bandits under similar circumstances, I learned that those Indians are adept at such practices. In this case, our prisoner was also wise enough to hide himself before the blood from his wounds had leaked through his clothing.

Natives have told me since then that Sandino himself escaped from a Marine patrol during our April drive in pretty much the same fashion. According to their story he found himself hemmed on three sides by approaching patrols whereupon he scurried into the brush with only two men. All hid under such camouflage as lay to hand after going about two hundred yards off the trail and there remained motionless until just before dawn of the following day. Jiron, erstwhile Sandino's chief of staff, stated after his capture that Sandino pulled the same stunt when, in October of that year, we ran him out of his headquarters, Chupon. I suppose either blood hounds or divining rods will be required in our equipment for such shows as this last one.

#### Native Ponies Show Endurance

On our next long hike, a twenty-five day affair, we struck the first onslaught of the rainy season; that is, from the last week in May to the third week in June. I was with Major Rockey again on this one and he will bear me out, I am sure, in the grief features we had to buck. Worst of all was lack of feed for our animals. Stocks of corn had disappeared almost magically although we soon realized that corn planting in its season is really a religion with those Indians. On Corpus Christi day, they invariably set stalks of growing things among the crucifixes with which they adorned their yards and at the beginning of the rains they emerged from months of hiding to plant corn and beans for the new harvest. Whatever the reasons, we found the countryside barren of corn and also the new grass little more than a laxative for our poor beasts.

With no desire to make a brief for our horses, I must say that our animal loss was about two mules for each horse, although I grant that the horses found a great advantage when the riders dismounted to lead. The end of that hike found us again in Quilali with about sixty-five miles of trail to stagger over on the way home. I started with three canteens full of "cususa," the native moonshine, and as many more of strong black coffee. Whenever word came up the column that one of our animals was about to pass out, I'd halt and give him a "cususa" drench. It delighted the troop to see one little strawberry roan who had barely wobbled his way over the trails for the past three days, though carrying no load whatever, rise and trot toward the head of the column with head and tail in the air as soon as he felt the "cususa" warm his insides. Game as he was, however, we had to leave him on the trail when the medicine ran out.

To go into many details of the various patrols we made seeking contact with those bandits were of little importance, yet some specific features may show the possibilities of such little native mounts as those which proved expedient for our purposes. While they could not average

ELECTRICAL - RADIO  
AUTOMOBILE AND MACHINERY  
SUPPLIES

GENERAL ELECTRIC  
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

National Electrical  
Supply Company

1328-1330 NEW YORK AVE.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

## ATTENTION!

Marines travel more in one cruise than the average traveling salesman travels in a lifetime. Totty's Trunks and Bags are constructed to withstand the hard knocks of transport, rickshaw, train, or push-cart. They are as strong as the average Leatherneck, and as stylish as a fashion mart.



AT ALL POST EXCHANGES

Specify

Totty Trunk & Bag Co.  
PETERSBURG, VA.

J. V. Presti

POST TAILOR

Suits Made to Order

Suits Cleaned and Pressed

\$1.00

Work Called for and Delivered

Phone No. 306

MARINE BARRACKS  
QUANTICO, VA.

## Treasure Island

ONE of the characters in Stevenson's "Treasure Island" makes this sage remark, "Tain't EARNING now, it's SAVING does it. You may lay to that."

AND there's a world of truth and wisdom in that quaint expression. No matter how much you may earn, unless you save, you will get nowhere at all—accomplish no more than a squirrel running around on the wheel of his cage. "It's saving does it!" That is true. It always has been—and always will be.

### THE WASHINGTON LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY WASHINGTON, D. C.

Ask for our booklet  
"Banking by Mail"

## DREYER TRADING COMPANY

24 Stone Street  
New York, N.Y.

Prices submitted upon application  
Distributors to the Post Exchanges

## SNO-WHITE

A perfect preparation for renewing the freshness and beauty of dress White Belts, for Canvas Shoes, etc. The unique advantages of Sno-White are that it is easy to apply, gives immediate and perfect results, and when applied cannot rub off or soil other clothing.

Price 25 Cents

Prepared by

F. P. WELLER, Druggist  
Cor. 8th and I Sts. S. E.  
Washington, D. C.

## Paris Auto Service Inc.

Best in Cars—Service Supreme  
Studebaker..Pontiac..Oakland

Guaranteed Used Cars

FOTOMAC AND VIRGINIA AVENUES  
Phone 307 Quantico, Va.

C. G. PARIS—Selling Autos  
and All Kinds of Insurance at the old stand

600 pounds weight, they carried in no case less than 225 pounds and in many cases the riders alone weighed over 200. There was no feed for them beyond the grass and corn we foraged as we went; the corn sometimes varied by a grain the natives call "maissillo," something very closely similar to our sorghum seed. In one march which kept us afield thirty-one days, we actually marched twenty-three days with four night marches besides and in my last long spell afield, we actually marched thirty-nine days out of forty-five days away from home. We did not cover great distances daily, although our animals were under saddle and pack generally from 7:00 A. M. to 4:00 or 6:00 P. M. with no break at noon, men and animals alike eating only twice a day.

As practically all our marching was done at the walk, it strikes me that the little beasts labored under even greater difficulties than normally to be visualized. In all Nueva Segovia there is only one stretch of any appreciable distance where normal proportions of trot and walk may be maintained; that is, from Jalapa in the northeast through Ocotal and Somoto to Espino in the southwest, right on the Honduranian boundary. This is a stretch of about ninety miles. We have covered the trail from Ocotal to Somoto, about twenty-two miles, in a few minutes under four hours with thirty animals in the patrol; from Ocotal to Jalapa, about fifty-five miles, with sixty animals in the column in an easy day and forenoon of the second day. It was apparent on those trips, which were unusually fast for us, that the mounts and pack animals also finished in better shape than when marched over equivalent distances at the walk.

### Patrolling Methods in Close Country

We soon worked into simple standard practices on these patrols. When our strength was four squads or greater, one squad was detailed to each the point and the rear point, riding at twenty-five yards distance on straight bits of trail and at visibility from the man in rear on the usual sort of going. The rear man of the point regulated by visibility from the head of the main body; likewise the leading man of the rear point from the rear of the main body. We kept the main body at normal distances with the pack train in its rear and our packers spaced about equally through the train, which in the early days we handled in groups of from three to five mules tied nose to tail but herded as soon as they became reconciled to us. Each squad was armed with one Browning Automatic Rifle, one Thompson gun and one grenade discharger. On the hike, I packed a three inch mortar and twenty-four rounds of ammunition for it but, desirable as its presence was, I asked relief from it since it added quite a bit of drag and grief with the pack improvised for it at that time. I retained a Lewis gun, however, which we secured in a cache of bandit arms on El Chipote late in 1928. Each squad carried six rifle and six hand grenades though I shifted the ratio to twelve rifle and three hand later on. As all were armed with the pistol, I carried ninety rounds of rifle ammunition in the belt and the remainder of the initial allowance for all shoulder weapons in the pack train. I found it a good practice to use from two to four armed native agents ahead of the point with a few

native muleros back in the pack train. These were most useful at times as scouts, guides, handy men in camp, and for foraging in the settlements along the way.

We had to go quietly at all times and always ready for the ambush since we had little means to get warning of what might be waiting for us ahead. The men soon became adept at "passing the word" accurately and almost noiselessly from one end of the column to the other, which really amazed me, since at times five squads and the pack train would cover a half mile of trail.

The greater part of the forty-five day jaunt I've mentioned was spent in the neighborhood of El Chipote where it was my great privilege to be the senior officer present of six detachments converging upon Sandino's position there. There were days when for five hour stretches one could not see a solid ray of sunlight through the growths over the trail and for one week of that march I saw my rear point only during the halt for the night. This was the most interesting part of our work in Nicaragua, however, for hardly a day passed without something to shoot at. Thanks to the assistance of two Sandinistas we captured during the first week, we avoided one of the dirtiest ambush set-ups anyone could imagine, then finally ran Sandino out of his main headquarters.

In that section, the main clew to dwelling places was the crowing of roosters. The very dogs were muzzled with a strip of bark or banana fiber tied around the mouth and behind the ears so the beast might growl or take nourishment yet remain unable to bark. Here, we made no effort toward speed, which would be impossible anyway, and improved the chance to use numerous small patrols to the front and flanks while the main body, well-hidden, was spread to cover every aisle through the bush. Frankly, I like such practices very much as the security they afford robs the bush enemy of his most cherished hope of catching you in his thoroughly prepared ambush. It will mean very few miles covered in the day since when the route of the main body is only a lone "picada," it is certain that the patrols are finding solid growth around themselves and if you don't wait until they rejoin, you'll never see them again. With several outfits working toward the same end with you, the strain on the bandits' intelligence system simply becomes greater than it can stand.

In many cases, the bandits had attempted to hide with brush or fallen timber the intersections of the "picadas" which they had slashed for intercommunication. We generally took such to indicate a worthwhile route to follow, difficult as it might prove. Generally such leads took us straight across chasms where we had to dig footing for the animals and literally lift them over ticklish places. Even so, we often had a dozen or more slip off the path to roll and slide as far as a hundred feet before a tree or the bottom of the gorge would check them. Time after time we wondered why we kept them along when they meant heartbreaking labor unpacking, lifting them to their feet, and repacking them to have the same repeated every few miles. That was forgotten, however, when finally the ground did let the soldier mount up again. Old Williams,

one morning after reporting the detachment formed for the march, said, "Captain, can't we mount just to ride down that long slope there? I'd like to be sure I got all the cobwebs out of my saddle."

#### Advantages of Mounted Patrols

This was by far the worst country we struck in over sixteen months in those hills and it did not prove anything against the horse over the long pull. In the main, I believe we who served there at that time were well agreed upon the expediency of making nearly all our patrols mounted. Many believe that the mounted formation is more vulnerable to ambush than is the formation dismounted but nothing in my part of the experience there indicates anything of the sort; quite the contrary, in fact.

The more difficult the trail, the closer a dismounted man must keep his eyes on the footing, so his observation of things around him is correspondingly reduced. He tires quicker than does the trooper thus sooner becomes indifferent to danger possibilities. Moreover, it is most natural for men to bunch themselves when threatened, a state impossible for mounted men because in column of troopers, as we had to go, there cannot be less than a horse's length between men. Naturally, we had to base all our plans on dismounted action and we found upon dismounting that the animals provided some very satisfactory cover, however they might suffer. In my one real fight, we went into "action left" under fire from two machine weapons from the left front and the left rear supported by, I judged, at least sixty riflemen spread between the machine weapons, all at the mean range of 250 yards. We had six animals killed or wounded out of thirty-eight yet no man was struck at that time.

A couple of months previous to our episode, Lieut. Letcher, leading a small mounted patrol from Palacaguina on the trail of one bandit jefe, Orthez, had his mule shot from under him in the initial burst of an ambush. There were six bullet holes in the mule's breast in less than a six inch circle. Letcher told me he was certain that the bandits were expecting a foot patrol which had left the same garrison ahead of him and that he was exceedingly glad to have been mounted. If I remember his account in detail, the bandit machine gun opened fire upon them at about 100 yards' range.

Many of our officers became concerned also over the question of men going on foot becoming separated from their rifles if these were carried in the boot. I don't know how to argue that point but to me it is simply absurd. I had a little brush or so in Santo Domingo in 1919 and several in Nicaragua and I have never seen this happen. Even the one lone Marine who has run out on me in a fight in this time, hung onto his rifle with a deathlike grip. Moreover, I have always let my men leave their pieces in the boots when dismounting to lead up or down bad slopes unless the way ahead looked especially suspicious. In those cases, I might send a rifle grenade or two ahead while the point covered the flanks but this merely provoked interest to the degree that all were ready with their pieces in the hope that we'd scare up something for them to shoot at. My personal feeling is that I'd cling to the present type boot and that I'd do everything I could

to dodge any scheme which hooked any more weight on the trooper's back than he has to carry at present.

#### Automatic Weapons in Patrols

I think I shall ever be impressed forcibly with the value of automatic weapons and weapons of high angle fire. I was never in a tighter place than I was in Cujelita in December of 1928. With thirty-one in my patrol, I was ambushed by at least four times my number and it took too long a time to see a clear way out of it. I had four Brownings and four Thompsons in that fight but I couldn't attempt any sort of maneuver until I got the rifle grenades going. We had only twenty-four of these and shot twenty-one of them at the outset, Private Wadleigh saving three of his for later emergencies, I am glad to add. Those grenades made it possible to move one little squad just in time to catch an attack enfilading our right. In that hour and a half of steady action, we did not have a single stoppage from the automatic weapons. I have no hesitancy whatever in saying that I'd be glad to arm every man I may have to take afield with an automatic or a semi-automatic weapon like those with which experiments are now being made, for our present day recruit simply eats up the problems of keeping such arms in perfect condition to function.

The issue rifle boot was not perfectly adaptable to the Browning and the Thompson although by alterations and shifting the boots daily from side to side, we made them serve. Frankly, I am loath to see the Browning in any status which would remove it from the squad of riflemen, however temporary the move might be. It means so much to the squad's morale and the squad must be depended upon for such extraordinary things that I believe it should never have to function at any time without this piece or its equivalent right under the corporal's eye.

Distances in Nicaragua are reckoned so vaguely on account of the paucity of maps and means of measuring the trails that I hesitate to express my estimate of the ground the 52d Company, Mounted, covered in our first year down there. May it convey some idea to state, that, according to the practice of the service schools in designating roads by key points along them, we passed through ninety-six such separate and distinct localities each with its official name and to indicate the total of our trips the number of similar designating names exceeds 176. In this time, the total number of horses procured for the company headquarters and the first platoon of the 52d Company was seventy-five while the personnel varied from forty-seven to fifty-five. May I add that under such conditions as we had to overcome, the policy of detailing two captains and at least two lieutenants to mounted units of approximately 100 enlisted bore fruit from every standpoint of military utility.

And as it is said that the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man, let an aged Marine captain indulge the hope that before the joints become too stiff to dismount and lead up the highest "cuchillas," he may again feel that elan which only the mount can give the soldier and lead another regular outfit mounted up the trail of the wily revolutionary.

(Reprinted by courtesy of *The Cavalry Journal*.)

**SEE THE ARMY AND NAVY WHOLESALE JEWELRY STORE CATALOG AT YOUR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE, OR POST EXCHANGE. REPRESENTING A \$2,000,000 STOCK FOR THE OFFICERS AND ENLISTED PERSONNEL AT STRICTLY WHOLESALE PRICES.**

**Martin A. McGrory**

FORMERLY PAYMASTER SERGEANT, U.S.M.C.

**Now with the PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO.**

**For Information and Insurance**

1003 DOUGLAS ST., N. E.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
POT. 6377



**ART MATERIALS**

**WALTER MORGAN COMPANY, INC.**

Everything in the Paint Line  
Art Materials Sign Supplies  
421 Tenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

## Subscribers...

are urged to send in their change of address.

When you move or are transferred, let us know at once. This will insure your getting each number of *The Leatherneck* promptly.

Name .....

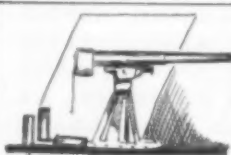
Address .....

.....

.....



# SALUTES — ANCIENT and MODERN — BY T. FELLOWES



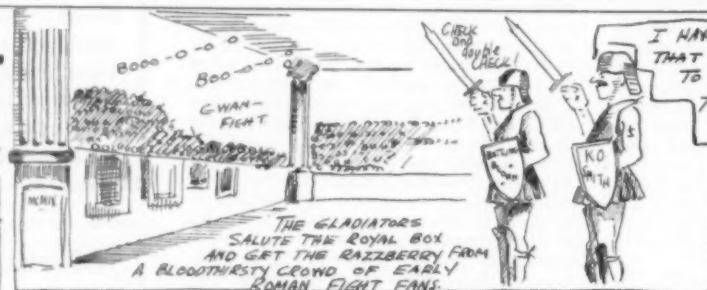
THIS ALWAYS PROVIDES AMUSEMENT FOR SPECTATORS AT PARADES. —



THE ABOVE METHOD IS VOUCHSAFED TO A CHOSEN FEW IN HIGH PLACES. —



YE STRUGGLING ARTIST LOOKING FOR AN IDEA! IF YOU HAVE ANY, SEND THEM IN. —



LIEGE LORD - 'TIS ONLY ME - LITTLE WILLIE HOPKINS - MY FATHER RUNS THE BARBER SHOP IN BACK OF MY LORD'S CASTLE -

VIRLET - LIFT THE HATCH ON YON COAL SCUTTLE, AND LET ME SEE WHETHER YE BE FRIEND OR FOE -



IT IS SAID THE MODERN MILITARY SALUTE ORIGINATED IN THE MEDIEVAL CUSTOM OF RAISING THE VISOR OF THE HELMET WHEN MEETING A FRIEND. —



THIS CHAP HAS JUST BEEN DECORATED BUT HE FIGURES IT ISN'T WORTH IT! —



I HAVE A FEELING THAT ONE OF US IS ABOUT TO BE BUTCHERED TO MAKE A ROMAN HOLIDAY -



THE GENT IN THE BEAVER HAT WITH MOUSTACHE TO MATCH IS A MEMBER OF THE HORSE GUARDS AND IS RENDERING ONE OF THOSE LIMEX SALUTES YOU SEE IN THE MOVIES. —



OUR CONCEPTION OF A SALUTING BATTERY



SALUD Y PESETAS!

FIRST TODAY!

WHEN THE SUN IS BELOW THE YARDARM IN THE TROPICS —

FA T. FELLOWES 1930

# TRAINED MEN GO FARTHER



SHOULDER to shoulder with industrial and business management, the International Correspondence Schools are training men for greater efficiency. Training them to do a better job *where they are*—and qualifying them for consistent promotion in the line of their employment.

Studying at night and during their spare time with this biggest of all educational institutions, one hundred and eighty thousand men are learning to be better salesmen, better mechanics, better executives—accountants—draftsmen—engineers.

Through I. C. S. instruction they are becoming worth more, to their employers and to themselves.

There is a growing appreciation of the value of employee training among far-sighted corporations. Instead of hiring skilled workers away from other firms, business management today is developing them *inside* the organization.

Personnel directors have been taking untrained men, studying their aptitudes, gauging their character, and training them for more responsible positions. The consequence invariably has been to increase efficiency and loyalty.

In line with this advance, great industrial and commercial corporations the country over have asked the International Correspondence Schools to help them select and train the right men. For these groups of employees special courses are arranged, combining the advantages of systematic shop work with chosen courses of study.

Today there are more than 2700 companies co-operating with the I. C. S. in this practical plan of vocational training. Among them are 335 railroads in the United States and Canada, and hundreds of industrial organizations, including large motor companies, steel works, electric plants, public utilities, coal and oil

companies, and chain store systems. A number of these concerns have a thousand men or more enrolled for I. C. S. instruction.

Over 2100 separate lesson units make possible flexible programs of training, adaptable to the exact needs of any business. And the International Correspondence Schools' system provides a variety of teaching methods, ranging from individual home study to supervised classroom instruction in the plant.

Whether a student enrolls through his employer or on his own initiative, it is the policy of the I. C. S. wherever possible to help him choose a course along the line of his daily work—to train him on the job—for the job.

We have prepared a booklet, "The Business of Building Men," containing further details of employee training under the I. C. S. plan. We shall be glad to send you a copy on request.

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

FOUNDED 1891  
SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

MEMBER, NATIONAL  
HOME STUDY COUNCIL



## CAMEL-LIGHTING TIME

SOFT LIGHTS and friendly shadows, intimate, alluring—and the mellow contentment of a Camel!

The pleasure of *any* moment is heightened by Camel's fresh, cool fragrance, tingling with the delicate aromas of the world's choicest tobaccos—sun-ripened—naturally mild.

# CAMELS

*Made to be enjoyed*



© 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



